

POOR CHOLA

By JULIA P. DABNEY,
Author of "Little Daughter of the Sun," etc.
COMPLETE.



LIPPINCOTT'S

(DECEMBER, 1897)

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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• 1898 •

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***** We present a partial list of the novels, etc., to be published during 1898.

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JENNIE BULLARD WATERBURY

tells of the life of an American girl who goes to Paris to study music. It is a vividly depicted tale of student life.

***** Annie E. Brand, Henry Willard French, and others will also contribute novels.

***** Sundry industrial, social, geographical, and political phases of America will be presented by George Ethelbert Walsh, Allan Hendricks, William Trowbridge Larned, R. G. Robinson, Calvin Dill Wilson, John E. Bennett, and other good writers.

***** Dr. Theodore F. Wolfe will continue his articles on "Some Literary Shrines of Manhattan."

***** Sundry topics connected with letters will be discussed by Emily S. Whiteley, Eva A. Madden, Nina Allen, Frank G. Carpenter, William Cecil Elam, and others.

***** Dr. James Weir, Jr., Dr. Harvey B. Bashore, Albert G. Evans, and others will write occasionally on scientific subjects.

***** Oscar Herzberg, Agnes Carr Sage, Emily P. Weaver, and others will handle themes of historical, foreign, or general interest.

***** The short stories of the Magazine, as hitherto, will have pith and point, and will come from various sources. Among their authors are Marion Manville Pope, Geraldine Bonner, Dora Read Goodale, Alice MacGowen, Matt Crim, Owen Hall, Philip G. Hubert, Wm. T. Nichols, Charles Newton Hood, H. C. Stickney, and not a few more.

***** Whether a writer be known or unknown is of less consequence than how he writes, and good writers, new or old, are the valued contributors to

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OF

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By Anne Hollingsworth
Wharton

Happily for our development as a nation we have begun to take an interest in our ancestors. Almost every phase of Colonial and post-Colonial life has had its book or books, but the noble art of portraiture which flourished at the beginning of our national existence has been unduly neglected. It is fitting that the pioneer in the field of domestic Colonial history should now turn to the rescue of an exquisite art of that age, and *Anne Hollingsworth Wharton* has produced a volume on **Miniatures**, their painters, and the distinguished old families who possessed them, which will fascinate readers who have hitherto dealt only with the more homely side of the Colonial and Revolutionary eras. The volume is full of effective reproductions of miniature likenesses of the past generations, and it is rendered of present value to the many now engaged in this exquisite art by a chapter on the technique of miniature painting by *Emily D. Taylor*, whose lovely work has recently been crowned by appearance in the Paris Salon.

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LIFE OF WAGNER

By Houston Stewart
Chamberlain

Whatever view one may take of the "music of the future," there is no denying that Richard Wagner is a large figure in the artistic annals of our time, and that his life was a picturesque and eventful one. His busy career has been attempted by a dozen biographers from as many stand-points, but the fullest, most sincere, and most readable estimate is given by *Houston Stewart Chamberlain*, an English author living in Vienna, who is saturated with every form of knowledge requisite for Wagner's life. write with in familiarity in musical acquaintance family and Chamberlain few biogra- the good for-



His book is a treasure-house of relics. There are numerous photogravures of portraits, notably Lenbach's of Wagner, ideal scenes from the operas, portions of famous scores in *fac-simile*, and pictures of places associated with the master. There is also much artistic decoration, and the whole forms a volume rich in matter and in making. To quote *Walter Damrosch*, "Mr. Chamberlain's book is written with a pen burning with enthusiastic adoration of Wagner's music. . . . A certain simplicity of style will make the book popular in the best sense of the word."

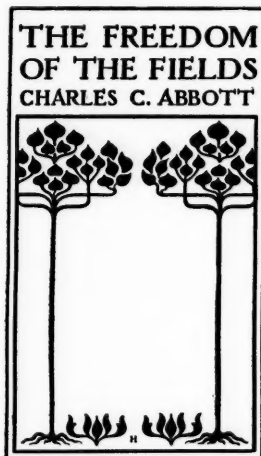
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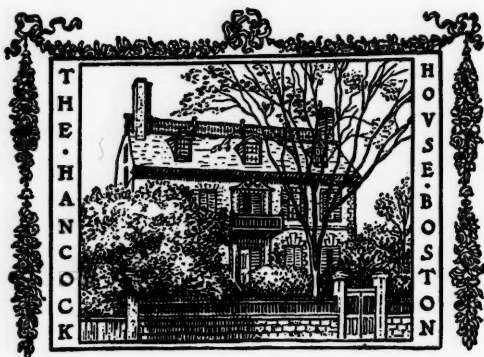
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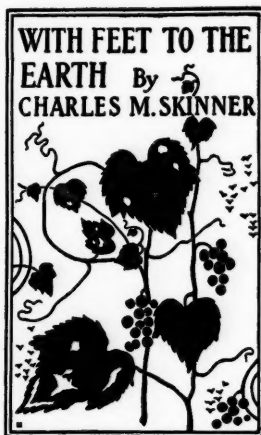
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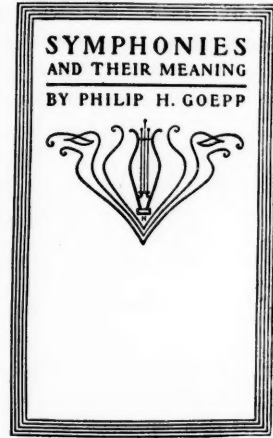
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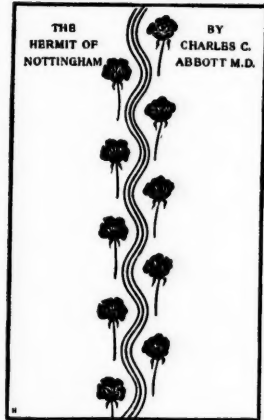


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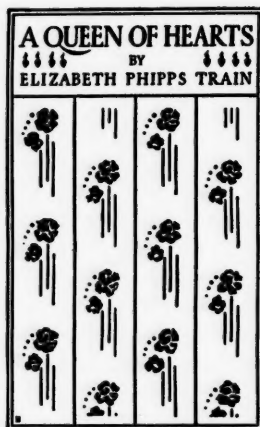
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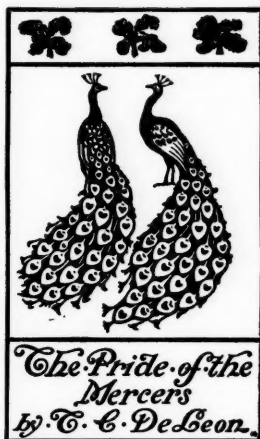
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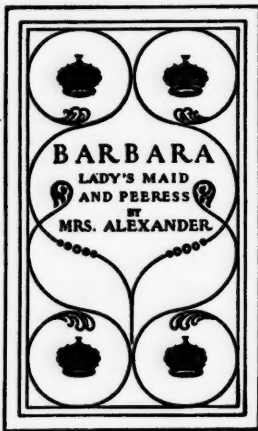
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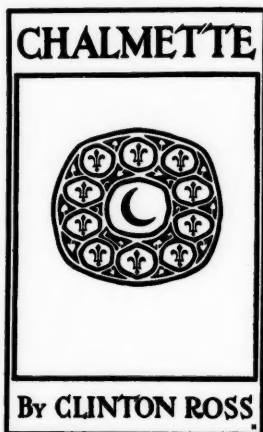


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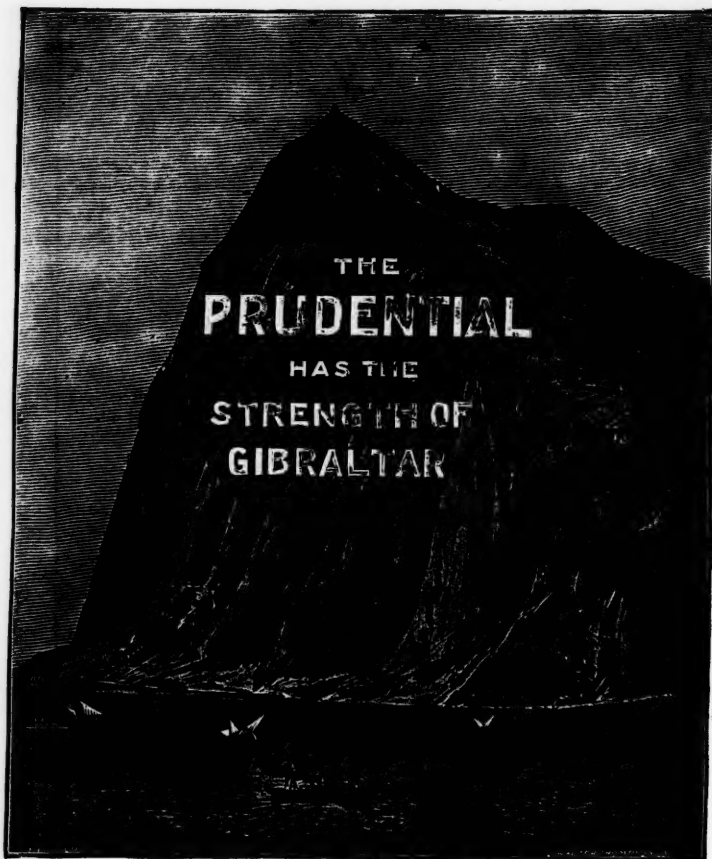
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A Romance of Orotava Valley.

BY

JULIA P. DABNEY,

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE DAUGHTER OF THE SUN," ETC.

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El alma quiere ser cielo en el cielo.

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DECEMBER, 1897.

POOR CHOLA.

CHAPTER I.

IN the drawing-room of her house in the Puerto de la Cruz, doña Dolores Serrano sat receiving a distinguished guest.

This was not the Puerto de la Cruz of the present day, alive with the bustle and stir of the modern pleasure- or health-seeker, her solemn and stately old houses vulgarized into hotels or *pensions*, her secluded streets vari-colored with the bonnet and parasol of France, the pith hat and puggaree of the travelling Englishman, a-swarm with the aroused natives, donkey-driving, palanquin-bearing, carro-driving; no, it was not the modern Puerto. Nor was it the Puerto that came before,—that silent, lethargic town of broad, cobble-paved streets and ample houses wrapped in a century slumber so profound that if a passenger ever chanced along one of the deserted ways it became an event to be remembered. But before this Rip-Van-Winkle-like trance, which was to be dissipated by the summoning trump of the invading tourist, Puerto had been in her own right and of her own privilege a bustling, active centre of commerce,—a commerce which had built those rows of ample houses, paved those thoroughfares, laid out the many high-walled garden-plats. Not yet had the deadly oïdium appeared to devastate the vineyards and ruin the wine-culture of Europe. Men gathered the fruit and trod the must without a thought of odious sulphur sprinkling or of mildew. Then it was that the little island of Teneriffe stood high as one of the fairest vineyards of the earth, and from Puerto there sailed every season many a gallant ship freighted with the “good Canary sack” which Falstaff loved, and which is known to the more modern palate as Teneriffe sherry.

The most prominent and prosperous wine-merchants of Puerto, every one would tell you, were Serrano & Company; but if you had wished for evidence of their consequence you would not have searched

the broad, white, stuccoed façade of the big house in the *plaza*, for Spanish merchants flaunt no sign-boards at the public. You would have passed at once through the always open *saguán* doors, and found yourself in a spacious *patio*, cool and flag-paved, surrounded on every side by colonnades and corridors. On one side sprang the double staircase which led to the dwelling apartments above, and in the rooms below, with windows open to the court, one might have perceived the rows of desks with busy heads above them which told of the voluminous labor of the counting-house. Passing through another arched passage-way, you would have come upon a second court-yard, where the more manual and bustling business of the firm was going forward. Many workmen, gay in the bright attire of the island, came and went about their respective tasks. Here, through heavy, half-opened doors, one could peep into a cool *bodega* and see the rows and rows of big brown wine-casks waiting perhaps for shipment, or else left undisturbed to mellow and gather body and value for a few years longer. There, amid heaps of straw and piles of deal boxes, men were busy packing dozens of the choicest bottled wine. In another place were some of Serrano & Company's trusty lieutenants busy bottling the wines. A nice task, this wine-bottling. Number one, seated upon a little stool before the looming cask, must hold the bottle to the spigot just so many minutes, until the gurgling neck was full and no iota of the precious liquor wasted. Beside him stood number two, guardian of a wooden spatula and a pan of warm water, where softened swelling corks floated in readiness. A nice adjustment, a deft blow or two from the spatula, a sharp cut with a paring-knife, and the corked bottle was ready for the manipulations of number three, whose pot of hot liquid wax lay bubbling upon the lighted coals of a *brasero* hard by. Every seal took the imprint of the Serrano cipher, but there were other workmen still, who pasted upon each bottle the coarse label, bearing the cabalistic words *Vino blanco de primera clase de Serrano y Compañía*, that was to make it a valued article in every market of Europe. Through another *saguán* to a side street heavy drags drawn by oxen were passing to and fro, bearing the casks and boxes away to the shore, where, over the bristling lava rocks which cleave the foam like ink fangs, the little stone mole springs outward through the surf. In all these operations there would be no undue haste. The *Tenerifeño* will work faithfully for you, but he must take his own time. "*Mañana!*"—"To-morrow"—is as good as to-day. Then one needs an interval for a smoke now and then, and a gossip with a passing friend. In the streets and about the mole there were plenty of idlers. Plenty also of lithe, naked, bronze-skinned boys, amphibians ready, for a *cuarto* thrown into the gleaming pools among the rocks, to plunge and bring it in their teeth, or—the *cuarto* wanting—to plunge without it.

Dña Dolores, if she had not rested in the happy consciousness of being wife of the richest merchant in Tenerife, might have felt an uneasy sense of awe in the presence of her visitor. It is true they had once attended the same convent school together, but that could not really level social distinctions, and doña Elvira de Lugo de Montemayor was a patrician of the patricians, with a family tree almost as ancient

and as full of ramifications as the historic dragon-tree of the C6logan gardens.

It was easy, in looking at doña Elvira, to perceive that besides her aristocratic pretensions she had been a woman of great presence and beauty. The presence still remained; for, while she bore about her the atmosphere of an indomitable hauteur which was a source of awe to her social inferiors, towards those whom she wished to distinguish she manifested a high-bred graciousness, a delicate and flattering condescension, which seldom failed to fascinate.

"My dear Dolores," she was saying, leaning back comfortably in one of doña Dolores's high-backed chairs, and as she conversed punctuating her remarks with soft manipulations of her fan,—“my dear Dolores, do you know, you appeal to me as one of the most enviable of women. Such changes since those days so long ago—do you remember them?—when we sat cross-legged on the mats at the convent and learned to embroider canonical flowers.”

Dofia Dolores laughed comfortably. She was stout and placid, a type which inclines to comfort and laughs easily.

“I remember,” she said. “Only what I remember most is pricking my fingers with Sor Mariana's needles and crying a great deal. I would rather have laughed.”

“Yes, laughing was always more in your line, Dolores, and you have kept it up. How I envy you! But then you have had no children, no anxieties such as a mother must know.” Dofia Elvira sighed.

“But your children, my dear Elvira, are surely now old enough to be a comfort and not an anxiety to you. Let me see; they must be——”

“Yes, yes,” interrupted doña Elvira, hastily, “of course. But there remains their settlement in life, and that, you know, is a grave affair to parents. To be sure, my Rosa is over-young perhaps to leave me, but then one must give her opportunities, and it costs much to keep up our barn of a place in Laguna. My Emiliano, too, he has to be considered. The estates are not what they were, and in providing for the daughter's dower one must not deplete the inheritance of the son and heir. Eh, my dear Dolores?”

“Precisely,” assented doña Dolores, uncompromisingly, while through her mind flitted rumors which she had heard bearing on the habits—tending to depletion of estates—of the son and heir.

Dofia Elvira opened and shut her fan languidly.

“Tell me,” she exclaimed, suddenly leaning forward and tapping doña Dolores confidentially upon the arm, “who was that distinguished-looking stranger whom I saw at the door of the counting-house as I came up?—a tall man with fair hair and rosy cheeks; an Englishman, surely.”

Dofia Dolores smiled with a faint under-tinge of meaning.

“Ricardito? You must mean Ricardo Barr. Yes, he is a young Englishman who is visiting us at present,—the son of my husband's correspondent in London.”

“Ah, so delightful for you!” murmured doña Elvira, with a

slightly falling inflection of the voice which did not escape her hostess. "He is studying the language and the business, I suppose?"

"Not exactly either, although he may profit by both. It is doubtful if Ricardo should be put into the business. He is an only son, and rather delicate, and the Barrs, you know, are rich. As to the language, he already speaks it fluently. His mother was a Spaniard,—one of the Vegas, who settled in London,—a distant relative of my husband's. My husband, you remember, was educated in England, and was much with the Vegas and the Barrs. It is a very old connection, and the boy was already dear to us when he came to visit us; and then he is a charming fellow. I look upon him quite as a son."

"Ah, delightful, delightful, delightful!" murmured doña Elvira, with a gracious flow of repetition, while a faint glow of satisfaction diffused itself through her patrician person.

In the mean time, in don Antonio Serrano's office don Antonio sat with two other gentlemen at a small table whereon were displayed wineglasses and some decanters containing the most lucent and aromatic of amber-colored wines. Don Antonio himself was a square-built, dark man, with an alert, business-like air. His broad, clean-shaven face had a good-humored expression, but withal one of determination, which would make a person hesitate to trifle unduly with him. Opposite to him, and leaning towards him with a deferential, effusive air, sat don Cosme de Montemayor. Don Cosme was tall and slender like his wife, but in him the patrician blood was so softened and subjected as to give him an elegant air of constantly apologizing to one for having been born one's social superior,—an untoward fact of nature for which he would atone with the most delicate tact, the most polished suavity possible. For every one he had a superlative smile, a ready and propitiating word.

Plenty of people before don Cosme have discovered the cheapness of popularity purchased by words and smiles. *Onzas* may become scarce, but politeness need never be. And so it was that, with superficial observers, don Cosme left the impression of being the most genial and graceful of personages, the first of gentlemen. Only sometimes closer acquaintance might make a synthetic mind wonder whether there might be any quality of harder material beneath the elegant mask which don Cosme wore to the world.

The third man presented as great a contrast to the other two as possible. He was very young and very fair. The masses of long curling locks, worn in the voluminous mode that then prevailed, framed a ruddy, boyish visage of undoubted Anglo-Saxon origin. His large blue eyes sparkled with the enthusiastic enjoyment of life generally, and his full handsome mouth seemed ready to second the eyes. Only about both features there was a changefulness, a mobility, a sensitiveness not always to be met with in that type. He was holding high a glass of the amber fluid, and, as the lights danced and broke within its gleaming depths, letting his eyes wander from the wine to don Antonio, who addressed him.

"Yes, my dear Ricardo, you may well linger over such a delecta-

tion as this vintage, for you might live a lifetime and never taste such a drink of the gods again. It is a Montemayor secret, my boy, which don Cosme here guards as jealously as if he were some old alchemist who held the key to the philosopher's stone."

Don Cosme laughed merrily and threw out his hands with a deprecating, almost an appealing, gesture.

"No secret, I assure you, don Ricardo; or at least such as Nature, and not the Montemayors, carries locked from the curious prober of her processes: the fires of the sun and the fires of the earth in subtle combination. The Montemayors own a vineyard among the lava rocks over yonder, a place where you would not suppose anything would grow, at least not anything precious; but the vines like it, señor. Where the roots go I do not know, but they draw from that volcanic soil something which imparts to the grape an aspect quite uncommon."

"Uncommon? unparalleled!" broke in don Antonio. "Why, there isn't such another vineyard in all these islands! And don Cosme knows it; and although he knows, too, that a cellarful of this vintage—if he would sell it to me—would make my fortune, he will only part with a beggarly half-dozen of casks."

"Ho, ho, ho! ha, ha, ha!" laughed don Cosme. "Well, I only do that, my friend, because I haven't really the philosopher's stone and can't make my *Seguero* estate bring forth yellow pieces of gold as well as yellow grapes. If I only could—" He leaned back in his chair and rubbed his hands as if enjoying an immense joke. Then he settled his waistcoat of black satin embroidered with delicate sprigs of gay-colored flowers, and said, "My dear don Antonio, you have introduced your friend to my vintage. I am even more desirous of presenting him to my wife. Shall we join the ladies?"

As Richard bent in acknowledgment of the stately courtesy dropped him by doña Elvira, he felt quite dazzled with her elegance and affability.

"My dear señor don Ricardo, I kiss your hand. I am so rejoiced to make your acquaintance. My dear friend here has been singing your praises to me at such a rate that my curiosity and enthusiasm have been quite on fire. And I am such an admirer of your estimable nation; only I regret, alas! that my defective education has not permitted me to learn your language; but that is less important since you are such a perfect master of our own Castilian." Inwardly she was taking a hasty inventory of the young man. "He is very handsome," was her first thought. Her second, "Yes, he is very presentable; not at all one of those English gawks who look in a lady's drawing-room as if they didn't know why they had been born with arms and legs. His manners are easy and graceful: that is his Spanish blood, I suppose." Her third, "Rich, and an only son. With the business out of sight and the Vega connection dropped resolutely into the background, he would make an excellent aristocrat."

When he had cast himself at doña Elvira's feet,—figuratively speaking,—Richard seated himself beside her.

"The pleasure of meeting you, señora, was delayed by an agreeable intervention of your husband's. Do you know, I have really

been at Mount Helicon tasting hippocrene. It ought to have endowed me with wings."

"He means the wine of the *Sequero* estate, my dear," explained don Cosme, with a gracious wave of the hand. It does not do to appear proud, even if one's wares should be the most wonderful in the world.

"The wine makes the picture of the grapes from which it comes quite clear," said Richard. "My imagination sees them,—great, russet, sunbrowned bunches dripping golden juice, I know. I am sorry it is not the vintage-time, señora, or I am sure I should beg you to employ me in gathering the harvest; yes, and to tread the must too, for that should be a delight from such epicurean fruit."

Doña Elvira glanced down at the young man's shapely ankle, clad in the closely buttoned trousers of the period.

"I perceive you are an enthusiast, señor don Ricardo. I too am sorry it is not the vintage-time; not that you should tread the must—ah, no!—but that you might dance at the festival afterwards. That I am sure would be more in your line. But if we have just now no russet grapes to offer you, still perhaps our camellia garden will not be unworthy your inspection. It would be a gratification to welcome you at our little place at San Hilarión. My dear Dolores, why will not you and your estimable husband and your charming guest honor us by dining with us this week? It is such a long time since you have visited us." It was indeed a long time; for, while they exchanged formal calls from time to time, doña Dolores could not remember any occasion when she had been entertained at San Hilarión. Her eyes wandered to her husband's face.

"I do not know whether Antonio——" she began. Doña Elvira compressed her fan into an elongation of her forefinger and shook it playfully at the wine-merchant.

"Ah, I am sure you can never be so rude as to refuse a lady, don Antonio. Besides, it would do you good to tear yourself from business cares once in a while."

"You do us too much honor, señora. To-morrow and the next day I must be invoicing a cargo for New York. Thursday, I am afraid, would be the only time——"

"Thursday let it be, then," responded the lady, promptly. "Cosme, will it not be delightful to have our friends with us at San Hilarión?"

"Charming, most charming," murmured don Cosme, with a vast smile.

Doña Elvira had risen to take leave. When, with many bows and compliments, this operation was accomplished, don Antonio ceremoniously escorted her down the stairs, holding high the tips of her fingers upon those of his own,—a parting courtesy which the Spanish gentleman may never omit.

"Antonio," said doña Dolores, when that excellent couple were retiring for the night, "I distrust that woman."

"Do you refer to the accomplished lady of Montemayor?" inquired her husband, adjusting his night-cap.

Doña Dolores's usually complacent visage was puckered into a frown.

"I am sure she has designs upon Ricardito. You should have seen her prick up her ears when she heard he would be rich some day. Yes, I know her. She was thinking of her Rosa, whom she has been trying so long to launch matrimonially, and who sticks upon the ways, so to speak."

"You are talking commercially, my dear. An alliance with the Montemayors would be an honor to any merchant's son."

"Oh, Antonio! the Montemayors are made of flint; and Ricardo has such a warm heart."

"Do not alarm yourself, my Dolores. Ricardo has a warm heart, yes, but he has a fibre of something stronger behind it. In fact, my wife, he is rather a headstrong boy, and nobody, I fancy, will coerce him into anything he does not want to do. He will be himself the arbiter of his own fortunes."

"I should never be reconciled," moaned doña Dolores.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN the party for San Hilarión was already in motion, Richard Barr reminded his friends that he knew nothing concerning the family they were about to visit. They were trotting through a back street of the town, called the Calle del Cupido, but known popularly as El Cuaco, the hoofs of their steeds clattering noisily upon the rough pavement as they went. Don Antonio and Richard, gay in the array of fresh nankeen pantaloons and short-waisted blue coats ornamented with a profusion of brass buttons, bestrode two of the sturdy little Island ponies, while doña Dolores, whose timidity and *embonpoint* did not permit her to assume a station so high, was mounted precariously upon the back of a nimble-footed little gray donkey. Lorenzo, the donkey-boy, ran beside her, using his persuasions to combat the asinine predisposition to a zigzag course, or, when the donkey's pace became too accelerated, gently checking such ardors by hanging on to his tail. Above the high walls which lined the street they could see the foliage of gardens, and presently, up the acclivity on the right, the gleaming windows of the "Sitio Little," where an Englishman was beginning to evolve the little paradise which still bears his name.

Then they crossed the sands of the *barranco* and began the steep cobble-paved zigzags by which the cliff above the beach of Martianes is ascended. At the top they paused a little to recover breath. On either hand below stretched the expanse of vivid-hued ocean, cleft by successive mountainous promontories as the island shores stretched away to north and south. Back of them, sweeping steadily upward with a broad trend, upon which the great gullies and smaller hills made little observable breaks, walled on either side by gigantic mountain ranges, stretched the exquisite Orotava valley. Baron Humboldt not long before had thanked God that he had lived to behold so perfect a spot, and its beauty was not yet injured. While the heights of the mountains and the upper part of the valley were clothed with the dark

hues of primeval forest, the rest presented the unbroken aspect of vineyard and garden, the verdure accentuated here and there with the white walls of scattered villages, or at other points cleft nakedly by cinereous hills, record of a volcanic origin which even the luxuriance of a semi-tropic nature could not wholly disguise. Above the vast ridges of Tiguaiga, the chain which flanked the valley to the southwest, our travellers would have beheld the great volcanic pitón, if a soft, thick curtain of cumulus cloud had not crept down the mountains, completely obliterating all the higher altitudes.

"You know," said Richard, speaking in English, with which both his companions were conversant, "that you haven't really told me anything about these Montemayors, only that there is a son and a daughter. Is she young? Is she beautiful?"

"Of course, both," responded don Antonio.

"Oh, Antonio!" protested his wife. "How can you say such things? Rosa Montemayor will never see thirty again; and as for complexion!—well, experts in the cosmetic arts can of course effect wonders."

"Hear how women love to admire each other and praise each other's little peculiarities," said don Antonio, mischievously.

Dña Dolores was vexed, but her attention became concentrated at the next moment upon herself. "Lorenzo, Lorenzo!" she called, in alarm, "what is the matter with this donkey? Why does he stick out his nose and flatten his ears? Is he going to have a fit?"

"*Caramba*, señora! he is only going to bray. He is a very demon to bray; and then he feels lively, for I've been keeping him in the stable that he might be fresh for the señora to ride.—*Ea, maldito, cállate!*" Certain preliminary gurgling, strangling sounds in the donkey's throat attested to the accuracy of this statement; but, a violent twitching of the bridle and a few blows on the nose from Lorenzo's stick having induced the creature to change his mind, the party once more started forward.

"My dear Ricardo," observed don Antonio, "you have seen the parents, and will form your own opinion of the children. Every man has his own ideal of beauty and virtue, and, to tell you the truth, I am not personally acquainted with either of the young people. The Montemayors are great people in our island, and so are the Lugos. Indeed, the Lugos antedate all else, for they spring from the Adelantado himself, the great Alonso who wrested these fair lands from the savages and planted the banners of Spain above the Guanche fastness."

"I hope it is not going to rain," interrupted doña Dolores, anxiously. "Do you see how the clouds are settling down, Antonio?"

"Not much danger, I think," responded her husband, cheerfully.

They had been travelling all this time the old paved road which climbs with a steady ascent—at times rather steeply—to the Villa. A little before entering the town they branched suddenly to the left and found themselves in a narrow country lane hedged by rough stone walls, which were further protected by a high net of brambles upon the top. The Spaniard is not fond of opening even his cornfield for public inspection. A mile more brought them to their destination.

Beside a small wayside chapel, built of the usual whitewashed stucco and surmounted by a wooden cross, they passed through an open gateway into a long avenue. Up and down each side of the avenue stood a row of gnarled cypresses, and behind them again high masonry walls which effectually concealed the gardens or fields that lay beyond. At the farther end of this rather sombre approach there was another gate of rusty iron-work.

This admitted them to a quadrangle flanked on two sides by stables and gardeners' quarters, all of them unpretentious one-story edifices with high tiled roofs, the third occupied by the long, rather gloomy face of the main building. As the party rode into the enclosure the door of the house was flung open, and don Cosme Montemayor, bare-headed and in a flutter of welcome, tripped down the steps.

"Señores, you do us great honor. Permit me to place my poor house and all it contains entirely at your service. My dear doña Dolores, I fear this rough riding has greatly fatigued you. Permit me." And the master of San Hilarión, gallantly supporting doña Dolores by the tips of her fingers, conducted her into the house.

The plain exterior of this mansion had not prepared Richard for a certain grandiose aspect within, a splendor a little faded and bleak, perhaps, but still rather impressive. The broad corridor into which they were ushered, and which surrounded a spacious *patio*, or court-yard, was inlaid with blocks of different-colored marbles and enclosed from the *patio* by glass windows, an unusual Teneriffian luxury at that date. In the centre of the *patio* there was a large flower-stand covered with luxuriant cryptogamous plants. "My poor little fernery," murmured don Cosme, modestly.

Doña Elvira stood waiting in an anteroom, where, after an effusive embrace to doña Dolores and a gentle chiding upon their arriving so late, she presented to her guests her "dear daughter Rosa and her dear son Emiliano."

"This is the distinguished señor don Ricardo Barro, of whom I have told you, my son. My dear don Ricardo, you and my boy are destined, I foresee, to be great cronies. Gay young men of an equal age—it is a foregone conclusion how they will enjoy themselves together. Eh, my dear Dolores?"

The two gay young men bowed to each other with that incipient sense of repulsion not uncommon between those brought artificially together with an intention of making them intimate. Friendship is always a discovery.

"What an unpleasant fellow!" was Richard's mental comment. But it was only that Emiliano wore no mask, and the inevitable inwardness coming unimpeded to the surface imprinted itself there in somewhat animal characters. He was very dark, too, and the heavy black eyebrows meeting across the nose lent him a supererogatory sinister look. Richard turned with more pleasure to the sister. Rosa was also very dark, and, excepting in the manner hinted at by doña Dolores, scarcely an exponent of her own name. She was neither as tall nor as elegant as her mother, but wore an agreeable air of sprightliness, and smiled a great deal, which displayed to advantage a row of dazzling

teeth, and also served to disguise certain hard little lines about the corners of the mouth.

Dofia Elvira led the way through several reception-rooms to the drawing-room.

This apartment was impressive in its dimensions even in a land of large drawing-rooms, while its great height served to increase the effect. Like many rooms of the period, it was not ceiled, but ascended with heavy carved beams of *tea* wood, black with time, into the peak of the roof. The floor was also of *tea*, very dark, and polished by innumerable footsteps to a dull glow.

The furniture appeared sparse, but it was rather that the scale of this apartment dwarfed everything within it. Rosa drew the young Englishman to a window-seat.

"You have not been here very long, don Ricardo?"

"Perhaps two months, although if I answered you according to my sensations I should say two days. Time flies fast when one is agreeably occupied."

"Ah, then you are pleased with our little corner of the globe. Do you find it truly very beautiful?"

"I have been too much occupied admiring its inhabitants to pay all the attention I should to the landscape," responded the Englishman, gallantly. He was trying to decide in his own mind whether or not Rosa were really handsome. Her scant, short-bodied gown certainly fitted her to perfection, while the flower in her hair—a large pink lily from whose dimensions a northern head would have shrunk aghast—rested amid the voluminous coils with an almost regal air.

"That is really very graceful, and not at all English," laughed Rosa. "Where have you been taking lessons?"

"My education has been a good deal neglected, señorita: perhaps you will take it in hand."

While Richard trifled with the daughter of San Hilarión, and doña Elvira informed doña Dolores upon the difficulty of training servants, and the gentlemen, in an anteroom, discussed cigars and politics, no one observed that it had grown very dark, until a servant entering announced that dinner was served.

"*Santa Virgen!*" exclaimed doña Dolores, suddenly, "how dark it is! It is surely going to rain, after all. Do you not think so, don Cosme?"

"Señora," responded that gentleman, suavely, "if I had only the elements as well under my control as the *peones* of San Hilarión, I should assure you to the contrary. But give yourself no concern upon the matter. If the skies treat you with treachery, the hospitalities of San Hilarión are elastic. We should have the great gratification of keeping you for the night."

Through the windows of the great dining-room—a place almost as roomy as the drawing-room they had left—it became evident that the dreaded rain was a near contingent. The windows and also a large glass door gave upon an esplanade, whence a flight of steps disappeared into a garden below. There were masses of foliage, amid which a ramification of tiled roofs was here and there visible, showing the establish-

ment to be a large one. Beyond, the land dropped away with the down-trend of the valley.

"Ugh!" cried doña Elvira, with a shudder. "How very dark it is! We can never see to eat. Juan, close the shutters and bring lights."

"Don Antonio, what is your opinion of the effect of this new-fangled *Estatuto Real*," published by Martinez de la Rosa?" inquired don Cosme.

"Who can say? It is always a point to be already in power. The legitimate succession there has the advantage."

"Ah, but," returned his host, with an air of courteous correction, "the Carlist is the legitimate succession."

"Yes, yes. Of course that would be your view. As for me, I indulge in few opinions in politics except as they affect business. It concerns me principally to know that the civil wars bring impoverishing taxes, and that the disaffection of the English narrows the markets for wines."

Doña Elvira hastened to change the subject; allusions to trade were distasteful to her.

"Do you know how the mode is changing, my friends? My cousin the Marquesa de Chasna, who has been in Paris, tells me that there no one wears anything but long bodices now, and that skirts are to be like barrels."

"Do you like cock-fighting, Barro?" inquired Emiliano, leaning, with a heavy smile, towards Richard.

"I have had no experience of it. Shooting is my favorite sport," replied the other.

"Oh, shooting is all very well where there is anything to shoot. Rabbit-hunting is better, only one loses one's ferrets so abominably. But there's nothing like cock-fighting; it makes a man burn like a volcano. I'll tell you what, Barro, I'll take you with me to the cock-pit Sunday."

"Thank you," replied Richard, dryly.

By this time, above the buzz of conversation and the clatter of dishes a steady roar of rain, such as is encountered only as one approaches the tropics, made itself plainly audible. Doña Dolores dropped her knife and fork and wrung her hands.

"There it is—the rain! How very terrible!"

"Why terrible, my dear Dolores," inquired her hostess, graciously, "since it gives us the pleasure of keeping you longer at San Hilarión? You will pass the night with us."

"We couldn't put you to such inconvenience——" began doña Dolores, but her hosts promptly interrupted her with, "No inconvenience, my dear señora; an honor, a joy. Pray give yourself no concern whatsoever."

Richard had been for some time studying the two candelabra by whose lights the table was illuminated. They were of bronze in rich Oriental workmanship, a rather unusual sight in an Island house.

* Referring to the Carlist wars of 1833-1839.

"Please do not think me rude, don Cosme, if I ask you if these candelabra are Chinese? They are wonderfully beautiful."

"Consider them yours, señor," promptly replied don Cosme, with the national hyperbole, which Richard understood and acknowledged simply with a bow. "Yes, you are right; they are from the East. My lamented brother"—don Cosme's voice dropped into a minor cadence—"brought them to me. He made many voyages. He was some time in the Filipinas."

"Do you really think them handsome?" inquired Rosa, with a languid waft of her fan. "If they were something in the French style, now; but those things with tails remind me only of crawly lizards."

At length they came to the end of the many courses, and, with the coffee and cigars, the banquet was over.

"Music, music!" cried Don Cosme, as they assembled once more in the drawing-room. "We must have some music. You, don Ricardo, can sing and play, I am sure; your nation is so accomplished. It would be so delightful to hear your national music." There were at one end of the room an early piano—a thin-voiced little instrument not very far differentiated from its progenitor the spinet—and some guitars. Richard modestly admitted that he could troll a stave, and was presently waking the echoes of the lofty roof-tree with the strains of "Rule Britannia" and "Firm as Oak." Then, when Rosa had rattled off a fantasia composed of operatic airs of the day, Emiliano was called upon. Emiliano's forte, it appeared, lay with the guitar and the songs of the people. He dragged his nails backward across the strings, making the wiry accompaniment which belongs in Spain to that class of music.

"But it is no good without the dancing," he complained.

"Then we will dance," cried Rosa, leaping to her feet. "Come, papa; come, mamma; come, don Antonio; come, doña Dolores. I am sure you have none of you forgotten how to foot a measure, and it is our duty to instruct don Ricardo in the dances of the land. Give us some *folias*, Emiliano."

They all became very merry. Even doña Dolores, inspired by the general exhilaration, was induced to quaver forth a ditty of her youth, in which she informed her companions that her heart was entirely broken, and begged them, with repeated refrains, to conduct her forthwith to repose in the cold and silent tomb.

At half-past eleven there was served a supper almost as elaborate as the dinner, after which it did not seem premature to retire for the night.

"My dear señor don Ricardo," said don Cosme, "I hope it will not displease you to occupy my son's quarters to-night. These upper rooms are large, but not so numerous as I could desire; and then I know that young men like to enjoy themselves together without being overlooked. I am sure that in my son's apartments you will be quite comfortable; and if there is anything further which you desire, be so good as to command it. A thousand happy dreams to you!"

Richard expressed himself as entirely gratified with the arrange-

ments made for his comfort, but was indulging in some mental speculation as to what these might be, when Emiliano pushed open a small door at the end of the corridor and revealed a narrow spiral staircase plunging into unknown regions below.

CHAPTER III.

AT the foot of the staircase the entry widened into a room, in the centre of which there was a table set with lights, decanters and glasses, cigarettes, cards, and dice. A young serving-man who had been asleep upon a divan started up at the approach of his master.

"You can go, Paco," said Emiliano: "we will wait on ourselves. —Come," he added, turning to Richard, "it is still very early for men of the world; let us play for a while. I will give you odds, if you like. Help yourself to a cigarette."

He poured some wine into one of the glasses as he spoke, and began to shuffle the cards.

Richard's dislike to his companion had been steadily increasing all the evening. It was an almost unconscious sentiment; the natural recoil of a higher nature from a lower, of the pure from the base. Although his manners were—as Rosa and her mother privately agreed—irreproachable and quite Continental, the young Englishman suffered at times lapses into a certain asperity which revealed the fibre of the true Briton.

"No," he replied, with unadorned frankness, "I do not care to play cards: I prefer to go to bed."

Emiliano's politeness evaporated quite as easily. "Very well," he said, sullenly, lifting one of the candles from the table: "be good enough to follow me." He led the way down the corridor and pushed open a heavy door,—a door that was seldom used, it would appear, since Emiliano was obliged to slide back a bolt and to exert some force to move it at all. This admitted them to a large and more dilapidated-looking corridor, full of draughts which bade fair to extinguish the solitary candle. From here Emiliano passed into a large, shadowy apartment in which a high four-post bedstead, with a faded canopy, loomed mysteriously. He set the candle down upon a small table.

"I wish you a very good-night," he said, curtly, and turning he left the room, closing the door noisily behind him.

Richard looked after him with a half-contemptuous laugh. "The cub!" he muttered. "I really think he ought to be muzzled and marked 'dangerous.' But come; let us see what my dungeon contains besides that double-decker."

He took up the candle and began an inspection of the room. It was very large, very bare, and rather ruinous in appearance. The plastering upon the walls was mouldy and discolored, while in some places it had peeled entirely away from the stone beneath. Holding the light aloft, Richard could perceive that the roof was peaked, the black beams losing themselves in shadow above. At the lower end

of each beam, as it entered the wall, there was faintly discernible a roughly carved grotesque face like a gargoyle, which now grinned out as the light flickered upon it, and now fell back into shadow as if concealing its goblin mirth.

"Ugh!" cried the young man, with a mock shudder, "it's a nasty dungeon, and I don't think much of the Montemayor hospitality in putting a stranger into it. Hope it isn't haunted, by the way; it smells musty and ghoulish enough to be a whole churchyard. Aroynt thee, witch, aroynt thee!"

Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and gray,

I, true British heart of oak, defy ye! Now then for the double-decker and to sleep."

Richard could never have told whether he had slept hours or only minutes when, as if drawn bodily from some profound well of slumber, he was wakened by a noise. It was not a very loud noise, but a curious, half-muffled, grinding sound. He sat suddenly up in bed and looked in the direction whence the noise proceeded. He could perceive that there was a line of light beneath the door, which was being slowly pushed open from without. It was a very heavy door, made in the old style, not with hinges, but with projecting pivots from the framework moving in slots in the lintel and sill of the doorway, and, pushed slowly in this manner, emitted the sounds which had awakened him. A hideous sensation, as if he were about to behold something supernatural, came over him. He recalled the flippancy of his last conscious words, and wished he had not uttered them. Slowly the crack of light widened, the door moved farther and farther open, until, with a noiselessness curiously in contrast with the wooden groans by which it had announced itself, a figure glided into the apartment. It was the figure of a woman, tall and slender and clad in a long white garment over which trailed a mass of disordered black hair. In one raised hand she bore a little oil night-lamp which threw a spectral gleam upon her upturned, corpse-like visage. Very slowly and silently this figure made the circuit of the room, and then coming opposite to the bed paused for a moment and confronted its occupant. The pallid features were penetrated by a strained, searching expression; the dark eyes were fixed in a glassy, unearthly stare.

In another moment this apparition turned once more, and, in the same manner in which it had entered, left the apartment. A cold perspiration had broken out upon the young man.

Richard was no coward, but he possessed a nature impressionable in a high degree, and he lived, moreover, in an age when superstition had still power to dominate even "hearts of oak." He did not doubt that he had been looking upon a real ghost, some uneasy spirit—sinned against or sinning—of past Montemayors, seeking rest which it never found. He was seized with a mad desire to escape, to strike a light, and he leaped up hastily to do so; then he remembered with annoyance that no flints had been furnished to him. His annoyance was a very rapid quencher of his tremors.

"At least I can get into my clothes," he muttered, "and find my way up-stairs; and if the phantom follows me there I'll call up the old gray fox himself to have it out with her." He fumbled about in the dark and donned one garment after another; then he found the door and emerged into the entry. All was enveloped in black silence. Richard never doubted that he could easily find the way by which he had come, but the darkness confused him. He took a wrong turn, and, presently coming in contact with a door which he supposed to be the one which Emiliano had unfastened to admit him to these regions, he opened it and passed through. A few minutes convinced him of his mistake; he seemed at every turn to be bumping against articles of furniture. He turned to retrace his steps, but the door by which he had entered was not to be found. Up and down, round and round, in a dizzy, groping search, the young man moved cautiously but vainly. At one moment he would trip against the leg of a chair, at another his head grazed a cornice; again his outstretched hand swept a shelf of glass objects which clattered and rang together with a sound of breaking fragments.

"Confound it all!" he ejaculated angrily to himself, "there seems to be no outlet to this everlasting place. Where am I, anyway?" He sat down upon what seemed to be a large box or chest and wiped the moisture from his brow, moisture this time not of horror but of genuine fatigue and anger. He was filled with a dull rage at the adventures which had successively disturbed his night; and, with a suspicion that this young man had deliberately played him a trick, his rage concentrated itself upon Emiliano. Richard remembered other rooms which they had passed before entering this half-ruinous end of the house, and felt sure that in one of them his host had intended him to be lodged. Emiliano had played him a trick.

"I'll set down one against you, you little brute," he muttered, savagely. "I'd like to break your head for you, only you're not worth it; but I will get square some way."

He was conscious that he was very weary and hopelessly confused. "I don't see how I'm to get out of this place," he went on to himself; "it looks as if I should have to stay here till morning, or until—like Ginevra—my bones are discovered by future generations."

He stretched himself upon the chest and presently fell into uneasy slumbers. When he started up, cramped by his position and dazed for a moment by the strangeness of his surroundings, there was a beam of rosy light across his eyes and a sound of strange music in his ears.

The light came through a few small, grimy glass panes of a window the rest of which consisted of closely barred wooden shutters. By its aid Richard perceived that the place into which he had so inadvertently wandered was an ancient and apparently seldom entered lumber-room. There was a jumble of antique furniture more or less out of repair, shelves of fragmentary china and glass, old pictures, and rubbish of all sorts. He was no longer surprised that the door had eluded him, since he only discovered it now behind some large pieces of furniture. The singing—if singing it could be called—was more difficult to locate.

It had a vague, remote, indescribably weird sound, and seemed to permeate the atmosphere.

Richard stepped out into the corridor. He could plainly discern, by the early light streaming from it, the half-open door of the apartment he had occupied the night before; on the other hand the corridor took a turn to the left and was plunged once more into shadow.

Out here he could no longer hear the sounds which had attracted his attention; all was silent.

He stole back once more to the lumber-room. Evidently it was through those shutters that the far-off cadences came. The window was of the ordinary, deep-embrasured sort, with window-seats high from the ground and reached by a step which was now wanting. The shutters looked as if they had not been disturbed in half a century.

Richard applied himself to the task of persuading the clumsy and rust-encrusted bolt. At length it yielded, the creaking shutter was drawn back, and the young man found himself gazing into the dewy heart of an enchanted garden. Dawn was breaking. Not yet had the day-star surmounted the monstrous shoulders of the mountains which lay heaped to the eastward, but its heralds were before it and had flushed the whole sky to a delicate rose tint, while through the foliage every drop of the recent rain caught and threw back again a hundred trembling, prismatic sparkles. The air was still aromatic with the distillations of the night, but also vital with the fresh breath of the morning. Richard leaned far over the window-sill and drank in great draughts of it. All the vapors of the preceding night vanished as at the touch of a magician's wand; his pulse tingled with renewed joyous life. The general aspect of the garden was that of neglect. Giant weeds disputed supremacy with the legitimate blossoms; luxuriant creepers, in shameless unrestraint, flung themselves hither and thither through the trees in a riot of graceful pendant and festoon. Through the tangle the strange music echoed plainly now, but it was rather sound than song,—an elemental melody like that of the winds or the waves, unreducible to formal tonalities,—which, as its cadences rose and fell, had in it a weird pathos, a subtle minor inflection indescribably stirring to the emotions.

Outside the window, so near that one rugged arm had spanned itself clear across the embrasure, there grew a huge camphor-wood tree. Richard swung himself lightly to the branch, clambered along to the main trunk, and then slid to the ground, a distance of twenty feet or so. Guided by the voice which was alluring him, he broke hastily through the shrubbery. In a few moments he paused, paralyzed with astonishment. Before him stood a figure,—the figure from which the sound proceeded, and which, touched by that early morning glamour, might have been an incarnation of its own song. It was a girl, tall and slender. She was dressed in a long white robe, about the waist of which was twined a girdle of passion-flower, the delicate tendrils trailing to her feet. Her long, blue-black hair flowed downward in loose confusion; her clear-cut features were dark and of an abnormal pallor. Richard recognized, with a tremor, the apparition of the night before. In her garland of green and purple, she had now more the aspect of a

hamadryad than of a ghost, yet she still made upon him an impression of unreality, of illusion.

Upon the curb of a small fountain basin beside her there lay a heap of fragrant fallen frangipani blossoms, which, as she chanted, the girl was stringing together into a garland. After a moment or two she stirred uneasily, as if conscious of some other presence; then, breaking off suddenly, she turned and faced the young man. There was nothing vacant about the large, dark eyes now. They were wide open, and of that unfathomable luminousness which seems to be the birthright of her race. In their mysterious depths there flitted fitful lights like fancies too elusive to be stayed, but which ever and anon welled upward in vain endeavor to escape. Such mute appeal, such unanswerable question, one sees sometimes in the eyes of the higher domestic animals, very rarely in man.

For a brief space these two young creatures contemplated each other in startled silence; then the girl moved a few paces forward. A smile stole over the impassive features,—a smile which at once informed and transfigured them, like a light suddenly kindled at the shrine of a temple.

"Are you an angel? did you come from heaven?" she asked, in low, awe-struck tones.

Richard was a good deal taken aback. "Hardly—not exactly—that is, not very recently," he stammered, confusedly.

The girl went on dreamily, more as if conversing with herself than addressing him. "In my pictures of the Mother of God there are angels, and they all have golden hair, just like yours. I should like to touch it: is it real?" she added, with sudden directness. For answer Richard dropped upon one knee before her, and, smiling, inclined his blond head. He experienced an unwonted thrill as the girl's slender fingers slipped timidly through his curly locks.

"How soft! how fine! It glistens and sparkles; it is just like the sunshine itself. Ah, you are very beautiful!"

Richard leaped quickly to his feet, a crimson tide flushing to the roots of the inspected curls.

He was not too old to blush nor too bold to be embarrassed by this frank admiration. He hastened to make a diversion.

"You have been stringing the *flores de cebo*: tell me what it is for."

She suddenly twined the garland about her brows, where they lay like white and golden stars amid the ebony tresses. For the first time it flashed upon the young man that this girl, in spite of her ghostliness, was really beautiful.

"The dear *flores de cebo*," she murmured, caressing the blossoms softly, "they are so lovely I cannot bear to see them fall on the ground and die. But yet I think they don't really die: do you? The perfume must be always somewhere."

She stooped and gathered more of the flowers, adding them to her store; at the same time she broke again into her unearthly chant. She seemed to have become unconscious of her companion, who in his turn watched her with increasing wonder and fascination.

All at once through this enchantment—for Richard felt as if in a dream—there came, like a trumpet-call breaking the spell, the loud accents of a coarse human voice :

"Niña ! niña ! niña !" *

The girl started, while a pained look swept over her features as if she too had been rudely awakened.

"That is Cipriana," she said, hurriedly : "I must go." She gathered the flowers together, as if to depart ; then she turned back to Richard ; her magnetic gaze sought his with a look of entreaty.

"You will come again ?"

"Yes, I will come again."

"Niña ! niña ! niña !" again came the strident call, much nearer than before. The girl fled away up the path. Richard, peeping through the foliage, could now discover advancing a large, coarse-featured woman attired like a servant. As the girl ran towards her she clasped the frail hands in both her sinewy ones.

"You are a very naughty girl," she said, roughly, "running away out into the garden before you were dressed,—with bare feet, too ! I shouldn't wonder if you caught a lung fever and died. 'Twould serve you right."

In spite of her coarseness the girl seemed to cling to her.

"Ah, don't scold," she entreated, softly : "everything was so beautiful I couldn't help it. The garden called to me ; and—oh, Cipriana !—I have seen an angel !"

The woman still held her fast, but as she gazed into the girl's upturned face the harsh features involuntarily grew softer.

"Seen an angel ?" she muttered, under her breath ; "perhaps you have—who knows ? Who can say what you *do* see, anyhow ?" She drew her away, and they vanished behind the trees.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN he had regained his own chamber,—returning the way he had gone,—Richard gave himself up to a tumult of pleasurable emotions.

He no longer felt any resentment towards Emiliano for his cold inhospitality ; the charm of the later experience had erased the chill of the preceding ones. Now he paced the room with nervous strides ; again he flung himself into a chair and rested, lost in reverie. Who was this mysterious being with the aspect of a madwoman, the artless speech of a child, the smile of a seraph ? Was she in very sooth flesh, or only spirit ? That the visit of the preceding night had been somnambulistic he no longer doubted ; but what inward unrest had impelled her to seek the stranger, to impose upon him the solution of the enigma in her beautiful, questioning eyes ? Richard lost himself in speculation, but arrived at no conclusion.

* Child.

The dreary old apartment did not look so dreary by day. The sunlight, slanting in through the high slits of windows called *marcos de luz*, spread itself in a little yellow harvest across the floor. The carved heads, even, had ceased to jeer; they looked down upon their human companion almost with a grotesque friendliness.

Richard had not heard footsteps nor a soft knock upon his door, and was startled by the entrance of a servant. It was the lad whom Emiliano had addressed the evening before as Paco.

"I beg a thousand pardons," he apologized, "but I have been several times before with the señor's chocolate, and I thought he was asleep. I perceive that the señor's toilet is already completed; if there is any service I could render—I am a very good barber."

Richard laughed a little consciously as he passed his hand over his smooth, boyish chin, and then inquired what time it was.

"The clock has just struck nine, señor, and the señora sends to say that breakfast is served."

"I will be there directly."

Doña Elvira received her guest with profuse apologies for disturbing him at such a preposterous hour.

"We are breakfasting earlier than usual because our good don Antonio is in haste to depart. He has engagements. I fear we have broken rudely in upon your slumbers, don Ricardo. Young men are not fond of seeing the sun rise; even my own dear boy"—she looked affectionately at Emiliano's empty place—"is at times negligent. But we must be indulgent to the happy young things, must we not, don Antonio?"

Don Antonio smiled politely. He was not in favor of indulging any one, young or old, when it became a question of punctuality.

"I hope you rested well, my friend," said don Cosme, benignly; "and your dreams,—you must remember all your dreams. They are very portentous when one sleeps in a new place; or so the romantic young ladies tell me." He flung a twinkling look at his daughter, who returned it playfully.

"Papa maligns me. I am not at all romantic; I am very practical, don Ricardo."

Richard affirmed himself well satisfied with his night, but he was seized with a mischievous desire to put a little test to his host.

"I was very much interested in those little carved heads, don Cosme: are they eighteenth-century work? they look very ancient."

"Carved heads?" Don Cosme gazed at him with a mystified air.

"The little grotesques which support the beams in my chamber; they look unspeakably old."

For one instant—one little instant—the mask became disarranged. An expression of confusion, of consternation, flitted over don Cosme's bland visage, as the shadow of a cloud sweeps over a smiling upland. The next moment he had recovered his composure.

"Ah, yes; they are very old; I do not know the date. Will you not try some of this fish, don Ricardo? It has just been brought by a runner from Puerto. Salmonetes ought to be eaten straight out of the water, I think."

Just before the others had finished breakfasting, Emiliano lounged into the room.

"Ah, my son, you are very late," said his mother, with friendly reproof; "our guests are just about to depart."

"Then I shall be in time to bid them adieu," replied Emiliano, somewhat equivocally.

When don Cosme had assisted his guests to mount, had escorted them to the gate, and had bowed them out of sight,—there seemed to be an extra joint or two somewhere in don Cosme's body permitting a greater amount of inflection to his salutes than is the privilege of the average individual,—he returned to the dining-room and confronted his son.

"I should like to know," he demanded, in a tone of voice which was never heard in company, "how the Englishman could know anything about the carvings in the yellow chamber."

Emiliano shrugged his shoulders. "Because he slept there, I suppose."

"Slept there! How slept there, when he was to occupy your room?"

Emiliano helped himself indolently to an egg, tapped the end with his spoon, and deliberately removed the broken shell before he answered:

"Really, papa, I could not be expected to give up my comfortable bed to that unmannerly pig of an Englishman; that is altogether too much."

Don Cosme was very angry. "You had my instructions; how dare you disobey me?"

"I wish you would leave me alone," said Emiliano, sulkily. "You are always finding fault with me."

"Ah, yes," interrupted doña Elvira, coming to the support of her favorite; "you are indeed too hard, Cosme. And, after all, Emiliano has not done anything so very terrible. It was merely an inadvertence."

"An inadvertence! But suppose the man had seen Chola?—suppose he had seen Chola?"

"That is very unlikely. Chola's rooms are at a distance, and Cipriana's orders are very strict."

"And pigs always sleep soundly," added Emiliano, with his mouth full.

Rosa, who had taken no part in this little family tilt, now prepared to break a lance.

"When one speaks of pigs," she said, eying her brother scornfully, "there are a good many points of view, and remarks to be made on several sides."

While these gentle recriminations were going forward, the unconscious provoker of them was jogging along the rough San Hilarión road in the company of his friends. They did not make very rapid progress; this was owing to inherent disagreement between doña Dolores and doña Dolores's donkey.

Don Antonio fidgeted and pulled out his watch a good many times, while he alternately spurred and reined in his horse.

"Really, my dear," he impatiently exclaimed at last, "can we not go a little faster? We shall be all day getting home."

Dofia Dolores was not in her usual serene humor. She had never felt very favorably inclined for the San Hilarión expedition, and its undue prolongation had vexed her.

"No, I can't," she answered, a little crossly. "What with having my knees scraped off against the walls and my head torn off in the briars, I have torment enough."

"*Arre-bu'! so-ven-acá-bu'!*" interpolated Lorenzo, dealing a mixed shower of blows and donkey-driver's jargon upon the recalcitrant animal.

"I shall miss my appointment with the English consul," said don Antonio, pulling out his watch for the fifth time.

"Then you would better ride on ahead. Ricardito can take care of me; he has no appointments and is in no hurry."

"Ah, yes, do, don Antonio," put in Richard, good-humoredly. "I will take the best of care of doña Dolores and restore her to you quite whole, I assure you."

Don Antonio needed no further urging, and, putting spurs to his horse, was soon out of sight. The others travelled along for some time in silence, which began to become oppressive to the lady.

Richard was turning over in his mind his adventures, and debating whether he should confide them to his companion.

"*Ay!*" at last exclaimed doña Dolores, with a sigh which seemed to break from the depths of her being, but which among Spaniards one need take merely by way of a punctuation-mark, "how very silent you are, Ricardito! And such a preoccupied expression! One might suppose you had seen a ghost at San Hilarión."

"Well," responded Richard, smiling, but answering in English, "what if I have?"

"Not really? You don't mean it? How interesting! How exciting! Tell me all about it at once, you poor boy."

Thus adjured, the poor boy related, with a good deal of dramatic force, the features of his midnight visitation. At this point—he could hardly have explained why—his narrative came to an end.

Dofia Dolores uttered a little scream of excitement, and tweaked the bridle so violently that she nearly precipitated the donkey upon his haunches and herself out of the saddle.

"*Santo Cristo!* that must have been poor Chola! You must actually have seen poor Chola! How very terrible!"

"Poor Chola! Who is poor Chola?"

"*Ay de mí!*" broke off the good lady, going about upon another tack, "what a misfortune, to be sure! I would not have had it happen for worlds. What would the Montemayors say? They would never get over it,—never. But they must not know anything about it. Ricardo, you must be sure not to breathe a syllable of this,—not a whisper; the Montemayors would never forgive us for probing into their secret affairs."

"I am not likely to speak of it," replied Richard, "although when you talk of probing I must consider that I was myself poked

off into that dungeon of a place. But please tell me, who is poor Chola?—what a strange name, by the way!—and why would the Montemayors never forgive me for having seen her?"

"Oh, Chola is only the short for Vivenciola. Yes, she is strange, horribly strange. Poor creature, she was born imbecile, or mad, or both. People said her mother was mad; I'm sure I don't know. There are always so many tales flying about, it is best not to believe anything. She is poor Pedro Montemayor's child. He is dead, and the mother too. There was a great scandal at the time, and people said all sorts of things. The Montemayors hushed it all up, but they nearly perished of mortification: they are so proud, you know. No one has ever seen that girl: indeed, I thought she was dead. She would much better be, poor unfortunate! Now let us talk of something else; those uncanny subjects make me all goose-flesh." Doña Dolores turned and compassionately inspected the young man.

"And you, my poor boy! it was truly a ghastly experience for you, and I am not astonished it should have given a great shock to your nerves. I think you are still looking a little pale. When we get home I will prepare you a soothing draught."

Richard broke into a genial laugh, in which his companion was fain at length to join.

"Yes, my nerves are in a very bad condition, I admit, but I would rather have some of that glorious old Montemayor wine, if there is any of it left." "By Jove!" he added to himself, "think of the old gray fox having two such secrets, and my having the luck to stumble upon them both!"

It was only subsequently that he remembered that he had not seen the camellias after all.

CHAPTER V.

THE fate of empires has sometimes hung upon a woman's smile or frown; it is not surprising, therefore, that Richard Barr's future should have been shaped by the echo of a song.

His adventures with Chola did not lose in romantic interest as they receded from the foreground of experience into the perspective of remembrance. On the contrary, they took on a certain glamour proportionate with their elusiveness.

He could hardly have explained to himself why, in his story to doña Dolores, he had kept back part—the most momentous part—of the circumstances. Perhaps it was because these had touched him more deeply, and were, unconsciously to himself, invested with a certain sacredness.

Temperamentally Richard was of that composite order to be expected from a mixture of races. The ice of the North tempered but was in turn consumed by the ardent breath of the South. Superficially he was a self-contained, well-balanced English gentleman; inwardly he was a fountain of impulses, and as fiery and romantic as if

he had been born under Andalusian skies instead of in the dingy heart of London.

He was haunted by this strange girl's personality—one might almost say absence of personality, for there was about her a certain ethereal quality, a vagueness, which defied conventional outlines. She certainly could not be imbecile; he dismissed that idea without consideration. But was she mad? His heart answered, No. What then?

There was indisputably some mystery about her, something supernatural; but this seemed to him rather the mystery of miracle. And the more he contemplated this elusive image the more he was possessed by a desire to behold it further. This developed in him a certain latent diplomacy. One day he said to his hosts,—

"I hear there is to be a great *fiesta* in the Villa; I rather think it would be good fun to spend two or three days there and see it all."

"An excellent idea, Ricardo," responded doña Dolores, warmly. "It is the *fiesta* of San Isidro. And you can see more of the Villa, too, for you don't really know it well at all. We will give you letters; indeed, the Pontes would be only too glad to have you stay with them, I am sure."

"Ah, no, no," interposed Richard, hastily. "I would much rather be at the hotel; then I should not be bound in any way, but could come and go at my own will."

"Perhaps you are right: it would certainly be more independent. Well, we can send a man up in the morning with your portmanteau, and then you can ride up yourself in time to dine."

"I rather thought," pursued the young man, with a little heightened self-consciousness, "that while I was going that way I would ride out to San Hilarion and pay my respects to the family of don Cosme."

"An excellent idea, my dear boy," said don Antonio. "If I were not so busy I would ride over with you myself; it would be only civil. But Dolores, now——"

Doña Dolores, however, stoutly averred that nothing would again induce her to try any method of locomotion beyond that possible upon the two comfortable feet with which the good God had provided her; and Richard was gratified to be permitted, later, to ride away in solitary state.

He was surprised, as he neared the walls of San Hilarion, to find his pulse quickening a little. As he passed the little chapel and entered the outer gate, the cypresses in the long avenue brushed him with their aromatic fingers and seemed to lean towards him inquiringly. There were no preparations for reception this time, and it would seem as if visitors at San Hilarion were not very frequent.

Richard impatiently paced the long drawing-room for more than half an hour before the ladies, in recent and careful toilets, appeared to receive him. They welcomed him, however, with effusion. It was so good of him to come; they were charmed beyond measure to see him; but don Cosme would be so lamentably disappointed; don Cosme had ridden away that very day to a distant estate.

Richard presently steered the conversation to the channels of horticulture. "You know," he remarked, "that you never showed me the camellias after all, when I was here before."

"Ah, yes, the rain. They are not so handsome now; they are past their meridian; but if you would like to inspect the gardens——"

Richard would like to inspect the gardens.

They went out through the glass doors in the dining-room upon the esplanade, and thence, by a flight of stone steps, into a luxuriant bower. In other places flowers may be cultivated; in the gardens of the Villa they spring with a rich exuberance which seems inborn, and which almost defies control. There were bewildering beds of mammoth many-colored roses, together with exotics of every description. At every turn grew strange tropical trees, and shrubs which were rushing themselves into trees. In the centre of this parterre the tall, slender shaft of a cocoanut palm lifted its tufted head far above the other vegetation. Richard wished himself for a moment at the top of this living observatory. The camellias lined an avenue which led away from the flowers through a region of kitchen-garden and incipient vineyard.

As they walked along, and the ladies beguiled the way with lamentations over the marred glory of the blossoms, Richard peeped here and there between the stiff, shiny foliage, in the hope of learning something of the heterogeneous topography of this establishment. He could see only high walls and higher tree-tops, with here and there a partially revealed cluster of red-tiled roofs. Nowhere could he locate the auroral garden into which he and Chola had both run away to their strange encounter. She had slipped as completely out of his horizon as if she had never made her phantom appearance upon it.

Richard had not really known what he expected to gather from this call at San Hilarión, yet when—after being served with wine and cakes in the dining-room, and exchanging innumerable compliments with his hostesses—he rode away, he was oppressed with a sense of disappointment and ennui. He felt out of tune with all the world.

"Why did I plan to come to this stupid *fiesta*?" he asked himself. "At any rate, I need not stay more than one night here, and then I'll go back to Puerto."

He rode round by the lower streets of the Villa, avoiding the sounds of festival, and so arrived at the primitive old *fonda*. As he dismounted in the *patio* and turned to ascend the staircase, a young Spaniard came running down. With the usual ready courtesy he doffed his hat to the stranger.

"*Buenos días, caballero*—good-morning, sir. I give you welcome."

In another moment he had turned away into the street, but Richard remained with a warm sense of comradeship upon him.

There are persons into whose eyes we need to look but once to know they will be friends. We are drawn to them by an inevitable polarity. Later, at the *table-d'hôte*, Richard glanced about in search of the same face.

At one side of him was seated a loquacious priest, who, eventually

discouraged by the Englishman's laconic and listless answers, turned his compliments into the more grateful direction of a dusky señorita at the end of the table. At Richard's left sat a little old man whose yellow, withered, parchment-like skin was a real palimpsest of wrinkles. He did not try to talk, but politely passed the wine. There was also present a military gentleman with much gold braid and many grandiloquent phrases.

"And where is our young doctor?" at length inquired the old gentleman, in a quavering treble. "We cannot digest at all unless he is with us. Ah, here he comes at last. Better late than never, *señor médico*."

The new-comer proved to be the very person of whom Richard had been in search, and, by the breezy turn the languid conversation immediately took, it was evident he was a favorite.

Afterwards, in the hotel parlor, which also served as a club-room, the advent of the stranger was discussed.

"A man of wood," announced the priest, passing round a huge snuff-box as he spoke. "I could really get nothing out of him: did you not perceive?"

"For my part," said the military gentleman, slapping his gilt cords with a commanding air, "if I may be permitted an opinion, I would say that I have met these English in all parts of the world, and they are always the same. They are a frozen race,—sealed fountains. I suppose there is a great deal in them, but it does not escape."

"What is your opinion, don Camilo?"

The little yellow old gentleman pulled himself together and nodded several times before he spoke. He was not very much of a talker; he had lived too many years in the world for that.

"I like him; I like him," he said, with a half-smile; "he is a pretty lad. But there seemed a remoteness—a certain sentiment—about him; I am quite sure he must be a genius."

There was a general laugh.

"And I think," said the young doctor, who had joined the group, "that he was only a healthy young animal in a bad humor."

"Ah, you say that because you are a physician and look only at the outside. What does medicine know about the heart?"

"Well, doctors sometimes know something about hearts too."

Later this young man went and tapped at Richard's door.

"A thousand pardons, señor. I thought you would perhaps like to see the town *en gala*: might I offer my poor services as guide?"

"You are very good; I thought I should stay at home to-night," replied Richard, indifferently.

"Ah, you must not do that. You ought to see the *paseo* and the illuminations. The Villa in her holiday costumes is worth looking at. Allow me to persuade you."

They went out through the steep, cobble-paved streets to the little *alameda* which lies before the Augustinian church and convent. Below the parapet which flanked the outer edge of the *alameda* the ground dropped away in a large tract of waste land called the *llano de San Sebastián*, which at the present day is transformed into a luxuriant

garden. Upon one part of the *llano* the ruder side of San Isidro's celebration was going forward. There were numbers of small booths of poles garlanded with branches and surmounted with flags; in one corner a clumsy merry-go-round; and everywhere a surging, noisy throng of the gayly dressed peasantry.

In the *alameda* there was also a great crowd. A brass band was playing. In the principal *paseo*, or walk, numbers of ladies and gentlemen were promenading to the music or else seated in groups, laughing and talking together. Throngs of all classes surged in contrary streams in and out of the lighted church, making confused currents and eddies of humanity. The Spaniard pointed out to his companion the different objects of interest, at the same time apologizing for not knowing them better.

"You see I am a stranger too, señor; I have only been here a matter of a couple of years or so. I am a Catalan by birth,—Benito Barcelón, at your service,—and I came here for the practice of my profession. It is not much of a field, to tell the truth, but the people are very agreeable. Do you see that tall, white-haired lady over there,—the one with the fan of peacocks' feathers? Tell me if you think she is handsome. She is the Marquesa de Chasna. People rave about her, but for my part— Eh!—what?" He broke off suddenly as he glanced round and perceived that Richard had totally disappeared. "Perhaps the colonel is right," he concluded, with a shrug of the shoulders.

In the stream passing through the church door Richard had caught a glimpse of a face. It was a hard, brown face, the coarsely chiselled lines of which were nearly concealed beneath the white woollen *manto* which the woman wore upon her head; but he knew in a moment that it was the same face he had seen with Chola in the Montemayor garden.

Without an instant's consideration, he darted forward and followed her into the church.

She knelt with the crowd and began to mutter her orisons, at the same time fingering the beads of her rosary. Richard came beside her and knelt also, to avoid observation.

Presently he leaned towards her and whispered, "I must speak with you in secret."

There was no change in the woman's wooden countenance, nor any indication that she had heard. After a moment or two he repeated his observation, at the same time deftly slipping a coin into one of her hands. She did not turn even then, but presently, between the disjointed syllables of her prayers, he caught the words, "When I leave the church, follow me; but do not let any one see that you are following."

Richard withdrew to the door, and, when the woman passed out, followed her down the crowded *alameda*. This was not an easy task, but it became more so as they emerged upon less frequented streets and finally turned up a very steep one which was quite deserted.

Pausing before a low-browed door, the woman drew a key from her pocket and opened it. The atmosphere of the room within was loaded

with a complexity of odors, the predominant one being that of smoke from a greasy taper in one corner.

By the strings of onions and garlic, the bunches of saffron and herbs, pendent from the beams of the ceiling, and a number of edible commodities displayed upon the shelves, Richard perceived that he was in one of the small, common provision-shops called *ventas*. His guide turned sharply upon him.

"Well, now you can talk and nobody will hear you. This is my *comadre* Manuela's *venta*. She won't be home before daylight, for she is down there at the *fiesta*, where I should be too, please God, if you hadn't dragged me away; and it's seldom enough I get a holiday. What is it that you want?"

"I want to see the *señorita* Chola. I want you to bring me to her."

The woman frowned at him. "*Señorita* Chola! And what *señorita* Chola? You must have been taking too much wine with San Isidro, and it has made you silly. I don't know any *señorita* Chola."

"That is not the truth," said Richard, with a diplomatic coolness which surprised himself. "I mean the *señorita* Chola de Montemayor. You know her very well, for you live with her at San Hilarión. You are her companion,—her nurse."

These last were chance shots, but that they had taken effect was shown by a change in the mahogany visage before him.

"*Madre de Dios!* how do you know all that?"

"Never mind; I do know; and, that conceded, will you bring me to a meeting with the *señorita*? I will make it worth your while."

She shook her head. "It is quite impossible; she is too well guarded. Besides, what good could it do you? Don't you know they call her all topsy-turvy in here?" She tapped her head.

"I do not care what people call her. It is enough to look into her eyes to see that all the wits are there, even if some of the chambers are still locked."

The woman now regarded him intently; at length a light broke over her face.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, with a long-drawn inflection, "now I know. You must be the angel she told me she saw. I thought it had been one of her visions. But tell me, how did you get into that garden? How could you have got through the rooms without my seeing you?"

Richard smiled. "Never mind now; some time I will tell you. Yes, I was there. I saw her; I want to see her again. I do not believe she is really crazed; I admire her. See here," he added, laying upon the counter of the *venta* a four-dollar gold piece; "if you will arrange this for me, this shall be yours." He had rightly judged cupidity to be a ruling passion with this woman; but there were others which contended with it. She began to pace the narrow space between the counter and the door, muttering half to herself, half to her companion.

"Why should it not be? And what harm could come of it? She

has had nothing, the poor child! nothing but a miserable life. And how could it be otherwise, with all those terrible fits when she was little? And then mewed up in those rooms, with nobody but old Cipriana, who is too ignorant to teach her anything a lady should know. They'd have been glad enough to have her die. Afterwards things were better, when they let her go into the old garden sometimes. But even that is a prison,—a box of a place, all walls, and never seeing a soul except my brother the old gardener, who is crosser than he is deaf, and his rascal of a grandson, the little Pepe. But," she added, with sudden change of tone, "she is happy there notwithstanding, and she mightn't be if I let her see you. What could you do for her, anyway?"

"I could teach her," said Richard, with gentle earnestness; "I could teach her to read and write; I could teach her of men and manners; I could tell her of the great world of which she does not dream now, but to which I hope she will one day be restored."

"Could you? could you?" cried Cipriana, eagerly. "Man! you do well to say the wits are really all there. She is different from other people, but it is sometimes a good difference. Such dreams as the poor innocent has!—such visions! I tell you what, if there be a crack in her head, the Blessed Virgin pours some of her golden light into it! If it could all be trained——"

Richard pushed the money once more towards her.

"I don't expect you to take such risks for nothing," he said. "If you will consent, this is yours now; and each time you will let me see the *señorita* you shall receive another just like it."

Cipriana leaned her head upon her hand, and appeared to be reflecting. At length she answered, "It might be managed, if I could get hold of the key of the gate between the little garden and the upper garden. My brother José always carries it. Then the lock of the sacristy door is half broken; I could easily pry it apart; and nobody ever comes near the chapel, except once a year when the *fiesta* of San Hilarión is celebrated. Do you remember the chapel at the gate?"

"Yes."

"Well, at midnight you must come there. You must come on foot and as quietly as possible. When you reach the door give three taps in succession upon it—thus—clear but soft; I will be inside and open to you." Her crooked fingers had already closed upon the gold piece.

"Very good. Shall I come to-morrow?"

"No, no; not until Thursday. I must have time. Thursday at midnight."

As Richard was passing out of the door he felt his arm clutched with a strength of sinew conclusive of Cipriana's suitability to the rôle of jailer.

"Mind," she whispered, fiercely, "not a word, not a single word of this to any living soul! It would ruin us all,—you, me, and that innocent child."

CHAPTER VI.

It was with rather a beating heart that Richard Barr, upon the appointed night and at the appointed hour, found himself approaching the little chapel of San Hilarión. The adventure had all the zest which is proverbial to stolen sweets; but besides and beyond this he was inspired by a true enthusiasm to put his hand upon the locked chambers of Chola's being and open them for her own sake. His was to be the privilege of exorcising this unholy enchantment; he was the prince elect to awaken the sleeping one.

No fifteenth-century voyager to unknown seas ever embarked upon his enterprise with a more stimulated ambition or a more confident hope.

Between his interview with Cipriana and his midnight trip to San Hilarión, Richard had accomplished several strokes of business. His first object was to make his excuses to Dr. Barcelón. They were in truth of rather a lame order, but the good-natured young Spaniard waved the apologies away without listening to them. There was also a little twinkle in his eye which bore out his asseveration that doctors, even, know something of hearts.

Richard's next move was to find a coadjutor in pedagogics.

For this purpose he sought out the hotel proprietor and inquired if there were in the Villa some professor with whom he—Richard Barr—could take a course of study. Yes, there was just the person; don Ramón Pinto, a very learned and accomplished person indeed. The señor might judge of his distinguished talents from the fact that he had been instructor to the sons of the Marquesa de Chasna, both of whom were now in brilliant positions in the diplomatic service.

If the señor would wait a moment, the *muchacho*—the boy—should be sent to summon the professor.

To this Richard objected that if the *muchacho* would conduct him thither he would rather call himself upon the professor. He was therefore presently entering a small house at the entrance of the town and being presented to an elderly man who wore upon his bald head a little leathern skull-cap like that affected by priests, and who consumed vast quantities of snuff.

"You do me great honor to seek my humble services, *caballero*, but, such as they are, they are altogether at your honored service. It is ever a joy to me to be the medium of unfolding to the receptive and fresh young mind the glories of our immortal literature; and to enter into this delectable feast of the understanding elevates the imagination and fortifies the spirit. For what says our noble Mendoza?

Never, my dear Boscán, to be surprised—
At aught to wonder—seems to me a thing
For tranquil life especially devised."*

Richard explained that his object was not to study the Spanish classics, ennobling as that pursuit might be, but to acquire a knowledge of the rudimentary methods of instruction.

* Epístola á Boscán.

The professor shook his head with a disappointed air. "A mistake, señor, a mistake. Besides, with so gifted an understanding and with so accomplished a knowledge of our beautiful tongue, what could you desire with the rudiments?"

"I should like," said Richard, "to know how to reach the minds of children. When I return to my own country, if I marry"—Richard stammered a trifle over his own mendacity—"I should desire to be able to instruct my children. My own knowledge of Castilian is very superficial and inexact. Therefore I desire to go through a regular system of primary instruction with a good teacher."

After some further discussion—for the professor was prolix—they arrived at a compromise. Richard was to take a lesson each day, part of it in rudimentary studies, the rest—for the bracing of his own intellect and the satisfaction of the professor—being devoted to the classics.

"Even in that we may in a manner begin with the creation of things," announced don Ramón, rubbing his hands anticipatively. "We can read from Juan de Mena forward, into the works of the great Garcilasso, who, you are aware, señor, is the founder, in a sense the outer bulwark, of our literature. From him we can take all the masters in turn to the present day."

With this cheerful vista opening before him, Richard took his leave.

At dinner he quite redeemed himself with his companions. Even the military gentleman was forced to the conclusion that not all Englishmen were frozen fountains, while Don Camilo León smiled a great deal, and threw from time to time a sly look across the table to Dr. Benito Barcelón, as much as to say, "Aha! how is it now? What did I tell you? Geniuses have their ups and downs, and one must treat them leniently." And Barcelón smiled back again, for he too liked the "pretty lad" and was glad to see him happy.

Afterwards it was proposed that the company should repair with their cigars to the *mirador*. A *mirador* is a room—an observatory, but not quite a tower—built upon the roof of a house. It has windows, generally not glazed, upon all sides. As they emerged into the *mirador* of the *fonda* the sun was just setting, its burning disk already almost below the far horizon, whence the long low rays slanted a flaming glory across the restless bosom of the waters. All the valley lay bathed in the roseate light, which lent a fairy-like enchantment to a scene at all times of transcendent beauty.

The huge, shaggy torso of Tigaiga, the great mountain chain which walls the valley to the southwest, lay wrapped in impenetrable purple-black shadow. Above it towered the Teide,—the famous peak of Tenerife,—lifting its flattened cone, a mysterious shape of delicate lilac light, against the luminous sky into which it seemed almost to blend and dissolve.

Turning in the opposite direction, Richard's roaming vision fastened itself upon an agglomeration of roof and foliage, in the centre of which a single lofty stem of palm, its tufted head aureoled with the light, soared far above all else.

He leaned his elbows upon the sill and fell into a delicious reverie. When he turned again his eyes were bright and moist. Don Camilo, who had been watching him, touched him gently upon the arm.

"You look as if you had been in the holy of holies."

"I have,—burning incense. Who could help it upon such an evening?"

But there was trepidation as well as elation disturbing him as he approached the chapel of San Hilarión and, in conformity to his strange tryst, tapped three times softly upon the massive door. His strokes echoed hollowly to his ear, and at first he feared his confederate had after all played him false. Then he heard shuffling steps inside; a wicket in the large entrance door was opened. Within he could just discern the figure of Cipriana with her finger upon her lip. He followed her across the dark, mouldy-smelling chapel into a small room behind, where, upon an old table, two tapers were burning. Besides the table there were an ancient carved wardrobe—possibly used for vestments—and some rickety chairs. The room had no windows, only a door to the chapel and another to the gardens without. Richard looked eagerly about for Chola, but she was not there.

"I was not sure you would keep your word and come," croaked the old woman, with a chuckle. "I will go and fetch the *niña*. Wait." She vanished through the garden door.

After a long time, in which Richard had almost given her up, she again made her appearance, leading the young girl by the hand. Chola looked timid and frightened. It was her first empiric flight, and the newness of the great world, as represented by the outer garden, terrified her. Richard approached her and shook hands. Her hand lay in his, torpid and unresponsive. She did not understand this ceremonial; no one had ever shaken hands with her before.

"How do you do, Chola? Do not be frightened: you are not afraid of the dark, surely?"

"Oh, no, not of the dark. I love the dark." She shrank nearer to Cipriana.

"Heh, child!" exclaimed the latter, giving her a little friendly shake, "don't be foolish. This is the *joven* you wished to see. I told you I would bring him to you if you were good."

"You are surely not afraid of me, Chola? You asked me to come again, you know, and I promised to. Shall I kneel down again for you to touch my hair and recognize me?" Her large eyes had been fixed upon him as he spoke; now she began to smile faintly.

"Oh, no. I recognize you. I remember I saw you in the garden. Was it not strange? I thought you were an angel, but Cipriana says, Nonsense, you are only a man. But," she added, studying his face with naïve intensity, "you are not at all like *tío José*."

"Well, I should think not, indeed!" interposed Cipriana, with rough sarcasm. "José, who is as ugly as he is cross and deaf, and who looks always as if he needed to be shaved."

"Yes," responded Chola, with a satisfied air; "this one is a great deal prettier."

Richard felt himself coloring violently once more.

"I have come to give you some lessons, Chola, to teach you some pretty things. Shall you like that?"

She nodded. "Yes, it will give me something nice to dream about. Sometimes I dream things so sorrowful—so sorrowful!—I cannot tell what; but then I have to get up and wander about, and Cipriana has to come after me and take me back to bed again. Don't you, Cipriana?"

"Yes, that is the truth," muttered the old woman. "It is a bad business."

"Well, I will give you some pretty *versos* to dream about. Do you know any *versos*, Chola?"

"What is a *verso*?"

"Listen."

Richard opened the primer with which he had come armed, and read some simple little verses suited to the comprehension of a child. Chola's large eyes dilated with delight as she listened.

"Is that all there? Is that all really there?" She seized the book and studied its pages, but the smile faded into the old pained, baffled look.

"It isn't there," she sighed; "there is nothing there but some little crooked marks."

"Yes, it is there. That is what those little crooked marks mean when we understand. Look, this word means 'dove.' Look down the page and see if you find any more just like it."

"Yes, here is one," cried Chola, joyfully, "and another, and another!"

"A whole flock of doves, in fact."

Cipriana looked over their shoulders with approval.

"Exactly at one o'clock you must go," she commanded.

Richard's watch—a new object of wonder to the ignorant girl—was laid upon the table, and the lesson went steadily forward. Before its close Chola had committed the little poem to memory, and when he departed he heard her soft entreaty ringing in his ears,—

"Come soon, come soon again."

CHAPTER VII.

IN all natures there are chambers to which some other hand holds the key. Richard was not mistaken in calculating that his sympathy would be the "open sesame" to Chola's. With a childlike faith she threw wide to him the doors of her being. It was not her fault that the mansion within was not very spacious nor with princely garniture: to what there was he was welcome. Her education progressed apace. The task begun by the young man in a spirit of romantic adventure, almost of caprice, rapidly took on the sacred aspect of a mission. Up to a certain point Chola learned readily, almost thirstily. The little poems he brought piqued her with their rhythm and were quickly committed to memory,—that first mental factor to develop in a child. To establish a connection between these ideas and the little

black hieroglyphics which represented them upon the page was harder, yet even these were mastered eventually. Writing presented more difficulties. Chola's slim, shapely little hands, with the tapering fingers and almond-shaped nails, were more adapted to the weaving of garlands than to the forming of conventional characters. Pot-hooks strained her patience, and the ink disfigured her pretty fingers. Sometimes, too, there were cloudy moods, when her mind seemed wandering in unknown regions, as when a mist drifts over the landscape and we perceive familiar objects darkly, distorted, or not at all. Then it would seem to Richard that he was pursuing an *ignis-fatuus*, in whose phantom labyrinths he was merely losing himself and finding nothing. Again the clouds would break and the light shine forth. Chola's sunny humors were as unpremeditatedly delightful and almost as noiseless as those of a kitten; for everything which this strange girl said or did was different from the speech and conduct of others, and could not be divested wholly of a certain elusive quality.

Gradually the dark moods became dispersed, and were replaced by a placid serenity.

"Do you know, something wonderful is happening: I don't walk in my sleep any more," she announced one evening.

"That she doesn't," corroborated Cipriana, with a rusty chuckle and a distortion of countenance intended for a smile,—for Cipriana was well satisfied with her experiment in education: "she has something better than nightmares to dream about. She sleeps like a baby."

One evening Chola astonished both her companions by breaking suddenly into a laugh. Richard and Cipriana exchanged electric glances. Neither of them had ever heard her laugh, for existence had been for her of that colorless quality which precludes positive emotion of any sort. It was a curious laugh, a sudden melodic ripple, as of the lap of ebbing waters or the delicate susurrus of summer wind among the tree-tops,—an echo from the elements, which seemed to have a language for her alone. Coördinately with her mental expansion there came a subtle physical change. Her slender figure grew a little more earthy and substantial, the contours of bust and limb taking on a trifle more of the rounded grace of mortal girlhood.

The abnormal pallor fled from her cheeks. It was not precisely that they took on color, for that is alien to these olive complexions, but into the dark skin there stole a living glow, a vitalizing force, which removed her from the world of glamour and transported her to that of reason. She was like a happy child released from bondage. A well-spring of being seemed to gush forth and enfold her. But it was her perceptive faculties, her intuition rather than her reason, which were developing; intellectually she would always remain a child.

Sometimes Chola was not in the humor for working. She would sit pensively looking at Richard and asking him questions, the deepest question of all, mysteriously hidden, even from herself, within the shadows sweeping through her eyes.

"Do you know, Ricardo," she said one day, rubbing her smooth forehead with one pointed finger-tip, as if forthwith to materialize some idea, "there is something here I can't quite get at. It is some-

thing I remember, and yet I forget it. It is like those little long-legged gnats on the water in the little tanks. When you think you've put your hand over them—piff! there's nothing at all there."

"Fancies, Cholita."

"I wish I could remember," went on Chola, dreamily. "It is something far away and dim—and dark—and—and—it seems almost like a pain."

"Then don't think of it," interposed Richard, hastily: "you have enough to remember in your lessons. Come; we have not yet copied out those verses about the new moon which climbs after the sun."

In a few minutes Chola was laughing at the queer characters she had written. "They look more like *lagartos* than anything else. Do look, Ricardo, how their tails waggle all over the paper!"

One night Cipriana whispered to him aside,—

"The señorita is growing handsome: do you perceive?"

Richard smiled and nodded. Yes, he perceived. He was watching Chola in a wonder that at moments deepened to awe. He was in a state, as it were, of mental breathlessness before the miracle of her beauty, which every time he came laid a deeper spell upon him. He would fain have passed from the door of her mind to that of her heart and knocked thereon, but he did not dare. Not the Argus-eyed duenna, but the girl's own exquisite unconsciousness, kept him at bay. She seemed like a limpid woodland pool reflecting only external beauty, and he could catch therein no glimpse of his own image. Her deeper personality still eluded him.

Have you ever watched the unfolding of a night-blooming cereus? It is like the revelation of a soul. At the end of its long, flaccid, crimson stem it hangs, awaiting its hour. Not sunshine but darkness shall bring it into being. For the heats and excitements of the day it has nothing, for the silence and mystery of the night an answering mystery of its own.

Moment by moment the bud trembles and dilates. One by one, with a presageful throe, the petals break and lie apart, exhaling as they expand a faint, unearthly breath, less a perfume than the phantom of a perfume. One can almost mark the pulsations as of a sentient thing. Delicately the long semi-transparent petals curl, one below the other, revealing, as it were grudgingly, a heart as pure, as devoid of day-color, as they,—until the flower lies complete, a thing of exquisite, ethereal beauty.

But it is a nocturnal blossoming after all.

CHAPTER VIII.

It must not be supposed that during all these weeks Richard had remained without social diversion. Villa society, cordial and open-armed when it knows all about you, clasped the young foreigner to its aristocratic bosom.

The leading gentlemen of this small but select community were prompt to call upon him, and Richard's own engaging deportment quickly made him a favorite. Invitations poured in upon him. This was not displeasing to the young man; the volatile element in him responded cordially to the small excitements and *banalités* of the drawing-room. They were the ripples upon the surface of a sea which beneath lies tranquil and undisturbed. He was like a man busied with the heats of the day but conscious always of a hidden shrine whither he will return by and by to worship in secret. It was at this juncture that Richard received from the Marquesa de Chasna—the greatest and last of the great ones to receive him—an invitation to a *tertulia* at her mansion.

"Lucky dog!" sighed Barcelón, lounging into Richard's room upon the eventful evening, as that young gentleman stood before his glass putting the last careful touches to his toilet. "Fortune is your ally, surely. Here are some of us who have lived in town long enough to get somewhere and are still sighing vainly in the outer cold, while you, an alien, come like a young god from Olympus and sweep all before you."

The sympathy between Richard and the young doctor had quickly ripened into intimacy. They spent a great deal of their leisure time together, learning rapidly to lean upon and trust each other. Yet there were symptoms in the Englishman which, transparent and artless as he appeared, baffled the diagnosis of his medical friend.

Barcelón, who was rather a student of human nature, studied Richard more closely than Richard would have liked had he been aware of it; but it was withal a friendly curiosity.

"Well," rejoined Richard, yawning elaborately, "I am sure I wish you could go in my place. You are quite welcome to do so, for I don't feel in dancing trim myself; I am tired, and my head aches."

"Better than that your heart should, my Hermes; and then those little fumes will evaporate when you get to twinkling those nimble heels with your nymph elect. Tell me, do you evoke her at your will from the bark of trees, or from the cascades of fountains, or from the shadows of the hills?"

Richard threw a slipper at Barcelón, blew out the candles, and left the room.

"No," muttered the doctor, thoughtfully, as he struck a light and lit his cigarette; "no, whoever she may be, he is not going to meet her there."

Tertulia, like "at home," is an elastic word. It may mean anything from an informal family gathering to an embryo ball. At the Marquesa de Chasna's Richard found the latter to be the case.

The *antesala*—or corridor immediately adjoining the drawing-room—was crowded with gentlemen in full dress, smoking or refreshing themselves with the wines set out there, while within was to be seen a concourse of ladies, settling their gossamer draperies, chattering, fluttering their fans. A few courageous youths were braving this array of femininity and getting up, here and there, gentle flirtations, such as might be carried on under the eye of a duenna; but the main body

would await the summons of the fiddler's preliminary scrape for a general onslaught. This singular social habit prevails until this day.

Almost the first persons whom Richard recognized, after saluting his hostess, were doña Elvira and Rosa de Montemayor. Doña Elvira flouted her fan at him with playful reproach.

"Ah, delinquent one! and so near us as you have been all this time and never ridden over to visit us! What shall we say to you? And what have you been about, to forget us so completely?"

"I have been busy with my studies, señora."

"*Qué gracioso!* how amusing! With your studies! And what have you been learning?"

"Perhaps," rejoined the young man, catching the spirit of the hour, "to say graceful things."

"Oh, no, you did not need that; but possibly in the doing of them a little instruction might not come amiss,—eh?" Doña Elvira put her head on one side and threw him an arch smile.

At this moment the preluding strains for the dance broke upon their ears, and a hurried rush from the *antesala* ensued.

"Shall we dance?" asked Richard, offering his arm to Rosa. He certainly preferred to be on good terms with the Montemayors.

"Ah, but," he added, in a moment, "this is something I do not know. It is that new dance from Cuba; what do you call it—*danza habanera?*"

"The step is very simple; you will easily catch it. Watch Delisa Ponte and her partner for a moment. Forward and back,—a little catch upon the heel as you swing round,—so: that is all."

To any one familiar with the languid and graceful movements of this dance the opportunities for flirtation are unsurpassed.

Too slow to disturb conversation, broken only by an occasional *figura*,—an elementary chain figure with some other indolent couple,—one may talk as one pleases, unimpeded. The feathers upon Rosa's head tickled Richard's ear, while the rice-powder from her cheeks whitened his coat-sleeve.

"I have really been very much hurt with you," she murmured, with soft significance. "You seem to have quite forgotten the road to San Hilarión."

"Ah, no, I assure you. I remember every step of the way." Richard's tone was perhaps unconsciously fervent.

Rosa's pout relaxed into a smile. "He is timid," she thought: "he needs encouraging."

"This world is a curious place," she said, with a sentimental sigh. "I have been meditating lately upon the cross-currents which beset us dull human beings." She opened and shut her fan with an air of abstraction, wafting him perfumed breaths as she did so. "Those who should understand each other seem not to do so; but that is due, I suppose, to the circumstances."

"Ah, yes, the circumstances," repeated Richard, a little puzzled.

"We poor women have our hands tied by modesty, by social custom, by natural timidity; but with men it should be different. A man should be bold, ready, assured of conquest."

"*À la don Quijote?*"

"Ah, now you turn it into a jest. I fear you are a mocker and have no sentiment."

"Your flowers are getting crushed," Richard remarked, irrelevantly.

Rosa glanced down at the nosegay fastened upon her bosom. "My poor flowers! they must sympathize with me. They are a poor show,—so little is in bloom at this warm season of the year,—but such as they are—— Wait; permit me to divide with you." She drew a luxuriant spray of heliotrope from the bunch and slipped it into the button-hole of his coat.

Richard could have found it in his heart to curse the Cuban steps, so interminable did the dance seem to him. When at last he had returned Rosa to her seat and bowed himself out into the corridor, he drew a long breath of relief. He was not as conscious of Rosa's desire to ensnare him as he would have been had he been older, but he was aware he had been fencing on delicate ground. He looked at his watch. It was late, already the hour when he should have been at San Hilarión; for he was not able to forego the pleasure of going there as usual.

He had a little volume in his pocket for Chola. It was a romance,—Bernardin de St.-Pierre's "*Paul and Virginia*," which, translated into many languages, was then moving the sympathies of all the world.

It had seemed to Richard time to emancipate Chola from the nursery, but he was uncertain how far she was yet developed. This volume, which he had selected for its simplicity and artless pathos, was tentative. Under cover of the next rush for partners he slipped unobserved away. At the street door he encountered a dash of drizzle. The *bruma*, or trade-wind cloud, which hangs at certain seasons almost constantly like a canopy over the valley, had with its customary treachery descended, and rain seemed imminent. Richard hesitated. Should he delay still further by going round to the *fonda* for his cloak? He decided in the negative, and struck out rapidly for San Hilarión; before he reached the gates the mist had thickened to a rain.

"So you are here at last!" said Cipriana, crossly, as she opened the door to him. "I thought you would never come. I myself should have gone back to the house long ago, only the *niña* teased me so."

"Oh, you have come!" exclaimed Chola, springing joyfully to meet him as he entered the sacristy. "I knew you would come. And how fine you are, Ricardo!" She drew him to the light and playfully inspected him. "You have on such beautiful new clothes, and an embroidered waistcoat! You look quite like a *pájaro pintado*. And what is this? a flower? you must give it to me." In the same frolicsome spirit she drew the forgotten frond of heliotrope from his button-hole and was about to adorn herself with it, when Richard snatched it from her and, casting it to the ground, put his foot upon it.

"No, no, no!" he cried, vehemently; "not that flower!"

Chola drew back, shocked and astonished; for she was as susceptible to a touch as the sensitive mimosa, and this was the first time she had ever heard a hasty word from Richard's lips.

"I could not let you touch that flower," he said, trying to turn the affair off with a laugh; "it is poisonous, and would have burned your fingers." Chola inspected the tips of her taper digits seriously, as if she expected to find scars there. "When I come again I will bring you another much more beautiful than that one."

Cipriana had observed this little scene with a certain acrid sense of satisfaction.

She had kept her eye upon this young man, to catch in him any amorous tendencies towards her charge, but his conduct had been wholly unimpeachable. She did not know that it was fear of the unawakened Chola, and not fear of old Cipriana, which had held him in check.

"Of course some woman gave him that flower, and he is jealous that another woman should touch it," she thought, remarking aloud, with a grim smile, "So you have been at a party to-night, señorito?"

For the first time the lesson that evening lagged. Pot-hooks had no attractions. Richard was dull and dispirited; Chola's attention wandered.

"How it rains!" she remarked, presently.

"Yes," said Cipriana, rousing herself; "it is going to be a regular tempest; we shall be wet through getting back to the house. You would better cut short your lesson, *señor Inglés*, and be off."

It was only as he was taking his leave that Richard bethought himself of the book in his pocket. He took it out and put it into Chola's hands.

"Here, little one, here is a story I have brought you. I had almost forgotten it. Read it, and when I come again we will talk about it."

Chola took the gift with sparkling eyes. "Oh, Ricardo, how good you are! This is better than any flower; now I forgive you."

No one had expressed any solicitude about Richard's getting wet. He was already chilled with sitting in his damp clothes. He sighed for his forgotten cloak, buttoned the new coat as closely as he could, and plunged into the soaking torrent.

CHAPTER IX.

"*Muchacho*," said Richard the next morning to the servant who brought him his chocolate, "is Dr. Barcelón up yet?"

"He has just gone out, señorito."

"Ask him to come to my room when he returns. Leave the cup there on the table. I do not want it now."

It was not long before Barcelón's face, half cynical, half smiling, appeared at the door.

"Lazy sluggard of a Ricardo! The birds shame you; they have been up six hours."

"Benito," said Richard, impatiently, "what is the matter with me?"

I am hot and cold all over. I ache in every joint, and my head beats like a sledge-hammer."

Barcelón looked at his tongue, felt his pulse, and examined him critically.

"You have a *dengue*, that is all. Last spring, when everybody was ill, you declined the contagion. But the English are always eccentric."

Moving about the room, his hand encountered Richard's clothes, still damp from last night's soaking. "*Hola!*" he exclaimed, "you have been getting wet,—very wet. That would hardly improve the situation. What have you been doing to yourself?"

"You know perfectly well. I went to the Marquesa de Chasna's ball."

"You could hardly have got soaked through coming that short distance; and then Chacón, who was there at twelve, says you were not there. Mud, too. Did you gather all this mud in the Calle de las Flores?"

Richard turned his head peevishly and irritably to the wall.

"I wish, Benito, if you can't do anything for me, you would go away. I'm too ill to be teased."

"I'm going, I'm going," responded the doctor, with a quick change of tone. "I'm going to the apothecary's to get some medicine for you, and then I'm coming back to nurse you as Damon would have nursed Pythias if he had had the influenza, which I dare say he never did: it isn't classical enough."

As he was leaving the room Richard called him back.

"I say, Benito, don't let them think I'm ill, here in the house. I hate condolences. And, above all, don't let a word about me reach doña Dolores Serrano. She'd be up here in no time, fussing over me like a motherly hen and cramming me with every nostrum that had ever been invented."

"I am discretion itself," responded Barcelón.

For several days Richard tossed sufferingly and impatiently upon his bed. What would Chola think of his prolonged absence? And even if Chola thought nothing of it, Cipriana would be likely to be filled with distrust and to open the door to him no longer.

If he could only send a message! but this was not to be thought of. To try to communicate with them through a third person would be to betray them.

One afternoon Barcelón came into the room and found his patient getting into his clothes.

"What are you doing?" he demanded, severely.

"I am dressing."

"You are going straight back to bed."

"I am not. You have tyrannized over me long enough, Benito; I am going to dress and go out. I have an engagement."

For a moment the two men faced each other, Richard defiant, Barcelón imperative. Then Richard collapsed into a chair and broke into a feeble laugh.

"There," said the doctor, kindly, "you see you are not fit to be

up. Let me help you back to bed. You have narrowly escaped a lung fever, and if you are imprudent I won't answer for the consequences."

He assisted Richard with affectionate deftness, and, when he had him well tucked up, drew a chair beside the bed and sat contemplating the pale, depressed countenance before him.

"Well," he said, after a long silence, "you may as well tell me."

"Tell you?—tell you what?"

"You have something on your mind. You are fretting yourself, and it retards your recovery. It would do you good to get it off." Richard stirred uneasily. "You are in love," proceeded the doctor, relentlessly. Richard started and threw his friend a deprecatory glance, at which the latter laughed.

"Oh, the diagnosis is very complete. I am not all science. I too know something about hearts,—unofficially. Trust me."

"I wish I could," sighed Richard. "Yes, I do need some comfort, and I know I can trust you, but—— Benito, did you ever watch the unfolding of a soul?"

"I do not know that I ever did."

"It is wonderful,—a heavenly mystery. The spirit too has its chrysalis, its cramping, darkening swaddling-clothes. When it breaks through them, not the inimitable wings of insects, not iridescent, ephemerid gauze, could possibly fit what issues thence." Richard's pale face had grown flushed, his eyes dreamy with a tender, introspective light. Barcelón looked at him wonderingly. Don Camilo was right; this was a poet's soul. Suddenly, with one of his warm impulses, Richard seized his friend's hand and drew him towards him.

"Yes, I will tell you, Benito; I will trust you. Lock the door and draw your chair close; for what I am about to tell you is of the gravest confidence."

Piecemeal, almost by outlines, the young man drew the picture of the romance which he had been living the last few weeks. The young doctor listened with astonishment and—as he looked upon his patient, dilating with his theme—with respectful admiration.

"It is a very remarkable case," he said,—"quite unexplainable. These psychic phenomena are very interesting to me, but science stands paralyzed before them. Some day we shall know more. And what," he added, with a quizzical smile, "is to be the end of the romance? Flowers and a wedding feast?"

"I hope for that—some time; but I do not know how to approach her. I do not dare."

"You have never seemed to me precisely a timid man."

"In ordinary situations, no." Richard sighed. "I couldn't make you understand the delicacy,—the difficulty. She seems still so unawakened; her very innocence and unconsciousness foil me. She is like some delicate flower whose bloom a touch would blight. I have been watching the petals unfold, but the heart is still covered. I long to pierce its secrets, but the time is not yet. If it should unfold for me——?"

Barcelón laughed. "You are a very bad case indeed, Ricardo.

But I am your doctor, and the case at present before me is *dengue*. You must lie down and go to sleep. You are working yourself into a fever."

"And I may go to her—when?"

"Thursday, perhaps."

"Thursday! Impossible!"

"And not then," continued the ruthless physician, "unless you keep still now."

That afternoon Barcelón found himself in the street with don Camilo León, who was pattering slowly homeward.

"Walk along with me," he said, "and tell me how the pretty English boy is. I miss him; he is very good to look at."

"I found him dressing, and I sent him back to bed."

"You consider him really ill?"

Barcelón shrugged his shoulders. "He has a sensitive constitution, although he has such a robust figure. You know they sent him out partly for his health."

"No, I did not know. 'Tis a pity. He has bewitched us all. Even you, señor doctor, have not escaped. Eh?"

"Yes," admitted Barcelón, smiling, "I suppose I am in love with him too."

The Villa is built upon a mountain side, up and down which its streets wander in picturesque unpremeditation. High up the scale is the narrow, steep Calle del Agua,—the street of water,—through whose centre, in a flag-laid conduit, rush the brawling waters which give it its name. At the upper angle of the street one may get a glimpse of the arches, shaggy with ferns, of the aqueduct from which this is the overflow. The round paving-stones seem to tingle to the noisy stream, while the tall, solemn, converging houses reverberate with the echoes.

It was at this point—among the tallest and solemnest—that was situated the old house in which don Camilo dwelt alone. People who knew its gloomy interior did not wonder that don Camilo slipped away every day to dine in the more cheerful atmosphere of the hotel; but not many knew it. Don Camilo was eccentric, with an eccentricity always overlooked, and exclusive, with an exclusiveness always pardoned: he seldom invited any but the oldest of his cronies to cross his threshold. Dr. Barcelón was therefore surprised when the old gentleman linked arms with him, remarking, genially,—

"Come in, *señor médico*. We have had a good little talk together, and now you must taste my *anicle*."

It was a dark old *patio*, with looming corridors as gloomy as an ancestral castle, into which don Camilo led his guest; and the reception-rooms above were scarcely better. Don Camilo clapped his hands twice, but no servant appeared.

"Ah, you must excuse me. My poor old Juana is so very deaf. I will fetch the things myself."

He trotted away, returning presently with a little silver-wrought liqueur-stand and a plate of sweet cakes. It was the former object which, as his host poured the heavy cordial from the dainty carafe into

the tiny iridescent glasses surrounding it, caught Barcelón's attention. It was a piece of exquisite workmanship of the best Louis Quatorze, elaborately modelled.

"What a beautiful specimen of rococo, Don Camilo! Surely it must be some special heirloom?"

Don Camilo did not place the admired article at his visitor's disposal, as Spanish etiquette demands. He looked dreamily at it, while the little wrinkled smile died out of the corners of his mouth.

"Oh, yes, it is a pretty toy. It is precious to me because poor Pedro Montemayor brought it to me. I think he picked it up in some old shop in Paris. He was quite an antiquary."

Dr. Barcelón, as he meditatively sipped his fiery drink and commented upon its rare excellence, could not help thinking it a strange coincidence that he should twice in one afternoon have heard the unknown name of Pedro de Montemayor. Who was Pedro de Montemayor? and why was he poor? The doctor was conscious of a consuming curiosity; but his host had abruptly dismissed the subject, and good manners forbade its renewal.

CHAPTER X.

THE full moon was high in the heavens, and the whole world seemed flooded with the mystery of her glory. The luminous depth of the sky and the vast bosom of the ocean glittered together, while the land answered them back. Each road and lane seemed a stream, each field a spreading lake of liquid sheen. Every object, near and far, was invested with a glamour it never knew by day. The real became unreal, the familiar unfamiliar, the positive negative. Tall trees stood up like vestals clothed in shining samite; long fronds of over-reaching foliage caught shotted lights and cast upon the whiteness below an elfin tracery of shadow impossible to unravel.

Richard, as he hurried down the familiar roads, felt upon him almost a sense of consecration. He paused awhile, bareheaded, and received the benediction of the night.

It was only when at the very gates of San Hilarión that doubt assailed him. What if his long and unexplained absence had angered the crabbed old woman upon whom his privilege depended? And what if she would no longer give him admittance to his paradise?

It was almost with a feeling of terror that he gave the well-known taps upon the wicket. A few minutes reassured him. He could hear within the shuffling step of old Cipriana and her muttered curses as she undid the rusty bolts. But it was in silence that she escorted Richard into the sacristy. Here one tallow dip flared dimly upon the table, but there were no chairs set and no lesson-books. Chola was not there.

Cipriana regarded him grimly. "How do you like being served as you serve others? How do you like coming to look for something and finding nothing? How do you enjoy being duped?"

Richard was staggered.

"Cipriana, for God's sake, what do you mean? I have been ill, I tell you. Did I not tell you so at the door?"

"Oh, yes, you told me, but all men are alike. They live with a lie in their mouths. Who is to believe them? Such a fortnight as I have had! Well, I have cursed you heartily, that I can assure you,—what with the *niña's* impatience and disappointment, and my own time and temper lost into the bargain. I would never have come into this musty old closet again for *you*. I can assure you that." Suddenly she turned upon him. "What was in that book?"

Richard for a moment was at a loss.

"That book?"

"That book you gave her the last time you came. She does nothing but mope over it and cry,—she, who never cried even if she suffered,—but she did not know she suffered. Once I hid it, but I thought she would have gone mad. It has bewitched her as if it had the evil eye."

A great wave of emotion swept over Richard. He felt himself trembling.

"Cipriana," he said, "I swear to you I have been ill and could not come. Look at me and see."

For answer the old woman took the candle and inspected his face, putting her own coarse visage repulsively near. Apparently the inspection satisfied her, for she lighted the other two candles upon the table, and then, without a word, but merely grunting, she went out into the garden at the back, while Richard abandoned himself to delicious speculations. Chola had been crying!—Chola, who had wept as seldom as she had laughed! Was it for him?

Chola, however, when she came, met him quietly and without any special circumstance. She even expressed no sympathy when he explained his absence to her. She set the books she carried down upon the table and prepared for her usual lesson. Richard was puzzled. Was she hurt with him? and did the presence of any even negative emotion indicate some deeper fire beneath? He could not tell.

"Ouf! what a heat!" gasped Cipriana, fanning herself. "It seems to me this place grows stuffier every night."

She drew her chair nearer the garden door, which she had left ajar, and fell to knitting the interminable stockings with which she occupied her waking moments.

Chola sat at the table, writing, while Richard, sitting upon the other side, leaned his head upon his hand and silently watched her. Chola's execution was decidedly embryonic, but the dainty, taper-fingered little hand which manipulated the recalcitrant pen was as fascinating as a fairy's.

Presently she ceased attempting to frame words, and let her pen wander truantly over the paper, making idle figures,—spirals with long tails, little dots and dashes, or, now and then, the most flagrant of blots. Chola was in a brown study.

Yes, something had fallen between them, an impalpable web enough, but whose filmy fetters seemed to separate them as if it had

been a chain of rocky mountains. To Richard's excited imagination it seemed nothing less than a mountain.

"Chola, have you read the book I gave you?"

"Yes."

"Did you like it?"

For a few moments Chola made no answer; then she dropped her pen and folded her hands upon the disgraced manuscript.

"It was too dreadful."

"Dreadful! Why, every one who has read it thinks it a very beautiful story indeed."

Suddenly Chola lifted her eyes to his. He could see them dilated with unshed tears. Her lips quivered.

"Oh, Ricardo! how could the good God permit it? Those two who loved each other, they should never have been separated; for to love a person and to be parted from him is to die. How could he insult such love by such sorrow?"

Richard's heart leaped within him. His love rushed burning to the surface like a great lava-flood. He leaned across the table and laid his hand upon Chola's. "Chola," he whispered. "*Corazón mio!*"

He could feel Chola's hand tremble in his own. In Chola's eyes, fastened upon his, the sorrow welled suddenly away like the reflux in some eternal fountain. In their wonderful depths he seemed to behold the dawn-light of a mysterious glory and joy.

"Chola," he cried, almost dizzy with emotion, "did you learn all this in that book?"

"I do not know," whispered the girl: "it came."

Richard could not brook even a table between them. He glanced hastily over his shoulder at Cipriana. The head of that worthy duenna was nodding upon her breast, while certain regular and raucous sounds proclaimed that she was snatching a moment of well-earned repose. Richard rose and came hastily to the girl's side. Chola too had risen. She seemed to divine that the crucial moment of her life had arrived.

With tender passion Richard drew her to him; he could feel her sensitive frame thrill and dilate against his beating heart. Through the crack of the door to the garden stole a long transfiguring shaft of white moonlight, enfolding them with its beatitude.

"Ah," murmured Chola, with a little rapturous sigh, "I am so happy! I am so happy that it hurts, Ricardo."

"It will not, my own. Happiness never hurts. We shall become used to loving each other, and then it will seem as if we had never known anything else. When we are married we shall always be together."

"Always, Ricardo?"

"Call me by my English name, Cholita: call me 'Dick.'"

"Deek," murmured Chola, with an adorable smile.

Richard took her hand and led her back to their forsaken chairs. "Let me tell you how it will be with us, my Chola. We shall be married. You will be my wife, and I shall be your husband. Then

we will go across the sea, for the world is very big, and my home is far. Shall you be afraid?"

"Oh, no, not with you."

"We shall see great cities and beautiful lands. We will wander wherever we please, and always we shall be together."

"It seems like heaven," murmured the girl, ecstatically. "Cipriana says we must all die before we can go to heaven, but *we* need not, need we, Ricardo?"

"No," answered the young man, fervently; "we have already been there. You must be patient and content, my darling, until I come for you, for I surely shall come. You trust me, Chola?"

"Trust you!" Her glance lingered fondly upon him and seemed to fuse with his own.

"But there is one thing more," he added, impressively; "remember, this is a little secret between us two. Until I come to fetch you, you must not breathe a single syllable of it to any living soul. Do you understand me, Chola?"

"Not even to Cipriana?"

"Not even to Cipriana."

As if in answer to her name, Cipriana at this moment, with a drowsy lurch, shook herself awake.

"Well, what is it? what is this all about?" she cried, rubbing her eyes. "*Madre mia!* I believe I have had a little nap; my eyelids feel like lead. It is the heat. I never felt such heat. And where has my work gone to? where is my stocking?"

In the scuffle which ensued to discover the missing fancy-work, Cipriana's suspicions—if she had been inclined to form any from the glowing faces before her—were averted. Taking a taper from the table to aid in her hunt, she observed how far it was spent.

"*Caramba!* but it must be late! What time is it, I should like to know?"

Richard drew out his watch. "I do not know; my watch has stopped."

"It must be very late indeed; look at the candles; high time you were gone. You must have had a long lesson to-night and learned a great deal; but I don't see any writing."

"I have been teaching Chola geography to-night," answered Richard, soberly, picking up his hat as he spoke.

The old woman sniffed crossly.

"Geography! You are becoming too learned, *niña*. I don't know what geography is myself, but I suppose it is a very fine thing for fine ladies." She took up the guttering candle and prepared to light Richard through the dismal chapel.

"Good-night, Chola," he called back. "Do not forget your geography lesson."

For answer he heard a low ripple of happy laughter, which echoed strangely from those grim walls and waked a thousand answering harmonies in Richard's own heart. Through the darkness came a lingering whisper:

"Good-night, Deek."

CHAPTER XI.

RICHARD spent the night—or what was left of it—devising ways by which to approach don Cosme; and the more he contemplated it the more difficult the task became. It is not altogether a graceful act to inform a man that you have trespassed upon his forbidden grounds and stolen his choicest fruit, ending the confession with the supererogatory request for his permission to rob him. Don Cosme, he knew, would be slippery,—possibly difficult; and for the first time Richard began to indulge doubts of the legitimacy of his own method of procedure. Should he write? How could the situation be explained on bald sheets of stationery? Should he go in person? He quailed a little. In the end he compromised by uniting methods. He decided to send forward a tentative note by way of herald, and to follow hot upon its heels with his personal proposal. The letter was a difficult one to indite; it must not tell too much nor say too little. He wasted much paper, and upset his chocolate, during the composition of the important document.

In desperation he rushed at one time to Barcelón's room to consult that cool-brained gentleman upon the most scientific method of conducting so delicate an affair; but Barcelón had been called to the country professionally and had not yet returned.

At length the letter was finished. It read as follows:

"SEÑOR DON COSME DE MONTEMAYOR:

"MUY SEÑOR MÍO,—MY DEAR SIR,—You will doubtless be surprised at my approaching you upon the most vital point in a man's life,—namely, that of marriage,—for you will not have been aware of the facts of the case, which I trust presently to place favorably before you. If my conduct should seem to you somewhat of an indiscretion, I beg you in advance to consider the hot-headedness of a man in love, and to pardon it. I hope that you will regard with favor the alliance I propose with your family, the very thought of which makes me tremble with anticipation of joy. I shall, with your kind permission, do myself the honor to call upon you this morning to lay all before you.

"I have, señor, the honor to remain

"Your obedient servant,

"Q. B. S. M.,*

"RICARDO BARR Y VEGA."

When Richard had elaborately folded this letter and stamped it with his seal,—the Vega seal, for the house of Barr was unknown to the book of heraldry,—he went out and engaged one of the hotel boys to carry it forthwith to San Hilarión. As soon as it was gone Richard sighed with relief. The first step was taken: there would be a respite before the next and deeper plunge.

Don Cosme, seated at breakfast with his wife and daughter,—for his son was as usual still in bed,—was somewhat astonished to have

* "Que besa su mano." ("Who kisses your hand.")

Juan, the old butler, approach and lay a letter mysteriously beside his plate. Letters were not common at the breakfast-table at San Hilarión.

"From the *caballero inglés*, at the *fonda* in the Villa. It is very important. It was to be delivered at once into your hands," explained Juan, in a croaky whisper loud enough to be heard by everybody.

Don Cosme broke the seal with a pompous and preoccupied air.

"Shall I give the messenger something to drink, señor?"

"Eh? ha!—of course, of course," responded don Cosme; but as soon as the servant had disappeared, he waved the epistle above his head with stately playfulness, while a beatified expression suffused the mask.

"Aha! what have we here? what have we here? A little bomb-shell, a pleasant little family bomb-shell,—eh?"

The two women regarded these sportive demonstrations with mystified surprise.

"You talk in riddles, papa," said Rosa, a little crossly, for the meaning smiles her father was bestowing upon her startled her somewhat. He leaned over and pinched her chin banteringly.

"Riddles, hey! Riddles! And have you no riddles for me to unravel? Have you been playing your little games on the sly to steal a march upon your old papa, hey? Well, well, well, young things must be young things, and we must overlook their little arts and secrets." He spread the letter before doña Elvira.

"*Dios mío!*" ejaculated that astonished lady; whereat Rosa in a fury of impatience snatched it away and read it herself. She made no remark, though her color came and went with an emotion she had never known before. A real offer of marriage! She was quite as much astonished as her parents, for nothing in the conduct of Richard Barr had led her to suppose she had made any definite impression upon him; but she made no betrayal of her surprise.

"It seems almost premature," she remarked, languidly, dropping her eyes.

"It is a most interesting occasion," replied her father, with a gay little laugh. He seemed effervescing with merriment, and little meaning sparkles chased each other over his countenance. Doña Elvira was more grave. Even in the flush of victory it would not do to forget the condescension of a Montemayor in allying herself with a plebeian mercantile house.

"One must be careful as to the settlements, my dear. He is rich enough to provide very generously, but one must be definite in the arrangements. And, Rosa, my child, you will be circumspect about the family connection. I think it would be wise not to reside in London."

"I think I shall live in Paris," announced Rosa, judicially. She had swiftly turned many things over in her mind; for one, the prospect of establishing certain intimacies in high Parisian circles which should goad the envied Marquesa de Chasna to jealous fury.

"And he will be here soon," continued her mother. "You must

retire and dress yourself, my dear child. No time is to be lost. You must put on your Chinese silk with the ruffles, and then it will be better to curl your hair. It is more becoming to you than plaits in front of the ears." The two ladies retired to spend much thought upon the disposition of each single hair-pin.

A little later, when Richard, in some trepidation, was announced, he found his uncle elect seated at his writing-table, surrounded by a mass of papers in carefully studied confusion.

Don Cosme rose from these billows of stationery like Aphrodite from the foam, his countenance suffused with smiles.

"My dear boy, my very dear boy, I rejoice to welcome you to my house!" He folded Richard in a paternal embrace and patted him extravagantly upon the back.

The young man was much surprised, but also infinitely relieved.

"You rob me of my terrors, don Cosme: I have been almost afraid to approach you."

Don Cosme's ardent smiles seemed actually to illuminate the atmosphere.

"Foolish scruples, my dear fellow, most foolish scruples. You ought to have divined the satisfaction which the alliance you propose would give me. If you rob me of that which is most precious, you compensate for it by the gift of yourself. You enrich our hearts by becoming a member of our family." "Our pockets too," he might truthfully have added.

By this time, after some polite scuffling, Richard's hat had been ceremoniously deposited upon one chair and himself upon another, while don Cosme completed the magic circle himself and sat complacently caressing his own knuckles.

"You have quite overwhelmed me, don Cosme," proceeded Richard, "but I feel that I ought to place the facts in detail before you and let you see the strange steps by which I have come to my present position."

"Quite unnecessary, my dear boy," said don Cosme, dismissing the details with a wave of his hand,—*"quite unnecessary."* It does not do to inquire too closely into the complications of love; and we elders have to do a good deal of friendly, paternal winking, you know."

"What!" exclaimed Richard, more and more astonished. "You know all?"

Don Cosme's expression would have done credit to an amiable sibyl.

"Perhaps not all, but sufficient for an hypothesis. I divine all, my Ricardo, quite as if I had beheld it." He drew his chair closer. "Of course the settlements, my dear boy, will be something to consider, but I have no doubt that all can be harmoniously arranged."

"I leave everything to you, don Cosme," replied the young man, who was in a state of dreamy intoxication, "if I might only see her and tell her——"

"Of course, of course," cried don Cosme. "How neglectful I have been! And Rosa will be all impatience."

"Rosa?" gasped Richard, starting to his feet with a recoil of tone

and person not to be mistaken. Don Cosme also rose. There was an almost imperceptible tightening of the muscles about his mouth, as ripples in the breathless moment before a storm die away upon the surface of the water and leave it heaving sullenly.

"Did I not understand you to make me an offer for the hand of my daughter Rosa?" he asked, slowly.

In a sort of lightning-flash of horror the truth broke upon Richard.

The fact was that, in his preoccupation with Chola, he had forgotten the possibility of Rosa, who had never held a moment of his thought.

"Oh, don Cosme," he burst out agitatedly, "there has been a mistake, a terrible mistake. It is not Rosa at all whom I desire to marry, but Chola."

"Chola?" repeated don Cosme, as if endeavoring to unite some broken mental connection. "Chola?"

"Little Chola. Your niece, Vivenciola de Montemayor. That is the correct name, is it not?"

"Are you aware," asked don Cosme, with an ominous increase of deliberation in his tone, as if he were biting off each syllable, "that my niece Vivenciola is an imbecile?"

"She is not!" Richard interrupted, with imprudent heat.

Don Cosme raised his eyebrows. "You are very wise. How do you happen to know so much?"

Richard was young, and at this moment by no means master of himself. Don Cosme's rasping accents set his hot blood on fire.

"Because I have seen her; I know her; I love her. Whatever she was, or was in danger of becoming, the danger has been averted. She is developed, transformed, to a creature of life and beauty, and it is my love which has transformed her. She belongs to me, for I alone have power to lead her forward into life."

Don Cosme approached a step nearer. His hands were clinched, while from his face the social mask had entirely fallen. At this moment he bore a striking resemblance to his son, and was not at all a pleasant object to look upon.

"You have had access to Chola," he hissed: "may I inquire how?"

"That is my own secret," retorted Richard. "Just now I intended to tell you; now, I will not. Enough that I love her and ask her in marriage. If she is so objectionable to you that she needs to be kept in confinement, I will relieve you of her. I will constitute myself her jailer."

The two men were facing each other. Don Cosme was perhaps the more angry of the two, but he preserved more of an outward control.

"For the thief who sneaks into my domain at the rear," he said, with a bow of intense ironical politeness, "I have but one answer. I usher him out at the front door."

"I am dismissed?"

"You are dismissed."

"I will not be. Don Cosme, you shall listen to me."

Don Cosme bowed once more. "Will you go, or shall I call the servant to see you to the door?"

Richard made a stride towards the master of San Hilarión and shook a British fist in his face. "This is not the end," he thundered. "As long as there is a God of justice in heaven and a court of justice upon earth I will pursue my claim!" He tramped heavily down through the corridor, his spurs clanking at every step. In the courtyard his horse was waiting; he threw himself into the saddle and galloped like a madman out at the gate.

As soon as he was gone the farther door opened with a celerity that was suggestive of very close proximity, and doña Elvira, with a face of consternation, entered the room.

"Good heavens, Cosme! what does all this mean?"

Don Cosme was striding furiously up and down. To be braved, actually defied, by a beardless boy! he, Cosme the great, in his own feudatory castle, so to speak! It was not to be borne. He turned upon his wife.

"Yes," he cried, fiercely, "that is what I want to know. What does all this mean? You, of course, can tell me."

"I? *Cielos*, Cosme! do not look at me so; you are quite terrifying. What on earth have I to do with it?"

"You have charge of Chola. If you had attended to your charge, this could not have happened."

"I have visited her every month or two, and Cipriana has been with us so long she has seemed entirely to be relied upon. Besides," she added, adroitly, "if my vigilance has seemed to you inadequate, you might have added your own." This was rather a home thrust, for don Cosme entertained such an antipathy for his niece that he had rarely paid her a visit.

"It is Cipriana, of course," he said, falling off before the wind: "we may as well summon her at once and settle matters."

A maid-servant was called.

"Carolina," commanded the master, "please to go to the apartments of the sefiorita Chola and tell Cipriana we wish to speak with her. Do not alarm the sefiorita."

In a few moments the girl returned, followed by Chola's dusky guardian. As soon as Cipriana entered the room she perceived an atmosphere of tempest and braced herself to meet it. Her master stood before her with an expression of countenance which generally alone sufficed to reduce his dependants to submission.

"You will please to inform the sefiora and me by what means that Englishman has had access to the sefiorita Chola," he demanded.

"Ho!" croaked Cipriana, "he has blabbed, has he? The fool! Then the game is all up."

"Yes, it is all up, quite all up, as far as you are concerned. You will consider yourself dismissed from my service. And," he added, as the woman made a movement towards the door, "you will not again have a chance to corrupt the sefiorita: you will remain here while Carolina packs some of your clothes. Your chest can be sent after you. You are not to be trusted."

"No one shall touch my things but myself," snarled the old woman, insubordinately.

Her master hastily interposed himself between her and the door. "Go and sit down," he commanded.

For a few minutes these two faced each other with the glare of wild beasts. It was the developed tiger, his power fortified by the intellectual stimulus of civilization, facing the tiger of the jungle. Civilization triumphed. Magnetized, cowed, overborne, Cipriana sank trembling into a chair and waited. Fury as well as fear paralyzed her coarse tongue. Doña Elvira had withdrawn into the embrasure of a window, where she sat nervously locking and unlocking her fingers. There were moments when even she stood in terror of her husband. The minutes seemed to drop palpably one by one, until silence was broken by Carolina's return. She bore in her hand a large bundle tied up in a gaudy cotton handkerchief.

"The señorita was not there," she announced, as she handed this to her fellow-servant. "She is playing in the garden. She knows nothing."

"Call Juan," ordered don Cosme. "Juan," he added, as that functionary appeared, "Cipriana is leaving us. Be good enough to escort her to the outer gate, and see that it is fastened behind her."

The old butler grinned malevolently as he closed an iron grip upon Cipriana's arm. There was an old score between these two menials of the house of Montemayor: Juan was glad to wipe it out. Still speechless, gasping and choking with suppressed frenzy, Cipriana was trotted out through the court-yard and down the sighing cypress avenue. At the gate Juan threw wide a wicket and thrust her through.

"Farewell, great señora Cipriana," he cried, with a mocking grace caught from his master. "May you have a happy voyage! *Viento en popa*—a fair wind attend you! *Adios!*" He slammed the wicket to, while Cipriana sank down upon the ground without in a paroxysm of hysterical fury which threatened for a few moments to suffocate her.

CHAPTER XII.

THE successful and triumphant issue of his little tilt with Cipriana seemed to have restored don Cosme's equilibrium. He readjusted himself to society. Outwardly he settled his embroidered satin waistcoat and smoothed his rumpled hair. Inwardly he pulled the dozen little nerve-centres which controlled the adjustment of the mask. Doña Elvira watched him silently, still with a trifle of apprehension. In this morning of cataclysms one could not know what might be going to happen next.

"And now, my dear *esposa*," said don Cosme, with his most effusive manner, "suppose we go and pay a visit to our unfortunate niece. If it be true that we have been mistaken, if she is indeed the neglected treasure of which we have heard, it would be quite in order for us to invite her to join our family circle. One cannot keep one's

treasures too much before one's eyes. Besides, people will now begin to talk."

Dofia Elvira silently acquiesced, and followed him down the long corridor.

They did not descend the spiral staircase in the wall by which Richard had been introduced to the lower regions, but went out through the back premises, where a long, dark flight led directly to the apartments where Chola had lived all her life, a domestic captive. The main living-room was large and almost bare of furniture. The white-wash upon the walls was yellow and discolored with age, and the red tiles of which the floor was composed were broken and worn by the abrasion of many generations of feet. Beyond, there was a smaller apartment, also very bare, but still suggestive of something more refined and feminine. There were a few cheap religious prints upon the walls, and the coarse counterpane upon the little cot bed was snowy and carefully arranged. Beside the bed stood a small table with writing-materials upon it and a few books.

Don Cosme took up one of the volumes and rattled the leaves over with his hand. Upon the title-page was written, in scrawly, elementary characters, "Vivenciola de Montemayor." The eyes of husband and wife met inquiringly.

"Oh, Cosme, if it should be true?"

"If it should be true," said don Cosme, slowly, as if he were carefully weighing every syllable, "if it should be true, of course it would become necessary——" Dofia Elvira waited anxiously, but he did not finish his sentence. He went back to the outer room and through a large door which gave upon a little tile-paved platform. From here a long flight of stone steps descended into a small garden,—Chola's garden, in fact. Followed by his wife, and with the fawn-like agility upon which he prided himself, don Cosme ran lightly down these steps and began to walk along the broad central walk. They had not proceeded far when the sound of voices directed them to the object of their search.

In the centre of a little esplanade there was a small circular fountain basin. The fountain had long ago crumbled to a single shaggy stone. The basin itself was encrusted with green moss and wreathed with maidenhair fern, but its waters perennially mirrored the foliage around and above it and lent a lucent medium to a host of gold- and silver-fish which darted about its depth.

Lolling upon the curb of the basin was a little peasant boy, the gleam of his white cotton garments and crimson sash snatching an answering gleam from the waters. His face, brown as the weather-stained stone he sat upon, was wreathed with roguish smiles as he chatted with his companion.

Chola was leaning against the trunk of a tree in one of those attitudes of undulating, unconscious grace normal with her; for all Chola's movements were those of a free young animal. She wore a pale saffron gown, fashioned by Cipriana's not too deft fingers and of archaic pattern, but the pliant folds fell about her with a natural rhythm and beauty with which Nature invests all who yield themselves to her.

The sunlight, slanting between long branches and clustered foliage, sprinkled warm lights over it, making it look like the plumage of some rare tropical bird. Chola's head was thrown backward; she was laughing. There were life and light radiating from her countenance.

"*Dios mío!*" ejaculated doña Elvira. No, there was certainly nothing mad, nothing imbecile, about this exquisite creature.

"Ah, Pepillo," exclaimed Chola, at last, catching her breath, "*qué gracioso!*—how funny! But you know you are very naughty all the same. If you frighten my goldfish they won't trust me and come when I call them. That would make me sad. You would not want to make me sad, Pepillo?"

The boy raised his expressive eyes to hers. "*Ay, señorita, I would do anything in the world for you.*"

At this moment Chola became aware of her visitors, and a sudden constraint fell upon her, while the boy fled guiltily back to his neglected weeding.

"My dear Chola, we are rejoiced to find you so well." Doña Elvira advanced upon her niece with a stately embrace. The girl silently submitted her cheeks to the frigid salutes, but shrank a little at her uncle's polite congratulations.

"It is your birthday, Chola: did you remember it? No? Well, your aunt and I have done so,"—it had only that moment flashed upon the good gentleman's memory,—"*and we have come with a little surprise for you.*" Chola did not look anticipative. "In fact, my dear girl, we have come to take you away to live with us in the upper house. Think of that!"

"I'd rather stay here," the girl objected, timidly.

"Pooh, pooh! nonsense!" interpolated her uncle, a little impatiently.

"You see, my child," went on doña Elvira, suavely, for she knew that Chola was easily frightened, "it has been all very well for you to run wild here while you were a child, but now that you are grown up—you are sixteen to-day, Chola—it is time for you to take your place as a daughter of our house. You must not forget that you are a Montemayor."

It would have been strange indeed if Chola had not forgotten it, since little had been done to impress her with its importance; but she made no further objection, and permitted doña Elvira to link arms with her in simulated affection and draw her away to the house.

Before introducing Chola formally into the family circle, it was necessary to lay before Rosa the scenes of the drama just enacted. This duty don Cosme took upon himself.

"And you see, my dear child," he said, in conclusion, "what an unpleasant complication has arisen from a little carelessness. But be very sure I will have the law of that English scamp somehow. Indeed, I think it would be well for Emiliano to challenge him to a duel."

Rosa's lip curled scornfully.

"Emiliano is too great a coward," she answered; "and as for you, papa, I beg you will take no steps whatever in the matter. I decline

to be made the subject of a scandal. The Englishman was insufferable. I consider myself well rid of him. Now let us drop the matter forever."

Nevertheless she approached her unconscious rival with mingled emotions of curiosity and contempt, only to find her more pathetic than formidable. Society prunes. In a neglect which had perhaps given to her her only chance of life, Chola had grown like one of the wayward, untrained vines in her own garden,—twining here, trailing there, and always with a flexible grace for which art can have no substitute. Now she was to feel the social pruning-shears which hurt her sensitive spirit much as the alien corsets which her aunt imposed upon her cramped the unaccustomed flesh. She submitted to everything, however, and, with a docility and an effort which would have appealed to more sympathetic observers, endeavored to adapt herself to her changed environment.

From her uncle and aunt she experienced an urbane politeness, a frigid ceremony, which, while seeming to honor, chilled and subdued her. From her cousin Emiliano she shrank with undisguised antipathy. The loudness of his tones, the coarseness of his laugh, repelled and terrified her. Emiliano was greatly displeased.

"Bah!" he remarked to his sister, taking no pains that Chola should not hear him, "I really cannot see what all this talk has been about. She is, after all, nothing but the idiot she has always been represented."

Strange to say, it was in the end Rosa to whom little Chola turned for sympathy and in whom she found a tacit ally. Possibly Rosa had not yet lived enough years to indurate completely the materials which went to the making of a true Montemayor. It was not that she did or said anything different from the rest of her family, but rather an atmosphere to which Chola's sensitive nature—as delicately poised as the magnetic needle, quivering to every breath—responded.

One day, as the two cousins were strolling in the gardens, Chola remarked, wistfully, "But this is not like my old garden, Rosa. The birds and flowers seemed to know me there, but these are all strangers. Why couldn't I go there some time? Would there be any harm?"

"I can't see any in the world," responded Rosa, who felt in a good humor. "We will go there now. It is but to get the key from old *tio José*."

When she found herself again in the familiar haunts, a wave of memory, a tumult of association, swept over Chola. She sat down upon the curb of her forsaken fountain and burst into a flood of tears.

Tears, formerly, had been as alien to her as laughter. She had taken life mechanically, without self-consciousness of pain or pleasure, and therefore without the need of emotional expression, but all bonds had been broken with the awakening of her heart.

"Oh," she moaned, "why did they take me away from here, where I was happy—take me up there and try to make me something I don't know how to be?"

"I'm sure I don't know. It would have been better not," muttered Rosa.

Chola leaped up instantly, smiling through her tears, and embraced her cousin.

"Oh, Rosa, love me a little, won't you? Nobody loves me any more, I think."

"Pooh, pooh!" Rosa pinched Chola's chin reprovingly. "Don't be silly. We aren't two little cats playing with their own tails: we are two young ladies who must behave themselves decorously. Don't let papa or mamma see any of these hysterics; they would be very angry indeed."

Nevertheless Chola continued to cling to her cold cousin, who, beneath her coldness and the equally hard corslet of whalebones in which she was physically encased, began to feel something stirring which made her uncomfortable, but which it was good for her even passively to experience.

CHAPTER XIII.

DON ANTONIO SERRANO, sitting in the private office of his counting-house, with a long column of soul-satisfying credit figures before him, glanced through the window and saw a dust-stained young man ride a foam-stained horse into the *patio* and leap impetuously to the ground. The young man was Richard Barr. Don Antonio's attitude of mind was not at this time very favorable. He was displeased with the young man. It is true that he had no real jurisdiction over him, but it had flattered the merchant's vanity to play the paternal rôle to this attractive Englishman, and he considered that Richard, in his prolonged absence at the Villa, was stretching the bonds of hospitality as well as those of friendship to the uttermost. Richard's calls at the Serranos' had been few and generally limited to those periods when he needed to draw money. Accordingly don Antonio permitted him to wait for a long time in the outer office, and when admitted received him but coldly.

"Good-morning, Ricardo. To what do we owe the honor of this visit?"

"Ah, don Antonio," cried the young man, eagerly, "I fear I have been very remiss in my attentions of late; but when you know the reason I hope you will be lenient. I came this morning to consult you. The fact is," he added, ruefully, "I fear I've been getting myself into a mess."

Don Antonio scratched his pen along the edge of his paper, making unpleasant spluttering sounds.

"Please to be brief," he remarked, without raising his eyes. "I have a good deal of business on hand."

Thus pleasantly encouraged, Richard began the narration of his affairs, stumbling and halting a good deal, and growing more and more conscious that he was presenting his case very badly. When he had ended, don Antonio turned round and faced him.

"I am surprised, Ricardo," he said, coldly, "that you should be capable of mixing yourself up in a vulgar intrigue,—surprised and disappointed."

Richard's emotions still resembled molten lava, ready at a breath to break loose.

"Vulgar intrigue!" he burst out, hotly; "it is not a vulgar intrigue. All is fair in love and war, and I have only used such measures as I had at command; and I have used them for good. Mine is the honest love of an honest gentleman, honestly offered. Can you call don Cosme's reception of me either honest or gentlemanly?"

Don Antonio shrugged his shoulders.

"No heroics, if you please. You have palpably made an ass of yourself, and don Cosme properly recognized it. I am not surprised. Pray why, if you desired to ally yourself with the house of Montemayor, did you not make up to the daughter of the house in proper form, instead of indulging yourself in imbecilities over a person *non compos mentis*?"

"*Non compos mentis*!" repeated Richard, indignantly. He began to pace the office with heavy, passionate strides. "Oh, don Antonio! can I not make you understand? Don Cosme has been a jailer. That poor child has been imprisoned, distorted, stultified. Could a man have a higher mission than to give liberty to that delicate spirit? Surely," he added, moderating his tone, "there is some way in which the law might reach him. I could avail myself of the law."

Don Antonio smiled sarcastically. "You are evidently very little acquainted with the intricacies of the Spanish law. What could you, an alien, do against a gentleman fortified by tradition and a high social position,—a position practically impregnable? Don't be a fool, Ricardo."

"There's another way," went on Richard, still eagerly. "If you will only help me, don Antonio, it would be easy enough. You have the Golondrina almost ready for sea. Let me charter her. I will pay you any sum you name to place her at my disposal. When the vessel is ready to weigh anchor I will take a favorable night and bring my little girl down and slip her on board. We should be half-way to the Mediterranean before she would be missed. Once away, I could snap my fingers at the world."

During this romantic proposal don Antonio had been gazing at the young man in deepening displeasure. "Upon my word," he broke out, in real anger, "a very pretty proposition! And I am immensely obliged for the rôle which you are kind enough to assign to me. Please understand that you have no money which could command either my ships or my honor. I consider you distinctly mad,—quite as mad as the creature you want me to help you to elope with,—and I wash my hands of you. I wash my hands of you." He turned his back, and began a busy scratching over the papers upon his desk.

Richard stood for a few moments staring at the imperturbable shoulders turned upon him, and then, in heavy despair, left the room. In the outer office were a number of the clerks with whom formerly the young Englishman had been accustomed to have a passing jest. One and another set of eyes were turned wonderingly upon him as, looking neither to right nor left, he strode sombrely between the desks. In the *patio* a small boy stood holding his horse, flicking away the flies

with a little switch and chanting in a boyish treble a snatch of an old Andalusian song :

Perdido estoy en tus ojos,
Muerto me tiene tu sal!

The amorous refrain jarred upon Richard's overwrought nerves; he twitched the bridle impatiently out of the boy's hand. As his foot was in the stirrup a reproachful voice reached him :

"Ricardo, Ricardo, you are surely not going away without coming up to see me?"

Dofia Dolores was peeping through the balustrade of the corridor above. Richard hesitated a moment, and then ran hastily up the stairs, at the top of which dofia Dolores met him.

"Just a moment. Only how-d'ye-do and good-by," he said, with a little laugh in which there was no mirth. "Indeed, I do not know but that I am already trespassing too far."

"Trespassing! What do you mean, Ricardo?"

"Don Antonio washes his hands of me," replied the young man, bitterly : "so I presume I no longer have any business in his house."

Dofia Dolores scrutinized him with affectionate solicitude. "You are in trouble, Ricardo; I see it in your face. You are suffering. You must come in and tell me all about it. Indeed, indeed you must. Confide in me."

Somewhat reluctantly, Richard suffered himself to be led into dofia Dolores's own little sewing-room between the patios. There was a windowful of bright and fragrant blossoms growing in pots, and from the open drawers of a large linen-cupboard there came a savory whiff of dried lavender. A large cat was curled up beside the flowers. At Richard's appearance he rose and came forward, stretching his claws sleepily.

"There, you see how even Peregil has missed you. Sit here, my friend."

Dofia Dolores rolled up two comfortable chairs, and then, bit by bit, with tactful, sympathetic questions, drew from the young man the story of his love and his reverses. It produced a very different impression from that upon her husband. The romance of the situation took hold upon her softer mind. She sat gazing into Richard's eyes, her own dilated and suffused with sympathetic emotion, from time to time dabbing away the overflow with a large varicolored silk handkerchief.

"*Ave Maria purísima*, Ricardo!" she sighed, ecstasically. "How very wonderful! how very touching! And you tell me the poor child has quite recovered her reason? It is the most wonderful thing I ever heard. But you have been rash to make everybody angry with you. As for Antonio, it does not matter. He is just like a little spurt of flame, and then it is over. He will be all right by and by. But the Montemayors are a stiff, punctilious race, and one never knows how to get at them. I never could endure them myself. I should think old Cosme would have been only too glad to give the poor child to you, but I suppose he wanted to palm off that Rosa upon you. *Vaya!*

Such a beautiful romance!" She wiped her eyes once more, and then patted Richard's hand with motherly affection.

"You must be patient, my child, you must be patient. All will come right in the end, I am quite sure; only you mustn't do any more foolish things without thinking. All will end well. Be of good courage."

Her soothing, crooning voice fell gratefully upon the young man's lacerated spirit. He suffered himself to be petted and comforted, and even, at last, fed with sweetmeats, which doña Dolores brought out for his delectation, and which he amused himself sharing with the cat. It was with almost happy dreams that he betook himself to the Villa. At the entrance to the San Hilarión road disillusion, however, once more awaited him.

Emerging from its dusty distance he beheld a squat, clumsy, strangely familiar figure. It was Cipriana, who, having come to the end of her hysterics, had once more exhausted her nerves and her vocabulary in maledictions upon the house of Montemayor, and had, after a long period, resumed her bundle and her line of march.

"Cipriana," cried Richard, "you!"

Cipriana not vouchsafing any rejoinder to this palpable statement, he essayed another.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"Ho!" retorted the old woman, roughly, "where am I going? Well, where *am* I going?—cast out of my home with not a rag to my back nor a friend to turn to? And all for a blabbing idiot of a man who didn't know how to hold his tongue. A curse upon him!"

Richard's heart stood still. Cipriana was the one link between himself and Chola.

"Have you been turned away, Cipriana? Good God! what will become of the *señorita*?"

"Ho! what will become of the *señorita*?" repeated Cipriana, with a grotesque attempt to imitate Richard's accent. "Yes, what will become of the *señorita*? That is for you to say, *maldito*. It is all your doing. What concerns *me* most is what is to become of *me*,—at my age, with no home and nowhere to turn to, and a stain upon my good name. You will have a pretty lot to answer for one of these days, good-for-nothing."

Richard sat heavily in his saddle, paralyzed by a new despair. His horse pawing impatiently brought him to himself. He became conscious that some passers-by were pausing and eying the scene curiously. He must not betray his agony, even to Cipriana.

"I am sorry you have lost your situation," he said, with an effort to pull himself together. "Here is a little something to make it easier for you." As he spoke he tossed a gold piece in her direction. Cipriana made no movement to catch it, and it fell unimpeded into the dust.

"A curse upon you and your gold pieces!" she muttered, vindictively, as Richard put spurs to his horse and galloped away. As soon as he was out of sight she threw herself down upon the ground and groped avariciously about in the dirt.

"You are a *maldito*, a heretic, a son of the devil," she mumbled, "and I hope the devil will come and claim his own. I curse you. Curses are good, but gold pieces are better; and money is money, after all." She unknotted a corner of the large bundle-handkerchief which she carried, and carefully wrapped the rescued coin in it.

"Lie there, my little yellow son; you shall go and dwell with your brothers," she said.

CHAPTER XIV.

WHEN Chola had been an inmate of the Montemayor household a week, don Cosme completed his sentence.

"It will be necessary, my dear wife," he announced, portentously, "to arrange that long proposed and long delayed marriage between our niece and our son."

Dofia Elvira wrung her hands helplessly. "Oh, Cosme! Our Emiliano! Must it be?"

"I have been observing the girl, and no one could deny that she is rational enough. We cannot keep people from seeing her any longer, and they are sure to talk. Did you not observe how she attracted the attention of don Bernardo Morales when he was calling yesterday?"

"My son, my son! What a sacrifice for my son!" moaned the disconsolate mother.

Don Cosme stiffened himself up.

"Really, my dear, I see no sacrifice in the matter. Please to remember that my niece also is a Montemayor,—quite as respectable a family," he smiled sarcastically, "as the Lugos."

Emiliano was here heard whistling to his dogs in the court-yard. A servant was sent to summon him to the family council.

"Really, papa," he remarked, crossly, as he lounged reluctantly in, "this is a very inopportune time for conversation. I am just going rabbiting. Paco has the ferrets all ready. Can't you wait till another time?"

Don Cosme frowned. He was not always in sympathy with his spoiled son's humors.

"No, I cannot wait until another time. Your mother and I are considering a serious matter in which you naturally participate. We are considering the question of your marriage."

Emiliano shrugged his shoulders and slapped his riding-whip impatiently against his boot. He had heard the question of his marriage discussed before, and it did not interest him.

"It seems to us best," proceeded his father, "at this juncture, for family and other considerations, to arrange a marriage between you and your young cousin Chola."

"What!" cried the young man, angrily, "that idiot! Well, please understand that I decline the honor."

"You decline what I command?"

"My dearest boy," interposed doña Elvira, suavely, "consider the question rationally. It is high time you were married and settled

down. Marriage steadies and develops a man wonderfully. It gives him breadth and poise."

"Pooh!" he retorted. "Besides, I do not want to marry. A man must have his fling in this world."

"You have certainly had yours, I think." Don Cosme had resumed the icy composure which seldom failed to impose upon his listeners. "You have flung away most of your reputation, together with a good deal of other people's money. When a man spends so much money, it is a good plan to take steps to make it indisputably his own. There are certain family affairs, my dear Emiliano, of which you are still in ignorance. It did not seem necessary to trouble you with them before. Now, however, it would seem advisable. Be good enough to step into my *escritorio* and go over with me some of the family documents."

The two men entered don Cosme's private room, and the doors closed behind them. Doña Elvira waited without, alternately wringing her hands and listening to the dull rumble of voices within. At length Emiliano flung himself violently out at the door. Doña Elvira jumped up with anxious joy and embraced him.

"My darling boy, you have come to hear reason?—you will consent?"

"Don't hug me!" growled the darling boy, pushing her rudely away. "There is no occasion for congratulations. Yes, I suppose I shall have to marry the brat; but it's a damnable fate for a gentleman, all the same."

Doña Elvira was despatched to arrange matters with Chola. This did not promise to be formidable. She found the girl feeding Rosa's canary-birds, leaning over the cage, crooning and whistling to her little feathered friends in a language evidently intelligible and satisfactory to them.

"Chola *mía*," called her aunt, "leave your play, and come sit beside me on this divan. I have something to say to you."

Chola came obediently, but the smile died out of her face, as it always did at the approach of her aunt. Doña Elvira took one of the girl's passive hands in her own cold clasp.

"You know, Chola, that a girl's settlement in life is the most serious question for her friends to decide. Your uncle and I have given a great deal of consideration to yours." This was quite true. "We have at last determined that it will be best to arrange for your speedy marriage."

Chola looked up suddenly, a swift joy flooding her face. The emotion of a new thought animated her. She had never mentioned Richard's name to any one. He had bidden her be silent, and that was sufficient. He had also told her to wait patiently for his coming, and she had done so, a little wistful that he was so long. Now her unwavering faith was to be answered. Richard was coming.

"Ricardo!" she cried, rapturously, "Ricardo! I am to marry Ricardo!"

"Hush! No, no, no, child! Never dare to breathe that hateful name in this house; do you hear?" Doña Elvira had seized Chola's arm in a fierce, nervous grasp, and, with an absence of control very

unusual with her, shook the girl uncereemoniously. In a moment she recovered her manners, if not her temper.

"You have been a very silly as well as a very naughty girl, Chola. Be glad that your uncle and I have passed over your indiscretion in silence. No, indeed; the marriage with which your uncle and I have designed to honor you is with our own son, Emiliano."

Chola shrank away from her aunt. "I—I—cannot," she gasped. "I do not love Emiliano."

At this moment don Cosme entered the room. He was somewhat distrustful of his wife's powers of diplomacy. He preferred the taming method himself,—a touch of conciliation in the handling and a magnetizing hold upon the eyes. Such a look he now fixed upon Chola.

"Nonsense, nonsense, Cholita! What can a young girl like you know about love, anyway? It would be very indecorous if you did love your cousin until he had asked you to do so. Of course you will love your husband. Women always do. This marriage is most suitable and proper on all hands. It will be a noble union of two noble families."

Chola had cowered into a corner of the divan and covered her eyes with her hands. Anything to shut out that terrible gaze. Don Cosme bent a peculiar smile upon her, and then looked at his wife.

"I think, *esposa mía*," he remarked, cheerfully, "that our little girl will not oppose her wishes to ours. She is glad that we should decide for her."

No, Chola would not oppose her wishes to theirs. In fact, she seemed to have no wishes to oppose to anything. She no longer played with the canaries or danced to the cracked strains of the old piano when Rosa played upon it. She sat mopingly about, like a stricken creature, unregarded and unregarding. The only person who was at all moved to a semblance of compassion was her cousin Rosa. Rosa's opinion of her brother would have led her to pity any one condemned to become his wife, unless indeed it had been an enemy, in which case she would have rejoiced. But poor little Chola was too colorless to be any one's enemy.

"Don't fret, Chola," she said, not unkindly. "When it is all over it won't be so bad. Marriage, you know, gives a woman freedom."

"Freedom?" repeated Chola, with dull wistfulness.

"Society ties an unmarried woman hand and foot, but when she is married, you know, she may come and go as she pleases; that is," she added, remembering the probabilities, "if her husband permits. As for Emiliano, you needn't fear he will give you any of his society. He will be only too glad if you keep yourself out of his sight."

"He does not like me?"

Rosa laughed disagreeably.

"Not precisely."

"He would be very glad if he did not have to marry me?"

"What a very clever little cousin you are! How exactly you express the situation! Child, all men are brutes."

Rosa lounged idly away, humming a snatch of opera a trifle out of

tune, but their interview seemed to have had a strangely reviving effect upon Chola. The color had come back to her cheek and a new light blazed in her eyes. The truth was that in her somewhat misty little head a plan of escape had presented itself to her. For several days she matured it in silence, seeking an opportunity of finding Emiliano alone. At length she came upon him in an anteroom. He sat idly lounging across a couple of chairs, one dropped foot beating a tattoo upon the hard floor. This intellectual occupation seemed entirely to absorb him.

"Emiliano," began Chola, timidly.

"What are you doing here? Go away," responded the bridegroom elect, politely. But Chola was not to be intimidated. She had formulated her little project and nerved herself to the encounter with her betrothed.

"Don't drive me away, Emiliano," she pleaded. "I want to speak to you; indeed I do; and it is something very important."

"Eh?" muttered Emiliano between his teeth. He stared insolently at her. What could the idiot have to say which should be of any importance?

"You don't like me, Emiliano, do you?"

"Grrr! I hate you!"

"And you don't want to marry me?"

"I'd rather lose my prize fighting-cock."

"Oh, well," cried Chola, joyfully clapping her hands, "then you needn't, Emiliano. There is a way not to."

"A way? What way?" Emiliano frowned stupidly and wonderingly at her. Chola glanced furtively about and dropped her voice still lower.

"Help me to run away, Emiliano. I want to run away, but the world is so big I don't know how. You know. Help me, Emiliano, and then you will be free. Help me to go away to Ricardo. Ricardo loves me. He would take me away from everybody, and then I should never be in anybody's way any more." In her excitement Chola had approached nearer to her cousin and clasped her little hands tremblingly about his arm.

"You fool!" yelled Emiliano, suddenly aflame with rage. "You fool! you idiot! you impudent, brazen-faced idiot! Do you think I would help you to *him*?" And, with a withering hatred in his glance like the blasting of lightning, he thrust her roughly from him and left the room.

Chola staggered violently backward with a little cry. She had turned deadly pale and clasped both hands convulsively over her heart. In another moment the world turned black before her and she had measured her fragile length across the floor.

"Señor! señora! the señorita has fallen in a fit!" Carolina's alarmed cry brought the family hastily about the prostrate and senseless girl. With a solicitude they had not before shown, they lifted her to her bed and exhausted their resources in restoring her to consciousness. It would not do to let her die at this juncture. When the marriage register was signed she might do what it pleased her; but

now—oh, no, it would not do to let her die. Slowly, with reluctant shuddering throes, the labored breath returned to the senseless bosom. Chola's eyelids lifted languidly, and her eyes, vacant and misty, as if gazing into an unknown world, roamed the room. Suddenly, with a swift suffusion of pain, recollection came.

"Oh," she moaned, with a long, tremulous sigh, turning her face to the wall, "why did you call me back? Why did not you let me go?"

CHAPTER XV.

It was Barcelón who sent Richard away from the Villa.

Returning from his trip to the country, Barcelón, full of the merry humor which animated much of their intercourse, sought his friend, and was much surprised to find him cast moodily upon his bed.

"*Hola!* has milor got the vapors?" he called out, playfully. "Come," he added, more seriously, as Richard made no reply but only looked at him with dull, lack-lustre eyes, "what is the matter, Ricardo? Are you ill?"

"I am undone, Benito," returned Richard, sombrely.

"Undone! nonsense!" cried Barcelón, with a gayety he was far from feeling, for Richard's appearance alarmed him. "No man is undone until the Old Nick gets his claw upon him; and that, I infer, is not yet your case. What have you been doing that is foolish or dangerous, or both? Tell me."

Richard turned wearily and heavily away. His fever-fit in spending itself had consumed him. Reaction had set in, manifesting itself in a strange apathy, a torpor of dejection; as a spurt of flame drops to the ash, leaving only a sullen glow of expiring embers.

"What is the use? My best friends turn their backs upon me," he muttered, at length.

"Indeed!" returned the young doctor, with an air of offended dignity, assumed with the intent of arousing the other. "I flattered myself that I was your best friend; and I have not turned my back upon you. On the contrary, it is you who have turned your back upon me. Disburden your mind, *amigo mío*; it will ease you." But it was only by degrees and very fragmentarily that he drew from Richard the outlines of his now weary story. At the end the doctor sat long, with his chin in the palm of his hand, seriously contemplating his friend.

"You would better go away, Ricardo," he at length decided. "You have stirred up all the mud at the bottom of your pool, and must wait until it settles before you can see to take another step. In the mean time you are working yourself into a nervous fever, which can hardly simplify this complicated business. Go away. Go to Realejo. The air is good there, and the seclusion perfect. Don Cayetano Pinto, a brother of our learned friend don Ramón, has a little *finca* there. He has retired from business, and is renewing his youth in the lap of nature. He cultivates figs, apricots, almonds, mulberries. He also has fowls, goats, and a docile, elderly ass. I have occasionally sent my

patients there, and they always thrive. Go to him. Become a farmer yourself. Drink asses' milk, eat figs, help him hoe his cabbages. Forget the world and all its woes, and grow strong. Meanwhile I will be your amorous understudy. I will watch over your interests as if they were my own. I will gather and send on to you all the information available. Come, is it a bargain?"

"As you will," Richard assented, with an indifferent shrug of the shoulders. "I would as lief listen to the Pinto drone as to the banging of my own thoughts. Bring on your goats and your pigs and your asses. When do you wish me to start?"

But Barcelón, after he had disposed of Richard and settled him comfortably at Realejo, did not find it easy to fulfil his share of the agreement. News of San Hilarión was not easily gathered. The family of Montemayor lived for the most part in aristocratic seclusion, and little was known of them even in their own circles. Barcelón learned that don Cosme and doña Elvira were very unapproachable, that their daughter was not socially popular, and that the son and heir preferred the company of the stables and the low *ventas* to that of the drawing-room; of all of which information he had been in possession before. From one of his humble patients, who knew some one else who had a cousin in temporary service at San Hilarión, he further learned that the *señorita loca*—the crazy lady—had suddenly recovered and become a member of the family; and with this meagre intelligence Richard was fain to be for the nonce content.

But the way to larger knowledge of the situation opened unexpectedly.

Little old don Camilo León fell ill. There seemed to be no declared disease, yet he kept his bed. It appeared rather the dropping low of nature's fires before the inevitable extinguishment. He at once sent for Dr. Barcelón.

"I warn you, my friend," he remarked, with his little ancient smile, "that I am not ill and shall take no physic. My friends wish me to call a physician. I do; but he comes as a friend. There you have it—eh?"

Barcelón laughed and acquiesced. He understood don Camilo. He prescribed only a simple tonic and some cheerful conversation. A good deal of the latter he supplied himself, since it pleased the old man to have the younger one about him. Many people he could not tolerate. Twice a day punctually the doctor dropped in and, under the guise of a little gossip, examined his patient.

"Don Camilo, why do you live alone?" he asked him, one day.

Don Camilo pursed his withered lips and hunched his shoulders, as a Spaniard would do if he were dying.

"What would you have? Is society so very desirable that one must carry it all the time upon his back like a saddle? I am a solitary by nature. When I was young I had thought to be a monk, but my family opposed. Later I had a sister who needed me. After she was gone,"—he sighed,— "the desire for the cloister had left me; religion seemed vague and hollow; yet I still desired solitude. My servants annoyed and defrauded me; I dismissed them. I retained

only my thoughts; and here have I lived among the memories and visions of the past, in a society of spectres and phantoms who never jostle and never weary. Do you find the live world more satisfactory?"

"This is morbid and unwholesome."

"Perhaps." Don Camilo waved the subject aside with his hand. "Do you know," he remarked, presently, "that I have been making my will to-day?"

"Indeed!" Barcelón was a little startled.

"At least not exactly making it, for that was done long ago,—and indeed my cousins in Las Palmas are the direct heirs,—but I have touched it up, as it were. You know artists always have a final inspiration. I have added a codicil; I have made some bequests. Señor don Benito, may I trouble you to open that cupboard? There; yes; that package in the wrappers; kindly bring it here."

Barcelón went as directed to the old panelled cupboard in the wall and removed thence a nondescript bundle rolled in many linen cloths. He placed it upon a stand beside don Camilo's bed and assisted the old man's trembling fingers in unwinding the folds. When they fell away there stood the little rococo liqueur-stand which Barcelón had admired on a former occasion. The silver figures were polished to abnormal brightness, while the little carafe and the tiny tumblers reflected the brilliancy. Don Camilo looked lovingly upon it, and touched it here and there with his fingers as if caressing it.

"I have left it to you," he said, with a nod. Barcelón flushed suddenly, while don Camilo babbled softly on.

"Yes, you admired it; I have left it to you. It was dear to me for association's sake. Poor Pedro Montemayor gave it to me, and I thought for association's sake you too might value it."

Barcelón was much touched. He took the old man's hand in his own and pressed it.

"Believe me, dear don Camilo," he said, with emotion, "it will be a sacred trust."

The eyes of the two men met; they understood each other.

"Pedro Montemayor—he is dead?"

"Yes, yes; he is one of my shadows." Don Camilo's smile had faded.

Barcelón had felt upon him a great impulse to question his companion upon the family whose affairs now occupied a good deal of his thoughts, but there had seemed no opportunity. He threw himself hastily into this one.

"Please tell me about him; I am sure he has a history," he said.

"Of what use?—of what use? Let the past bury its dead. Let the shadows sleep in their own oblivion. Why should we disturb them? *Requiescant in pace.*"

"Don Camilo," urged Barcelón, earnestly, "I beg you to tell me all you know. I have a special reason. Believe me, I am not impelled by vulgar curiosity; and I will hold your confidence sacred."

"You really wish to hear? 'Tis a sad story."

"I really wish to hear."

Don Camilo remained silent for some moments, as if searching the

storehouses of memory. A far-off, dreamy look came over his face, as if he were indeed consorting with shadows.

"Pedro, you know, was younger than I,—much younger. I looked upon him almost as a son, and to me he brought all his griefs and all his difficulties,—for he had many difficulties and was always in disgrace. He was considered the black sheep of the family; for in this world, you know, that which is black is often called white, and that which is white is called black. He was the younger son; he was plain and awkward. The elder son was handsome, polished, gallant; who would not have preferred him? Old Montemayor did. Things went from bad to worse, until there came a great family quarrel and Pedro ran away to sea. I can well remember how he came to me at midnight for a parting embrace. He became a sailor; he voyaged to many lands, he went to the Filipinas, to Japan, to India. He engaged in traffic and made much money.

"In the mean time old Montemayor died. Ah! such a man!—I could never tell you; half an Apollo, half a wild beast. He had lived with such lavish profusion, had had such expensive vices, and had gambled so desperately, that he left nothing but ruin behind him. All the estates which could be sold were sold; the few remaining were mortgaged and indebted to desolation.

"No money to repair the crumbling palace; no means to cultivate the impoverished soil. Cosme did what he could, for he is frugal; but it galls a Montemayor to hold his head low.

"When Pedro heard of his father's death—it was a long time afterwards—he came home. He was weary of wandering, he said, and longed for a home and a family. Cosme welcomed him with open arms; and well he might, for the prodigal returned with pockets as full as his heart. He set to work to restore the family. He cleared off the mortgages, he bought back the alienated estates, he rebuilt San Hilarión; at least he repaired the old house and built a fine new front part. Then he married Chola Viña. It was a fine match from a worldly point of view, for the great Viña estates adjoined those of San Hilarión and more than doubled them, and Chola was sole heir. But Pedro, I am sure, was not thinking of the worldly advantage; he was in love with the girl, who was very beautiful. Old Viña was nobody, you know. He had been a *mayordomo* or something, but he had understood the art of rolling up money. Ah, well! they had a great time, a great celebration. First the marriage at the Viñas' and afterwards, at San Hilarión, the most splendid *fête* these islands have ever beheld. Pedro spared no pains. He had brought from the Orient a number of wonderful colored lanterns of cockled paper which you can compress to a plate or open out to a balloon. These were hung everywhere over the trees, the shrubs and vines in the gardens, answering the blaze of wax candles within the house. Then there were little pagodas of garlanded flowers, and artificial grottos with unexpected little fountains and goldfish-basins. A fine pageant. The whole night long the revelry continued, and late in the morning, jaded with the day, we all sped home like spent bacchantes.

"It was all, to our untutored Island imagination, a fairy vision in

the midst of which she for whom it had been created moved like a young goddess. She was certainly the most beautiful child I ever saw, —she was scarcely more than a child, and just out of her convent school,—and carried herself with the unconscious grace of a young fawn.

"Other men besides Pedro were in love with her. As for the bridegroom, I never saw a man more radiant. His plain face was fairly transfigured. He went about from one to another, saying over and over again, 'Ah, well, will you not congratulate me?' and few hearts could have refused him. One other man there was more detrimentally intoxicated with joy. That was old Viña. He had peasant blood in him, you know, and this great alliance turned his head. He went about like a clown at a country *fiesta* with bumpers of champagne, drinking with whoever would drink with him, and in a boozy gambol fell into one of Pedro's fanciful fountains. The chill he got then settled him, in fact, for a few months later he died of it. You would suppose this event would have been a black cloud upon the newly married couple; but nothing could dim such happiness. They lived in one perpetual honeymoon—inwardly; outwardly they lived quite splendidly in the new part of San Hilarión, while Cosme and his family continued to occupy the old.

"And then there came a day——" don Camilo paused, and a gray cloud seemed settling over his yellow face, while his voice dropped into even a lower key—"a day, an early morning, when Pedro was found at the bottom of his own garden with a knife through his heart."

"Ah—h—h!" Barcelón was leaning eagerly forward, more excited even than the narrator.

"You are shocked, horrified? Who would not be? Murders are rare in these islands. We are not like you hot-blooded Catalans who punctuate your speech with your knife-blades; we are a peaceable folk. No wonder that poor child, his wife, went raving from that moment. She was near her time, poor thing, and she soon died in giving birth to a miserable creature, too deformed in body and mind, I am told, for any one even to see. It has also died since, I think."

"But the murderer—who committed the murder?" Barcelón was hot and cold by turns.

"Ay! who committed the murder? That was the question. Society was in an uproar. Vigilance exhausted itself; but it was not very difficult to fasten the crime upon one Juanico Machado. He had been in love with the young wife, and was known to be on bad terms with the husband. And then there was the coincidence of his having embarked that very night for Spain to rejoin his regiment,—for he was a military man, at home on leave. The matter was well settled so. All the world accepted it."

"And the man? Was he tried? Did he not deny the charge?"

"He couldn't, poor fellow, because, you see, he went at once to the Mexican war and was killed in his first battle."

"Don Camilo," said Barcelón, slowly, and with an intensity of which he was not himself aware, "you do not believe that this man committed this murder. You have your own opinion."

"Possibly."

"Then who—who—who?"

Don Camilo raised himself suddenly upon his elbow. His face changed. An almost malignant expression took possession of the gentle, cloistered eyes.

"Who should it be," he cried, fiercely, "but the man who would profit most by his death, who *has* profited most?"

"Good God!" Barcelón leaped from his chair, and then sank down again. He had seemed all along to be divining the truth, yet its utterance inexpressibly shocked him. The atmosphere of the dim, shuttered apartment seemed heavy and oppressive, as if really freighted with impalpable presences evoked by don Camilo from a vision of the past. A French clock upon a distant table struck the hour, ringing out the strokes slowly and sonorously, one by one. An eternity seemed to elapse. Outside, through the sluiceway in the street, the waters were hurled in miniature cataract, the noise of which seemed rushing fires through Barcelón's heated brain. Inside, the silence was broken only by the breathing of the two men, one excited and stertorous, the other almost extinguished. Don Camilo had sunk down among his pillows, wan and motionless, his eyes closed. The doctor roused himself with an effort. His professional manner returned.

"I have let you talk too long," he said. He went again to the panelled cupboard, and rummaged out a bottle of cordial, a glass of which he carried to the bedside.

"Drink this," he commanded.

Don Camilo opened his eyes, smiled, and obeyed, while Barcelón readjusted his pillows.

"Then," remarked the doctor, almost as if casually, "as I understand, all the Montemayor estates practically belonged to don Pedro?"

Don Camilo nodded.

"And they would therefore all belong lawfully to his daughter?"

Don Camilo nodded again.

"Yes,—if she were living—and rational." He seemed sleepy and indifferent.

Barcelón leaned a little closer; his breath quickened.

"Suppose now, don Camilo, that the world had been misinformed; that this girl not only lived, but was really rational; and that a man had by some artifice come to know her and madly love her: what would be his course? Could he lawfully defy the family? Could he establish the uncle's infamy?"

Don Camilo's eyes were suddenly opened wide and fixed scrutinizingly upon his companion.

"You surely do not dream of such a folly?" he asked, anxiously.

"Oh, no, no. I do not even know the family. I am supposing a case."

Don Camilo became once more strongly agitated. He raised a bony, tremulous forefinger and shook it solemnly in the doctor's face.

"I should bid such a man beware how he crossed the will of Cosme de Montemayor."

"Thank you," said the doctor, quietly. He settled his patient

once more, bade him compose himself and sleep, and then went out into the street, where the waters, like fate, were pouring down their ceaseless and relentless stream. His heart was heavy within him. As he crossed the *plazuela* before the new church and passed down beside the convent of the Carmelites, the chapel bell began to toll for the departure of some cloistered soul, while from within were wafted faint echoes of a muffled chant. They seemed fitting chimes to his sombre thoughts.

As if carefully mapped out upon a chart, the march of events lay clear before him. Not a link was wanting; the missing motive of all was laid bare. The past gloomed like a mephitic pool, dark with blood; the future—as far as Richard was concerned—presented as impenetrable a front as a wall of adamant; no opening anywhere.

It was not likely that the unscrupulous master of San Hilarión would sacrifice the ambitions of a lifetime to the insane passion of a boy, a foreigner at that; it was more probable that he would continue to sacrifice the fragile existence which still shadowed his way.

As Barcelón reached the hotel, a man came hastily out from the shadow of the *sagudn*. It was old don Ramón Pinto.

"Ah, señor doctor, well met. I have just been looking for you. I have this day returned from a little trip to Realejo. Have you visited your English friend lately?"

"No," replied Barcelón, clutched by a fresh anxiety. "Is anything wrong?"

Don Ramón wagged his big head from side to side with grotesque solemnity. "Who knows? who knows? He looks badly, and my brother says he walks his room all night. Then he eats nothing,—the merest *pisquito*,—and when they brought him the asses' milk to drink in the morning he threw it out of the window. *Santa María madre!* such a spirit as these English have!"

"I will ride over and see him to-morrow," said the doctor,—a resolution which he was, however, unable to put into execution.

CHAPTER XVI.

PREPARATIONS for the wedding went rapidly forward at San Hilarión. It was don Cosme's idea that before the world had a chance to dissect the somewhat complicated circumstances which led up to this marriage it should be set wondering over the accomplished fact. Irrevocable acts excite less comment than the ebullition which precedes them. The earth rolls steadily on, dropping events ever behind it, to be forgotten before something new.

The marriage was to be quite splendid, but also rather private. The dignity of his son demanded the one, the circumstances of his niece the other. Only a few of the nearest relations were to be invited—at the last moment, so that they should have no time to talk; but in the kitchen and in the parlor servants were kept busy with preparation. There was no time to prepare special wedding garments, and doña

Elvira's own bridal gown—a grand affair in a mode of the First Empire—was drawn out and refashioned to fit Chola's slender figure. This dress had been carefully preserved for Rosa, but, as Rosa seemed to be going to have no use for it, doña Elvira reluctantly assigned it to Chola.

In all this bustle and business the person least consulted and apparently least concerned was the bride elect. Poor Chola wandered languidly and indifferently from room to room like a restless ghost, sunk into an apathy from which nothing and no one aroused her. No one, indeed, tried to do so. Even Rosa's somewhat negative friendship seemed to have suffered a certain chill. Perhaps she too had been perusing the family documents. The fierce glare of day was proving too scorching for the white-souled, night-born blossom; it was inevitable that it should shrink and wither. Each day, almost each hour, Chola drooped a little more. The mists through which her spirit, loved, had groped to the light were settling down again upon her. One by one—though she did not know it—the lights within were going out. She did not suffer as the robust suffer in acute, self-conscious rebellion at the inevitableness of fate. Hers was rather the submission of the dumb beast which droops and endures, mute and dry-eyed, questioning neither whence the pain comes nor whither it will lead. Her mind, stultified in its waking hours, relapsed to somnambulism.

One night doña Elvira started suddenly from sleep, as one does with the subconsciousness of an alien presence. In one corner of the immense bedchamber an oil night-lamp flickered in its socket, sending faint ripples of light amid the fantastic shadows all around it. All the farther end of the room was wrapped in a vast obscurity. In the centre of this gloom, seeming to the terrified lady's vision to assume gigantic proportions, stood a tall, ghost-like figure. The features were not visible, but out of the dusk two eyes gleamed strangely upon her. The figure's arms were lifted and stretched towards her, seeming to wave solemnly and menacingly.

Doña Elvira cowered back among the bedclothes and covered her eyes. These ancient walls held more than one secret of ancient wrong; some of them were known to the mistress of San Hilarión, and made her suddenly shudder. Which of these defrauded spirits was returning now to cry for justice?

"Cosme!" she gasped, hysterically, shaking her husband by the arm, "Cosme!"

Don Cosme rubbed his eyes and sat up suddenly in bed. "What is it?" he demanded, with the active suspicion of a man always upon his guard.

"Do you perceive nothing?" asked his wife, agitatedly.

"Nothing."

Doña Elvira uncovered her eyes and peered shrinkingly into the darkness. She too could see nothing.

"There," she whispered, "over there in that doorway. An apparition; so terribly tall and white and ghastly. *Ay Dios mío de mi vida!* I shall never forget it." She wrung her hands.

Don Cosme rose hastily, with a swift suspicion. Taking the wink-

ing night-lamp in his hand, he hurried into the room beyond, which had been assigned to Chola.

The girl lay carelessly flung across her bed, silent and motionless, only a faint, moth-like respiration betraying that she lived.

Don Cosme stooped over the sleeping figure and scrutinized it. The dull light seemed to enhance the almost livid color of Chola's skin. A wan, wistful, evanescent smile flitted over her features, as if in dreams she beheld mirages of that which eluded her by day. Her whole being seemed to exhale an angelic helplessness, a reproachful melancholy, which perhaps held a certain sting for the man who contemplated her. He shrank quickly away.

"Go to sleep," he said crossly to his wife as he hurried back to bed, "and don't make a fool of yourself and me with your silly nightmares."

Upon the morning of the eventful day the old priest who had served as lifelong safety-valve to the Montemayor conscience came down to San Hilarión to confess Chola and prepare her spiritually for the impending sacrament. Chola had received very little religious instruction, truth to say. Her intellect had been considered too defective for the strict rigors of religion; only its elements had been unfolded to her. She knew nothing of sin or confession. The old *padre* frightened her and made no headway. He was not an unkind man, but he had the hardness and narrowness of his creed; moreover, the Montemayors were old and valuable clients.

When he had paralyzed Chola into silence, he released her and went to shake his head at don Cosme.

"A very limited intellect, señor don Cosme, a very limited intellect. Indeed, I could get at nothing. Are you not making a mistake, my son? Is not the poor child really—aha—ahem—?" He tapped his own bald pate, which the tonsure had entirely absorbed to itself.

"No, no," interposed don Cosme, hastily. He had his own reasons now for wishing Chola to be held quite rational. "But she is sensitive, and has seen nothing of the world. This excitement confuses her. If you should see her in repose you would find her quite natural, and—ahem—unusually charming. Shall we go and see to the decorations in the chapel?"

The old chapel—never used except once a year when the small *fête* of San Hilarión was punctiliously celebrated—had been aired and cleaned; also a few repairs placed upon the high altar, which would be presently decorated with the tall silver candlesticks and the sacred vessels brought down by the priest in a chest upon the back of a mule. The dingy walls were draped with hangings of crimson; between them workmen were tacking up garlands of flowers and green boughs, which other workmen were bringing in. There were also enormous baskets of shredded flower-petals to be cast, at the right moment, upon the pavement before the feet of bride and bridegroom. Don Cosme and the priest moved here and there, directing and instructing.

A woman who had been scrubbing the tiled floor of the sacristy approached the reverend father with many obsequious bows and offered him a small shining object.

"I found it in a crack between the tiles. It was stuck so fast I could hardly get it out. Your mercy will pardon if I have injured it."

The priest inspected the trinket with a puzzled air and then handed it to his host. Don Cosme started. He recognized it as a small fob ornament which Richard Barr had worn.

"That fellow here!" he muttered, with a half-suppressed oath. "How was it possible?" Ah, the master of San Hilarión was none too soon in making all matrimonially sure, since even the family sanctuary seemed to play him false.

In doña Elvira's room the last touches were being put to the costume of the bride as well as to those of her aunt and cousin. Doña Agustina, doña Elvira's stately sister, had come from her home in Laguna to add the lustre of her presence to this occasion. The other guests were to arrive later. She fingered the gossamers half enviously.

"Are not these beautiful clothes, Chola?" she said to the girl. "You ought to be a very grateful child indeed to have such beautiful things bestowed upon you."

Chola gave her a phantom smile, as if she had heard her in a dream, and then strolled listlessly away.

"Quite silly, quite silly," muttered doña Agustina, looking after her. "And why did you tell me she was handsome? She looks like a marble image."

"Do you wonder," sighed doña Elvira, "that I mourn over my darling son?"

"Humph!" responded her sister, equivocally. Doña Agustina did not admire her nephew as much as his parents could have desired, but she considered this match satisfactory and on the whole befitting.

"The girl won't live long; she looks unhealthy," she added, consolatorily.

Hither and thither drifted the little bride, like a homeless waif, here hustled aside by a hurrying servant, there shrinking from noise of slamming doors or trampling feet. Thus she found herself at length in don Cosme's own private apartment. Some dingy family portraits looked stonily down upon her from the walls. They had seen endless processions of iron-hearted Montemayors come and go, and they had no pity. In one place there was a massive mahogany cabinet full of shelves and secret drawers, wherein reposed the family archives.

Ah, little Chola, if you could only have known of some of the papers which lay within! If you could have grasped their purport! If you could have laid violent but lawful hands upon them and spirited them away to those who could have used them for your salvation! But Chola did not know. She only thought the great cabinet with its ancient carvings ugly and repulsive, like most of the things in her uncle's grand house.

She dropped at length into don Cosme's own chair and idly fingered the objects scattered upon his writing-table.

There was a silver tray, full of quill pens, the ink upon whose nibs was not yet dry, for don Cosme had that morning been closeted with his attorney, making out and signing, as Chola's lawful guardian, mo-

mentous documents. There was the still unextinguished taper with the sealing-wax, and lying pretentiously beside them the great Montemayor seal, a lion couchant upon a halberd, and below the Latin motto "Hodie mihi, cras tibi."

These things Chola took up one by one in the dull, mechanical way in which she was doing everything. The dark cloud upon her spirit deprived her of volition. While she had no real comprehension of her impending doom, she felt a suffocating sense of disaster upon her. A childish voice behind her roused her.

"Señorita, señorita."

Chola slowly turned her head. Little Pepillo, the gardener's grandson, stood in the doorway. He was evidently decked in holiday attire, and was smiling broadly. His arms were full of a confusion of flowers.

"I have been looking everywhere for you, señorita," he repeated. "You are going to be married, is it not so? Abuelito says I may stand by the doorway and see you. See, I too have brought you some flowers. They are from your own garden. I thought you would like them. There are no more *diamelus* now, but the jasmine still blossoms. You love the jasmynes too, señorita?"

A sudden penetrative agitation shook the girl. She snatched the fragrant mass from his arms and buried her face in it. Tears, which even her misfortunes had not drawn from her, started to her eyes and fell in dew among the blossoms.

"My jasmynes, my jasmynes, my jasmynes!" she murmured over and over again.

The force of association, the sight of her humble playfellow, whom she had not met since that happy morning when conscious love had rehabilitated the world for her, produced a sudden mental congelation, a focussing of thought which had been only nebulous before. Ricardo! if she could but reach Ricardo!

"Pepillo, will you do something for me?"

"Anything, señorita."

"Truly? And never tell any one about it?"

"Never, señorita."

Chola wheeled back to the writing-table and seized a sheet of paper. Dipping a pen in the ink, she fell excitedly to writing.

"Ricardo *mío*," she wrote, "why do you not come to me? I have waited for you, but you do not come. My heart is sad. Something is going to happen. Hasten to me, my Ricardo, hasten to your Chola."

This brief script was the first real letter Chola had ever written. The hasty characters were almost undecipherable; the spattering quill made many blots, but every blot was freighted with a pathos of its own. With trembling fingers she deluged it with blotting-sand and then folded the paper.

Some irony of fate induced her to notice the sealing materials at hand. Making seals had been one of her favorite amusements with Richard. A moment more and a pool of wax blazed upon the sheet; then the great Montemayor seal was pressed upon it: "Hodie mihi, cras tibi."

This precious document finished, it was laid in the little fellow's hands.

"Go away up to the Villa, Pepillo," said Chola, "go to the *fonda* and ask for the English gentleman there. Give him this. Give it only to him, not to any one else; give it into his own, own hands. And oh, Pepillo," she added, in a piteous little whisper which was almost a cry, "do not lose a moment, but run, run, run, run!"

CHAPTER XVII.

BARCELÓN had left the hotel circle early and gone alone to his own room. Conversation irritated him. For the first time his sane and cheerful spirit was perturbed and clouded. There was an indescribable depression upon him, an eerie foreshadowing of he knew not what. He closed his shutters to the waning twilight, drew forward his table, and lighted the two candles which stood upon it; then he laid out pens and paper. He had already made up his mind to withhold, for the present, from Richard the disclosures which don Camilo had that afternoon made to him, but it seemed to him advisable to jot it all succinctly down upon paper while it was glowing in his memory. Yet he did not begin to write. He sat with his head upon one hand, absorbed in melancholy revery. The lighted cigar pendent from the other hand smouldered to ashes and went out. Curiously enough, his mind had wandered back to his student days at Barcelona, when he had been bitten with a taste for alchemy and other occult science and had rummaged out from the college library some musty volume, half mysticism, half poetry. A legend there had caught his fancy, and, long forgotten, with whimsical insistence returned upon him now. The story was one of an Eastern magus who, searching for that crux of all philosophers and charlatans alike,—the secret of life,—stumbled at length upon the fugitive and precious elixir, so ethereal that only a magic flask of unspeakable transparency was fitted to contain it. This, departing on a journey, he bequeathed to a disciple with the most mystic of instructions. A crude touch would shatter it, a single heated human breath dissipate the contents. But the disciple, filled with sudden greed, desirous of absorbing to himself alone all this immortal essence, snatched with unholy haste at the phial—and, lo, there was nothing there!

Suddenly Barcelón raised his head and listened. There was a hasty, familiar step in the corridor outside, a clank of spurs. The door was flung open; a man entered. Barcelón leaped to his feet.

"Ricardo?" Then, as he scrutinized his visitor more closely, he added, "Good God, Ricardo, is it you?"

"Yes," answered Richard, with a hoarse, unnatural laugh, "it is I. Are you not glad to see me?" Closing the door, he flung his riding-gloves upon the table and himself into a chair, while the doctor continued to look at him with undisguised amazement and alarm. Indeed, it was difficult to believe that so few days could have made such

ravages; but Richard's was one of those mobile natures in which the physical becomes rapidly the mirror of the mental. His ruddy cheeks were sunken and pallid, except for a single ominous hectic spot burning upon each of them. His eyes were cavernous and emitted a fitful light, a gaze both sombre and excited. His fingers played restlessly with his riding-whip. It was evident that he was at the highest pitch of nervous intensity.

"Benito," he said, still with the same unpleasant, overwrought accents, "do you believe in visions? No, you do not; I have often heard you laugh them to scorn; yet you would not laugh if you had seen such things as I have seen. They would be stamped in blood upon your soul."

Barcelón had been seized with an apprehension for Richard's reason; at the same time something collected, through all his excitement, seemed to proclaim that the young Englishman was still master of himself. The doctor drew up a chair and seated himself, then laid his hand upon Richard's, hoping by his cool touch to control the fiery tumult within.

"Of course I will believe, Ricardo *mío*. Tell me."

"It was in the night: everything happens to me in the night. I have not slept very well, and have been peevish and stupid. Last night I was lying awake, thinking of my darling, when suddenly I saw her. She stood in my very apartment, just as upon the first night I saw her. Her long hair was loose as then. Her face was terrible, —so drawn, so wan, so pale! She stretched out her arms towards me: her great eyes burned into mine with fires of terror and entreaty. I sprang from my bed and searched the room. I ran to the casement. Nothing; nothing but the darkness and the stars and the serenity of the night. Benito, it was such a terrible passion of entreaty! Ah! I know that she is in peril, I know that she needs my help. I must go to her, were it through hell."

He rose, and with long agitated strides began to pace the room.

"It is not for myself that I want her; you know that, Benito. God knows I would give her up in a moment if I could be assured it was for her happiness. Oh, yes; and if I beheld her lying dead before me I could almost rejoice that she was free. It is the fear—the fear that goads me to madness. They have such power to torture that tender spirit. I must see her free—fulfilled. Why, she has not yet begun to live."

The doctor took Richard by the arm, and led him gently back to his seat.

"Have you dined to-day, Ricardo?" he inquired, irrelevantly. Richard waved him impatiently away. Barcelón left the room, returning presently with a servant who bore a tray of food. This was spread upon the hastily cleared table.

"You must eat, Ricardo," declared the doctor, with authority. "Nothing can be done fasting, and you will destroy your own power to act. Come, I will eat with you. Then we will consider what it will be wise and safe to do. I will stand by you, never fear; but we must be rational; we must not conduct ourselves like madmen."

Richard suffered himself to be persuaded, and the two men sat down opposite to each other, making a feint both of eating and of conversing. Presently Richard laid down his knife and fork.

"What is that?" he asked, with a return of his old manner. Outside there was a sound of altercation. A tap came at the door, and the servant re-entered the room.

"I beg a thousand pardons for disturbing you, señores, but there is outside a brat—a lizard of a boy—who swears he will see the English gentleman. I told him he was at the table, that he could not be disturbed— Ah, rascal!" This last ejaculation was addressed to the lizard of a boy, who had himself entered without further ceremony.

Pepillo was weary and travel-stained from his wandering, for the way from San Hilarión to the Villa is a long one for short legs, and in the strange town he had more than once lost his way. Dust had settled into every crease of the once spotless shirt and daubed the dews of sweat upon his heated little visage. He was hatless and breathless; but he made a little bow worthy of a courtier as he laid in Richard's hand Chola's crumpled letter.

"From the señorita," he said, as if delivering the mandate of a princess.

Richard glared for a moment at the seal, and then with trembling fingers tore open the letter.

"There," he cried, casting it into the doctor's lap, "you see! It is true she is in peril—she calls me." He sprang to his feet in a fury of excitement. "My horse!—do not unsaddle my horse; bring him to the door again at once; do you hear?" His voice had grown hoarse and almost inarticulate with agitation. He was gesticulating violently to the gaping man-servant.

"Ricardo," said Barcelón, authoritatively, "you *must* control yourself. I am going with you, but you must keep yourself cool. I will not answer for anything if you do not." Then, turning to the servant, he added, "Ask don Manuel to lend me his gray mule, and have my horse saddled at the same time. Señor don Ricardo's horse is too tired for another gallop. Lose no time."

As the two horsemen clattered out over the pavements of the Villa and down the long San Hilarión road, the ringing of their horses' hoofs kept time to their hurrying thoughts. Only once or twice Richard groaned in a low tone, as if to himself, "If we should be too late!"

It was not very dark. The waning moon had not appeared yet above the mountains, but an immensity of stars, seen only in those clear latitudes, made the whole heavens luminous.

At the little rise which immediately approaches the chapel and gate of San Hilarión, the spot where stand the three rugged Lombardy poplars, Richard drew up violently, and, flinging himself from the saddle, ran hastily forward. It was evident that the chapel was occupied. Light gleamed dimly from the high, dingy slits of windows, and one could catch a dull confusion of voices within, like the remote murmurs of the sea. At the same moment a wicket in the chapel door—the same by which Richard had so often entered Paradise—was thrown open,

casting upon the obscurity without a wide wedge of dazzling light. A man rushed swiftly forth and collided with the Englishman with a force which threatened to throw them both to the ground. In another moment each recovered himself and resumed his way. Barcelón had also hastily dismounted, and was tying the bridles of the two animals—who were indeed too spent with their mad run to think of escaping—to the lower branches of the poplars. As the man, evidently a servant, ran past him, he sprang out and grasped him by the arm.

"What is the matter up yonder? What do those lights mean?"

"Let me go. It is life or death."

"Tell me what is the matter."

"The bride has fallen in a fit at the very altar steps. I am going for a doctor. Let me go."

"I am a doctor. I am Dr. Barcelón, of the Villa. Take me in with you."

At the door Barcelón paused a moment, dazed by the sudden light, amazed at the strange scene before him. The air of the chapel was heavy with incense and the smoke of the consecrated tapers. Knots of startled wedding guests and of frightened servants were clustered here and there. The priest in his sacerdotal garments and the little surpliced acolytes swinging their censers stood paralyzed, arrested in the administration of their offices. Before them all lay the little protagonist, for once and forever absolved from the creeds of a world which had had for her neither charity nor guidance.

In the midst of a carpet of flowers trampled by the feet of the agitated company, but still exhaling a faint, crushed perfume, lay the delicate human blossom, more lacerated even than they, in her departing beauty more frail and pure. Above her, upon the high altar, flared and guttered the great wax lights, shedding a lurid glow over the faces of the circling multitude. Richard, in the whirlwind of his vehemence, had swept them all aside. He alone stooped over the prostrate figure, chafing the lifeless fingers, and, with a thousand passionate and endearing phrases, conjuring Chola to answer him.

But Chola did not answer. From the pallid face every sign of strain, of ineffectual effort, had fled; all was a holy serenity. The closed lids veiled forever those questions to which she had perhaps already found the key. She lay passive in Richard's arms, more weirdly beautiful in death even than in life, a divinely silent statue.

Barcelón advanced hastily among the confused groups. "I am a physician. I am Dr. Barcelón. Permit me," he said.

He knelt beside Chola, pressing his fingers to the nerveless wrist, and laying his ear against the unresponding heart. Then he looked up.

"Has she often had these turns?" he asked of Rosa Montemayor, who happened to be nearest.

"Once before, but she came out of it sooner."

"She will never come out of this," he said, briefly. He went to Richard and lifted him up, exerting in this final hour of anguish that high and controlling psychic force which had been really the groundwork of their intercourse. He was profoundly moved. His low voice

breathed with the solemnity of an organ tone through this grim theatre of tragedy, and fittingly closed the drama :

"My friend, control yourself; compose yourself. We are in the presence of the Most High: God is liberating a human soul. Look upon her. Would you profane so beautiful a euthanasia? Remember your own words of this evening. Behold! she *is* fulfilled. She *is* free. She has begun to live."

THE END.

GOLD-MINING IN NORTH AMERICA.

THE thirst for gold is a disease that enters the blood of man and leads him to his destruction or to wealth, affluence, and happiness. Of all the bubbles that have excited the civilized world in ages past and present, that of the hunt for mythical gold-mines has been the saddest and most tragic. The whole history of the search for gold is a tragedy. It opened at the dawn of civilization, and its tale is but half told. The glittering story is just as alluring and just as deceptive to-day as when unfolded in the first chapter, and those willing to listen to its siren voice number as countless hordes as in the stirring days of the "Forty-Niner," when half a continent lost its head over the reports of the California gold-fields.

The North American continent has had more than its share of the gold affliction. Locked securely within its rock-ribbed bosom untold millions of gold ore have been lying for countless æons, and its discovery by man has been a curse as well as a blessing. Where one has profited by its discovery a thousand have suffered and sacrificed health and happiness in pursuit of it. The world knows no greater tragedy than the story of the search for gold in North America.

The Spaniards under Cortez set the pace when they penetrated the wilds of Mexico to find the fabulous wealth of the Aztecs. This opening chapter of blood and anarchy has been repeated in the rush for new gold-mines ever since, and, with slight variations, the stories are all alike. Climate, environment, and the character of the people give local setting to the pictures, and help to distinguish one from another; but aside from these accidents the great tragedy moves on in one grand sweep, now gaining accelerated momentum in this country, now languishing and halting in another, and suddenly developing new life and activity where it was supposed to be at a stand-still. No tale is sufficiently horrible, and no experience heart-rending enough, to arrest more than temporarily the progress of the mighty movement. The bursting of one bubble to-day makes room for the glittering attractions of another, and so the story goes merrily on, leading new victims to the sacrifice, and adding more spice and tragedy to the history of the human race.

The fever of the California gold days is now breaking out afresh in another part of North America,—in the wild unexplored regions of the Klondyke. Where the mighty Yukon winds its sinuous course around the bases of snow-capped mountains, in a land where hot summers and interminably cold winters crush out the life of almost everything human, the mother lode of the great auriferous rocks which span the North American continent from Central America to Alaska has been laid bare. Here in that far-off, inaccessible land, where the torments of climate and insect pests rival those of any tropical jungle, the new El Dorado is located. The discovery of this immense gold-producing region comes as startling news to the world at large; but to

those who have followed the course of mining operations on this continent it is not a surprise. It was only what many expected, and it was this very expectation which induced so many prospectors to toil and labor in such a land of snow and ice.

Gold-mining and gold-hunting in North America have always been of a twofold character. First have come the placer miners, those in search of the "poor man's mine,"—a mine that takes only a few dollars of capital to work. With his pan and shovel, his pickaxe and scoop, the placer miner wanders over the face of the earth, prospecting for some rich mine that holds its precious product on the surface. Where some mountain stream has coursed down the granite sides of the hills, or washed deep gullies in the valleys, the placer miner looks for signs of gold. The erosion of the rocks by the running water is Nature's method of unlocking the rich mineral from the bowels of the earth, and gradually quantities of the yellow metal are piled up at the bottom of some pool or gulch. Here the wandering placer miner applies his knowledge, and tests the contents of the sand and earth. The miners travel in pairs, and every stream and brook, every ditch and pool of water, must be examined as they journey across the trailless mountainsides. The work is difficult, and the returns generally scanty and inadequate; but the dream of finding a rich placer mine lures the men on and ever onward, until they finally leave their bones to bleach on some lonely trail or at the bottom of some inaccessible ravine.

When the washings show gold enough to warrant the men in establishing a claim, they pitch their tent, and proceed to take out all the gold they can before the news of their discovery spreads. In their eagerness to secure the best-paying claim, they prospect up and down the stream for many miles, comparing the results of their washings at every point. Then they build more permanent works, erect sluices of wood, and turn the water into them to do the washing artificially. The gold-bearing portions of North America have been full of placer miners for years, and no fortunate prospector can hope to keep the secret of a good discovery long to himself. Others have their eyes on him, and at a signal they swarm about the new gold-fields like bees around a hive. Claims are rapidly staked out, tents and shanties are quickly constructed, and in a few days a new mining camp is in full activity. Mining cities have thus sprung into existence in less than two days, and when the placer mining ceased to pay they have been depopulated just as suddenly.

The placer miner thus prospected over the whole of the United States, preceding the regular miners with machinery, who penetrate deep into mother earth after the precious metal. The miners with machinery represent the second system of gold-mining. The placer miner is content only with rich hauls; when the gravel and earth on the surface cease to produce a certain percentage per pan, he abandons the claim and hunts for new treasures. Like the Wandering Jew, he renews then his restless journeyings across the mountains and hills. Gold in large quantities may be taken out of the mine he has abandoned by those who come after with the capital and machinery to work it systematically and scientifically, but the placer miner does not regret

this nor envy those who toil in his abandoned claim. He looks only for gold on the surface, and he is unwilling to pay the price of labor for the treasures buried far below the ground.

The placer miners have been the pioneers in the gold-hunting crusade in North America. They have prospected far and wide, and discovered all the new mines of value. Beginning in California in 1849, they worked the fields in that and neighboring States, and then spread out north and south. Without possessing an exact scientific knowledge of geology, these restless gold-hunters knew a lot of practical facts, which enabled them to precede even the scientists in the field of discovery. They knew, long before science had announced it to the world, that a great mineral reef, more or less rich in gold and silver deposits, ribbed the North American continent from the Isthmus of Panama to Behring Strait. It was the outcropping of this gigantic auriferous belt that made California such an El Dorado in 1849. The placer miners worked feverishly among the hills and mountains of the Pacific coast during the following two decades, picking up fortunes in diggings that penetrated no farther than a few feet below the surface. Then they spread out in all directions, including Colorado, Utah, South Dakota, Idaho, and Nevada, in their hunt for gold.

After the old ground was thoroughly worked over, and the adventurous placer miners felt satisfied that no more money could be realized in gold-mining except through the aid of costly machinery and capital, they separated into two great divisions, and, still following the lead of the great mineral belt, turned their steps in opposite directions. One division worked southward, overrunning New Mexico, Arizona, Southern California, Mexico, and Central America. The other division advanced toward the North Pole, prospecting first in Idaho, Montana, Washington, and Oregon, and finally in Alaska and British Columbia. The advance couriers of this army of placer miners penetrated Alaskan territory ten years ago, and made important discoveries of gold.

As early as in 1863 placer miners were finding gold along the Stickine River in what was then Russian America. The adventurous miners had penetrated to this cold region then in limited numbers; but it was not until 1875 that the expectations of the advance couriers promised anything definite. In that year gold was discovered near Sitka, and shortly afterward some of the Hudson Bay Company's men discovered rich deposits on the Yukon, in the vicinity of Fort Selkirk. Reports from other parts of the interior of Alaska started a general rush for the new gold-fields. In 1879 the celebrated gold-bearing ledges of Taku were discovered, and in 1881 a steamer with prospectors on board ascended the Yukon as far as Nuklukayet, where the men found diggings that averaged ten dollars per day for each man. But even this did not open up the country to the rush of miners, for the outcome of this trip was discouraging to prospectors. While the party admitted the existence of gold, it was reported that it could never be profitably mined, because of the severity of the climate and the lack of food.

But there were brave and adventurous souls who were not to be

turned aside from their grim purpose of finding a fortune in the Alaskan gold-fields. Old California placer miners, who had braved the dangers of a trip overland in the days when no trail marked the great plains, and when the journey was beset by a thousand and one risks, boldly plunged into the new country. They explored the Yukon and Stewart rivers, and found gold in large quantities; they prospected the Big Salmon River in parties of two and three; they brought down gold in tin cans from Shitanda River or Forty-Mile Creek, and established permanent quarters on the Klondyke, Koyukuk, and other rivers. In 1886 the miners on the Big Salmon marketed twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of gold in one spring, and the Yukon placers in 1890 washed out between fifty thousand and seventy-five thousand dollars' worth.

After that the discoveries increased, and the deposits appeared richer. There was a general stampede for the interior. The placer miners were excited at the reports that up-river miners brought down to the coast; but all this time the reading public took little interest in the matter. The practical miners knew they were on the scent of a great discovery, and even men of science predicted that a new El Dorado would shortly be found in Alaska. In 1894 the miners of Forty-Mile and Birch Creek camps on the Upper Yukon washed out four hundred and nine thousand dollars, and in 1895 this output was nearly doubled.

The record for 1896-7 is too well known to repeat. Every reader knows of the grand rush that has been made to the Klondyke. It began in August, 1896, when it was reported that richer placers were found on the Klondyke, or Thronduik, an Indian name meaning water full of fish. It was a favorite fishing-stream for the Indians, and it enters the Yukon River fifteen miles above old Fort Reliance. It is estimated by government experts that the Yukon placers yielded in 1896 about one million five hundred thousand dollars. The reports for the present year are so conflicting that nobody can estimate the probable yield, although it will run up into several millions. For the next year or two the placer miners will gather the surface gold from the Yukon fields with pick and shovel and pan, and then, when this proves no longer profitable, hydraulic mining will be attempted. This will be a difficult and expensive method of digging for the gold on the Yukon; but, should subsequent surveys show that the deposits are rich enough to warrant it, the capital, machinery, and miners will be readily found to undertake the work.

Following the gold discoveries in California in 1847 the product of this precious metal in the United States reached the high-water mark, and for ten years the great Western mines yielded enormous sums in gold. But in time the boom subsided, the great mines became exhausted, expensive processes of obtaining the gold had to be resorted to, and a general decrease in the world's supply of gold was threatened. The old mines were worked with improved machinery; the cyanide process for reducing gold was discovered; and still the mines failed to yield two-thirds of the vast yearly production of the fifties.

Although the gold production of the United States has been much lower than in those early mining days, the output has been steadily

gaining again since 1890. The total product of gold in the United States in 1896 was \$53,088,000, a gain of 12.15 per cent. over that of 1895, and more than 25 per cent. over that of 1894. This increase has been due to the discovery of new mines in Colorado, South Dakota, and Utah, and to the introduction of new machinery and processes of mining. By means of the patented cyanide process of reducing gold, many millions of dollars of gold are annually added to the wealth of the country. Old mines and dumps are being worked over by means of cyanide, and abandoned claims are being prospected again for the purpose of finding traces of gold that were formerly neglected and left untouched. The owners of the patent process are erecting mills on all the old gold-fields of the world, and the great Western mines, instead of being exhausted, are found to contain new and unexpected riches when brought to light by this new process.

In view of the important bearing of this process on the world's supply of gold, especially on the North American continent, a few words of description may be interesting. After the placer miner has finished his work on a claim, he leaves behind him plenty of low-grade ore, which contains so little gold that he concludes it will not pay him to make further washings. It is here that the cyanide process comes in, and performs feats of magic. It takes all the riches out of the rocks and sands, and gathers thousands of dollars from mines abandoned by the placer miners.

Cyanide of potassium is a poisonous chemical, made from the hoofs, horns, and refuse of cattle. Its chief virtue is its wonderful affinity for gold. Two Scotchmen first discovered this peculiarity, and, realizing the fortune that awaited them, had their gold-reducing system patented. When the cyanide of potassium is mixed in a certain way with water and pulverized rock containing gold dust, it will collect all the gold and hold it in solution for the miner to pick up.

There are some twenty cyanide mills in operation in the United States to-day, and they are all kept busy sucking the gold out of low-grade ore. It is estimated that the new process extracts from 90 to 97 per cent. of the gold out of all the rocks that pass through the mills. The broken rock, gravel, and stones that are sent to the cyanide mill appear to contain very little gold, and the old placer miner would despise them as unworthy of serious consideration; but as they pass through the mill they yield thousands of dollars' worth of pure gold. One mill is capable of reducing four hundred tons of gold ore a day, and, allowing only half an ounce of gold to the ton, the work of the mill would represent some two million dollars a year.

The rocks and stones and gravel are carried to the mill, where they are ground and pulverized by means of powerful machinery. When reduced to the proper fineness, the ground rock is carried to enormous tanks, where it is to receive its cyanide bath. The cyanide is introduced into the tank mixed with water. One pound of cyanide is required for each ton of ore, and the operator must know how strong to make his solution. When the water and cyanide rush into the tank, they make a brownish mush; but this mush quickly takes form and produces a miracle. The cyanide melts the gold in the rocks and dust, and in this

liquid form the precious metal becomes a part of the solution. In the course of time the gold has all left the rocks, and is held in solution in the water. It is then only a question of separating this liquid from the crushed rocks to secure the gold. This is performed by running the water through a canvas sieve into another tank, carrying with it all the gold, and leaving behind the worthless rocks and stones.

It is a typical golden stream that now flows away; but to the eyes it contains nothing more precious than the refreshing virtues which we find in all clear, sparkling water. Nevertheless in the tank of water there is probably a thousand dollars of pure gold. Another chemical affinity of metals now comes in to release the gold from its cyanide prison. While held in solution, the gold has even more affinity for zinc than for cyanide, and if a piece of this metal is placed next to it an instant change follows. The gold will leave the cyanide solution and collect around the zinc. To produce a large surface on which the gold can collect, zinc shavings are made, and these are placed in the tanks or vats with the golden liquid. In this way the gold is separated from the water and prepared for general use.

Thus has chemistry come to the aid of the gold-miner, and enriched the world with new supplies of gold never before dreamed of, making even the present output of the Klondyke placers small in comparison.

George Ethelbert Walsh.

WHO ARE THE GREEKS?

IN everything the modern Greek does or says, there is to be detected a glance out of the corner of his eye to see if the rest of the world thinks he is acting as his ancestors would have acted. No nation believes that so much is expected of it as does modern Greece, and no nation could strive harder to fulfil those expectations. The modern Greek believes that the world is constantly comparing him to the ancient Greek and is expecting him to take the same commanding position in modern civilization that his ancestor did in ancient civilization. Everything that brings back the outward symbol of the ancient life is hailed by him as joyfully as if it brought back the spirit of the ancient life. The revival of the Olympic games is more to him than a successful war. Every reconciling of the modern language to ancient usage, every substitution of an ancient word or construction for a modern one, is a matter of more gratification than the appearance of some literary masterpiece in the modern language. He looks forward to a time when once more Greece shall be a light to the nations, an eventuality whose crowning word of praise shall be not that Greece leads in the modern world, but that she resembles and equals her ancient self.

With his intense pride in the past of his nation, with his every thought turned toward it, more grievous than the loss of provinces would be the successful demonstration of the theory that modern Greece is a changeling, a supposititious child, a cuckoo of Servian, Gothic,

Venetian descent, raised in the nest from which all the real Greeks had been thrown. With their national pride gone, forced to acknowledge that they are a foundling nation of unknown parentage, without a name they can justly claim, with no answer to the question, "What kinship have you,—you with your curved nose, your black hair and eyes and swarthy face, your broad, squat figure, your drooping moustaches,—what kinship have you with the towering, blond, red-haired, blue-eyed, straight-nosed, bearded Hellenes?" then may we well expect to see Greece sorrowfully but unresistingly become a province of Russia, or of the equally probable successor of the Turk in the Byzantine dominions, the revived empire of Great Bulgaria, the unified Slavs of Bulgaria, Servia, Montenegro, Bosnia, and Roumelia.

The typical ancient Greek, the Greek depicted in sculpture and described in poetry, was tall and powerful. So peculiar to his race was his nose that the occasional occurrence of the same kind of nose among modern nations is called Grecian. No other nation, ancient or modern, shows this nose except in rare and sporadic instances. From the Greek sculptures we are led to believe that practically all ancient Greeks had this nose. The ancient Greek was a blond. His hair was of tightly clinging reddish curls. His eyes were blue. The modern Greek possesses none of the foregoing physical characteristics save the curly hair, which is dark. Indeed, no Indo-European nation is a more complete contrast to the general conception of the ancient Greek type. Observing these things, it is not strange that a number of German scholars declared that the modern Greek is not a Greek, and that the ancient Greek has passed from the earth, well-nigh as extinct as the dodo. At first thought, the evidence would seem to prove this theory conclusively. Not only does the modern Greek differ in physical characteristics from the type of ancient Greek as generally accepted, but there are historical grounds for believing that there is no kinship between the two. In the eighth century a plague devastated Greece, and Slavs and Albanians emigrated to fill the depopulated regions. This plague is supposed to have caused the disappearance of the Greek population and the substitution of Slavs and Albanians.

Sentiment as well as sound argument has caused the non-Greek theory to fail pretty generally of acceptance. No one likes to believe that the Greek race has passed from the earth, and, believing what they like to believe, scholars have rejected the theory, without any particular attempt to rebut its points. But it would seem easy to overthrow the theory, even where apparently strongest. "The modern Greek is physically dissimilar to the ancient Greek." Is he? Was the so-called typical ancient Greek really typical? In certain respects Greek art was as conventional as is Japanese and Chinese art. May not the straight nose have been a conventionality of art, just as certain other peculiarities of Greek sculptural anatomy are unnatural conventionalities? If the blond Greeks vanished from Greece because of a plague, why do we not find blond Greeks in Southern Italy, the old Magna Græcia, where Greek is spoken in some localities even to-day? Why not in the old Greek colonies of Sicily? Why not in Asia Minor, where a million Greeks live in the old seats of the race? Why not

among the Greeks of Constantinople, who have preserved their purity of race during all the centuries of Turkish rule? We could expect to find a few of the conventional Greek types in the old Phocian colonies of Southern France. But we do not. Everywhere it is the same swarthy, curly-haired race with the Levantine nose.

No Slavs and Albanians have mingled their blood with the people of old Ionia and Magna Græcia. Other races have mingled with the Greeks of Southern France, but the Gothic and Vandalic waves of invasion in Italy were spent before they reached Southern Italy, and the Normans and Saracens, who came in later, were never actual settlers, only invaders. The modern inhabitants of Magna Græcia are practically pure Greek. And they resemble the modern Greeks so closely that we cannot tell whether the fruit-venders of our streets are Calabrians or from the Peloponnesus. The Greeks of Constantinople and Asia Minor are of pure descent, and they are said to show few or no instances of the conventional ancient Greek type. Either the conventional Greeks did not exist, or, what is more probable, they were a numerically small ruling class. At one time in Athens there were but twenty-one thousand citizens and four hundred thousand slaves. These twenty-one thousand were the nation. In Laconia there were thirty-two thousand Spartans and two hundred and twenty thousand helot slaves. The ruling classes may have been of a distinct race from the servile masses of the population. The twelve thousand Mamelukes represented Egypt in Napoleon's time; a few thousand whites are practically the nation in more than one South American country. If the conventional Greek type did exist, it was confined to the very small ruling class, and, in the obliteration of the old orders during Byzantine and Turkish times, became mingled with and lost in the swarthy masses of the general population. It does not to-day exist anywhere that the descendants of ancient Greece are to be found.

The Albanian and Slav immigration must have been small, for it did not appreciably affect the language, which it most certainly would have done had it been so extensive as is sometimes believed. It could not greatly affect the character of the nation, for the Albanians are a branch of the Greek race, and the Slavs, during centuries of residence in Byzantine lands, had absorbed some Greek blood. Taking all the evidence into consideration, it would seem that the modern Greeks can make good their claim to be lineal descendants of the ancient Greeks, speaking practically the same language, reproducing the same mental and physical traits.

Wardon Allan Curtis.

OPPORTUNITY.

IT is a hag whom Life denies his kiss
 As he rides questward in knight-errant wise:
 Only when he hath passed her is it his
 To know too late the Fairy in disguise.

Madison Cawein.

DR. FELIX.

IT was a little past noon, and Dr. Hector Felix turned from the non-descript piece of furniture which served him for a writing-desk, knocked the ashes out of his pipe, stretched his legs, thrust his hands deep into his pockets, and plunged into a brown study which appeared to have the toes of his boots for an objective. Like other hermits, rural or urban, he was becoming a bond-servant to the imp of soliloquy, and his thoughts, flowing in a channel worn smooth by iteration, began presently to set themselves in words.

"Three months gone, and it's all theory and no practice yet. By Jove! at this rate I shall be my own first patient before long, with a complicated case of inanition on my hands. I believe I'd be tempted to throw Jerrald out of the window if I had him here; he'd deserve it for advising me to open up in this thrice-accursed town, where everybody's too busy to get sick. And then I ought to be thrown out after him for taking his advice. Why in the name of common sense didn't I go to Cuba when I had the chance? They do have an occasional epidemic down there."

He got up and tramped the floor moodily, stopping at every other turn to look down into the busy street commanded by the front windows. Unapolis was a thriving, bustling, strenuous, pushing Western city, —the first in the State, as its name boasted; a city whose infancy as a village, and whose youth as a town, had been outlived in the shortest possible time. To the outward eye it had seemed a very Mecca for all and sundry aspiring pilgrims when Felix, fresh from a post-graduate course in an Eastern medical school, had rented the office in the Marston Block and hung his modest sign at the foot of the stairway. And, by the same token, Unapolis appeared to be nothing lacking in business enterprise on better acquaintance; only there were no patients, and the office rent was due, and the small sum of money brought over from the last year in college was growing tragically inadequate. Glooming down at the crowds on the sidewalk, Felix began to rail again.

"There's a sample of what I have to contend with. In all that caravan of people there isn't a single invalid, present or prospective,—not a blessed one. Why should there be? Invalids don't get in the van of the rush to these new cities: it's the fool doctors who do that —Hello, who is this?"

A carriage had drawn up before the Marston Block, and a young woman was gathering her skirts preparatory to descending therefrom. Once on the sidewalk, she shook them out again and glanced up at the tin sign which had so far failed of its suasive purposes. In the momentary backward toss of her head, Felix caught a glimpse of a piquant face sensitized by a suggestion of anxiety; but before he could analyze his impression he heard her step on the stairs, and he had barely time to sweep pipe and tobacco-bag into a drawer and to throw himself into a preoccupied attitude at the desk when the door opened to admit her.

"Dr. Felix?" she asked, tripping across the room in a little flutter of excitement.

Felix rose, bowed, and placed a chair for her with the profound gravity of youthful professionalism.

"I'm so glad I found you in: I saw your card in the *Times*,—eight to twelve, you know,—and I was afraid you'd be gone. Tommie doesn't seem well this morning, and I thought I'd come down and tell you about it."

For a moment Felix had an unspeakable fear that, after all, it was only a case of mistaken identity, but he ignored the unnerving suggestion, and asked, "Can you describe the symptoms?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, perfectly. He seems weak and listless, and he isn't hungry; then he's very cross, and that's unusual for him,—he's so good-natured when he's well."

Felix tried to look wisely inscrutable, caught himself in the act, and plunged into details in sheer self-defence. "How long has he been ailing?" he asked.

"Only this morning."

"And how old is he?"

"Let me see: he'll be three next September."

"Does he seem feverish?"

"N—no; that is, I couldn't tell if he was, could I?"

"Yes, I should think you might. I suppose you didn't take the pulse?"

She smiled bewitchingly, and Felix rejoiced in her beauty and wondered at her unanxiety in the same breath.

"I really never thought to try," she confessed, with charming *naïveté*; "I shouldn't have the smallest idea where to look for it. *Must* you know about it?"

"Oh, no," replied Felix, assuming an air of indifference which was no index to his convictions in the matter. "I can prescribe for him on your description of the case, if you think it isn't necessary for me to see him." Felix was a young man, and he had as yet parted with none of the graduate's assurance that medicine is an exact science, demonstrable by simple theoretical equations.

The young woman blushed a little at the mention of a professional visit, and hastened to say, "Oh, I don't think you need call; you'd laugh at me for my foolishness,—mamma says it's foolishness; but I'd feel ever so much better if you'd prescribe for him."

Thus adjured, Felix turned to the desk and wrote a prescription. "Give him that as directed," he said, folding the slip of paper and handing it to her; "and since I'm not to see the patient, I should be glad if you would call in to-morrow and let me know how he is getting along."

She promised, and rose to go, turning at the door to hold up the folded slip of paper. "Is it awfully bad to take?" she asked.

"No, not so very."

"I'm glad of that. I'm almost sure he's never taken any medicine, and I suppose we'll have a dreadful time with him."

It was considerably past the Unapolitan dinner-hour when Felix made his appearance at his boarding-house, but the elation consequent

upon the arrival of his first patient made him quite oblivious to the depressing influence of cold steak and coffee and watery boiled potatoes. On the whole, he was rather glad that he had the dismal table to himself; it gave him an opportunity to go calmly over the details of the interview uninterrupted by the inconsequent talk of his fellow-boarders. Who was the fair incognita? In the flush of first successes a man cannot be expected to think of everything, and it had not occurred to Felix to make an entry in his case-book until after his visitor had driven away. Beginning with the facts apparent, he set them down in their order. She was young; she was pretty—he had almost said beautiful, but the word suggested incongruous classical models, and he rejected it; the carriage—it was a private one—vouched for her station in life; and her breezy and slightly unconventional manner certified her of the West, Western. And the small patient? Who was Tommie, and what relation did he bear to this charming young woman who confessed that she could not find his pulse? She could not be his mother; the mere idea was repugnant to Felix, and he scouted it at once. His sister, then? Hardly, for in that case it would have been the mother and not the daughter who would have taken the alarm. It was rather puzzling when one came to think of it, but the perplexities were so far outweighed by the satisfaction derived from the unquestionable fact that his practice had actually begun, that Felix was content to wait until the enigmatical part of the affair should unravel itself.

Promptly at noon the following day the young woman called at the doctor's office to report progress.

"Your prescription worked just like a charm, doctor," she said, enthusiastically. "We only had to give it to him twice, and this morning he seems as well as ever."

Felix bowed gravely, thinking less and less of the invisible patient and more and more of the personality of his visitor.

"But you don't know what an awful time we had making him take it," she went on. "He fought and scratched like a little demon! Just see here." She pulled down her glove and showed him a minute scratch on the back of her hand.

Felix looked, and his surprise at the impishness of the child was immediately swallowed up in stealthy admiration of the dainty hand held out for his inspection.

"I shan't have to give him any more of it, shall I?" she asked.

"No, not if he seems to be all right again. But you should be careful of his diet for a few days. I suppose he has been eating everything that you do?"

"Well, no, not exactly that," she replied, hesitating, "though, of course, he comes to the table and we've been giving him bits of anything he would eat."

"I supposed so. For the present, however, it will be better to feed him upon milk, and you may try some of the prepared foods, if you choose. They're all good."

She raised her eyebrows,—Felix remarked that they were beautifully defined and very delicately pencilled: "Do you think he will take them?"

"Oh, yes, I think so. You can put them in the milk, you know; and if you find that he particularly objects to one kind, you might try another."

"Thank you so much, doctor." She was slipping the rings on her purse, and presently rose to place a five-dollar gold piece on the desk. "Will that cover your fee?"

Felix smiled, and mentally added the word "rich" to his catalogue of descriptive terms, prefixing it with the derogative "new." Then he was conscious of a twinge of shame at the thought that he had harbored the cynical suggestion, and hastened to make amends.

"I couldn't think of taking so much," he protested, quickly. "It was only a single office consultation, and the regular fee is one dollar."

He half expected that she would urge him, and was agreeably disappointed when she did not.

"I measured it by my gratitude," she said, simply. "If you won't let me show it in that way, I shall get even with you by telling every one I know how successful you were."

"That would really be a great kindness," he said, with unpremeditated frankness. "I am almost an entire stranger in Unapolis, and——"

"And doctors can't advertise," she added, mischievously. "Papa says it's perfectly ridiculous. He made his money in real estate, you know, and he *had* to advertise. I shall let you know if Tommie gets bad again. Good-morning."

When she was gone Felix suddenly remembered that he had been so infatuated as to forget to ask her name, and the omission annoyed him for two whole days; that is to say, until another carriage stopped at his stairway, and another lady, dressed in the stiffest of silks and in the extreme—the Unapolis extreme—of fashion, swept into his bare office.

"Miss Raymer told me about you," she began, abruptly, "and I want you to prescribe for my Grantie. I'm Mrs. Hugh Petherwell," handing Felix a visiting-card.

Then followed a description of a case which was not unlike the former, save that the patient was six years old instead of three, and of a delicate constitution. Felix prescribed, bowed the rustling silks out, and had nearly shut the door in the face of a man who was trying to enter.

"It's all right, doctor; don't apologize," said the new-comer, taking a chair so recently occupied by the lady of fashion. "I see you're doctoring the Petherwells, and I thought I'd run up and give you a chance at me." Whereupon he proceeded to give a circumstantial history of his ailment, which, as this narrative does not purport to be a physician's case-book, shall be omitted here.

Let it be sufficient to say that the case was remunerative, and that its treatment was so far within the capabilities of the young practitioner as to bring an immediate reward in the coin of success, and a more substantial return later on in the shape of other patients recommended to Dr. Felix by the grateful convalescent.

In the mean time, Mrs. Petherwell found it necessary to call daily

for a week, and, as the Petherwells and their doings were of no little moment in Unapolis, Felix soon found that the spectacle of Mrs. Petherwell's carriage making daily stoppages in front of his office was a recommendatory plant which sprouted, grew to maturity, and bore fruit with a celerity that put to shame the modern miracles of a Hindoo juggler. Within a fortnight he was obliged to rent the adjoining office for a consulting-room, and to indulge in the luxury of an office-boy. With these came more prosperity, new furniture, a horse and buggy, and a removal from the comfortless boarding-house to the good cheer of a modest club where dinner was served at dinner-time.

Unapolis never did anything by halves. Almost from the beginning, society opened its doors to the rising young physician, and it would have opened them wider had Felix been less devoted to his profession and so more available in a gregarious sense. He used his social passports sparingly, and when he did present them it was in the hope that he should somewhere meet Miss Raymer, but in this particular fortune was perverse. Though she was at no time much out of his thoughts, he had had speech with her but twice since the turning of the tide,—once when she had brought a friend to consult him professionally, and again when she had taken him in the carriage to see a pensioner of her father's. The acquaintance ripened very distinctly on this latter occasion, and for a month thereafter Felix wrote fewer notes of regret; though it may be said that his complaisance went unrewarded so far as its principal object was concerned.

Indeed, fate, or whatever answers for that mythical personage in the prosaic affairs of nineteenth-century folk, seemed bent upon thwarting him in this; and he had begun to despair of ever getting upon a conventional social footing with the Raymers, when Miss Margery suddenly brushed the difficulties aside by calling and inviting him to dine with them. This proceeding on the part of the young lady was certainly rather the reverse of conventional, but Unapolis was not Boston, and, besides, Miss Margery had her own reasons for giving the invitation in person. Dr. Felix and his professional successes had been the subject of a conversation that morning between mother and daughter, and Margery had said, "Don't you know, mamma, I believe it began with his prescription for Tommie? He looked awfully discouraged that first morning when I called, and I could see all along that he was trying to take it as a matter of course, when it wasn't at all a matter of course."

Mrs. Raymer smiled inscrutably. "I should say it wasn't, in Tommie's case. Didn't he laugh at you?"

"No, indeed. He was as sober as a deacon. You would have thought he was prescribing for the Great Mogul."

A little spasm of dismay crossed the face of the elder lady, and she looked reproachfully at her daughter.

"Margery, dear, do you mean to say that you didn't——"

Margery blushed and hung her head. "No, mamma, I didn't. I supposed of course he would know; but now I'm almost sure he never suspected. And oh, dear, that isn't the worst of it: I've told Miss Brayton, and Aunt Fellmar, and Mrs. Petherwell, and I don't

know how many others, meaning to help him, you know. I'm sure Mrs. Petherwell went to him about Grantie, because she spoke of it afterward, and said what a pity it was— Mamma, I shall certainly have a fit if you don't tell me quick what to do!"

Mrs. Raymer smiled at her daughter's vehemence. "I think we'd better begin to make friends with the enemy; don't you? Suppose you drive down-town and ask him up to dinner; then we can see what's to be done afterward."

Felix went, as a matter of course, and enjoyed himself acutely. Raymer the father was a preoccupied man of business, but happily lacking the Unapolitan faculty of giving the strenuous demon of the Exchange a seat at his own table; Mrs. Raymer was gracious and palpably hospitable; and Margery was—to Felix she was simply herself, and that was quite sufficient. Only once during the evening did anything happen to remind Felix of the small mystery which hung about his first case. It was when he asked after his sometime patient. Mrs. Raymer bent lower over her embroidery-frame, and Margery was visibly moved.

"Oh, Tommie, you mean?" she said, catching her breath. "Why, he's—he's gone to bed long ago."

Felix was too happy to be curious, and thereafter he was careful to avoid a subject which appeared to be embarrassing—not to say painful—to at least one of his entertainers. "Some charity child, I suppose," he said to himself, "and Miss Raymer's had time to recover from the fad and doesn't like to be reminded of it."

It is altogether probable that, with the ample leisure of those first three months at his disposal, Felix would have been drawn into further abstractions concerning Tommie and his identity when the events of that first evening at the Raymers' came up for classification and retrospective enjoyment; but, as matters went, there was little time for purely speculative divagations. On the contrary, the ban-dog of prosperity pursued him so relentlessly that he was finally obliged to change his evening office hours, to the end that he might not be compelled to lessen the frequency of his visits to the house in Una Circle. In a fortnight after his introduction to the family the housemaid knew his ring; in three weeks the watch-dog saw the inevitable conclusion portending and began to abate his canine cursings, wagging amity when he heard Felix's step on the gravel; in a month it was Margery herself who came to the door, and Mrs. Raymer no longer found it necessary to spend her evenings in the drawing-room. That Felix did not presently put his fate to the touch was due to a strain of chivalric sentiment which was slightly anachronistic in Unapolis. The Raymers were rich, while he was but a struggling young physician, struggling to some purpose, to be sure, but with the major portion of the battleground yet to be fought over. He would wait awhile, he said, until he could go to Mr. Raymer with arguments not based entirely upon the potentialities.

So ran the prudent intention; but the placid river, holding its course steadily in time-worn channels, recks not of the landslide which shall shortly transform it into an irresponsible torrent. Felix's landslide

came to him one morning in the person of an elderly spinster who announced herself as Miss Melinda Brayton. She was followed by a coachman carrying a basket, which he deposited carefully on the doctor's table.

"You're Dr. Felix, I suppose?" said the lady, interrogatively.

Felix assented.

"I've come to see if you can do anything for Napoleon," she continued. "He's real sick, and I've been told you make a specialty of such things."

"Tell me about him," said Felix, wondering who Napoleon was and what relation he bore to this hard-featured lady.

"I brought him down, so you could see for yourself," she said, brusquely, rising and uncovering the basket.

Felix looked, and saw a small pug curled up on a dainty bed of cotton in the bottom of the basket. He thought it was a joke, but a glance at his visitor's face assured him that she, at least, was not a party to it. Then he began to be annoyed.

"There is some mistake, Miss Brayton," he said: "you have certainly been misinformed. I am not a dog-doctor."

"Oh, you're not?" the latent acidity in Miss Brayton's nature found its way quickly to her tongue: "you're getting above it, I suppose. Perhaps you'll tell me next that you never have doctored dogs and cats."

Felix rose and steadied himself by the back of his chair. "Miss Brayton, will you be good enough to tell me who sent you to me?" he asked, with a look in his eyes that cowed her a little.

"Of course I will. Margery Raymer told me about it first; she said you cured her cat. And since that, I've heard that you treated Mrs. Petherwell's dog."

"Miss Raymer!—" The indignity choked him. "Excuse me," he said, after a moment: "it's all a wretched mistake. I'm very sorry I can't serve you, but you must see that it would be quite impossible."

When Miss Brayton had departed, Felix had a bad quarter of an hour. His first impulse was to rush off to Margery with a heartfelt of demands and recriminations; the second was to leave Unapolis at once and forever. Between the two he wore out a most harassing day, and it was unfashionably early in the evening when he rang the bell of the house in Una Circle. Margery admitted him, and when she saw his face she clung to the portière and said to herself that the murder was out at last. He turned upon her before they had taken three steps into the deserted drawing-room.

"Miss Raymer, will you be kind enough to tell me why you chose me for the victim of a practical joke?" he demanded.

There was an awkward little pause, and then the house-cat came in and began to rub itself against Felix's legs.

"Oh, Tommie—*scat!*" cried Margery, in sudden consternation. "Indeed, Dr. Felix, I didn't—I didn't, and I can never make you understand how sorry I've been. I—"

Felix had walked all the way from the club in an atmosphere of

wrath, and he meant to be very severe and dignified ; but anger, even when crystallized in the vacuum-pan of wounded vanity, is still soluble in tears, and there were tears in Margery's eyes.

"Forgive me, Miss Raymer,—Margery ; it's only because I love you that I care ; and then I thought—I believed it was intentional. Can you forgive me?"

Since it is manifestly impossible for one to talk audibly through the lapel of another person's coat, Margery's answer may only be inferred. That it was fully adequate to the exigencies of the crisis may also be inferred from the fact that Felix was presently able to treat the affair with a fine assumption of levity.

"If I hadn't been so completely infatuated that morning I might have guessed," he said.

"And then you would have sent me packing, just as you did poor Miss Brayton, wouldn't you?"

Felix reflected for a moment. "I'm not so sure about that. You see, I was very poor just then ; and, besides, you're not Miss Brayton."

While he was speaking, the cat came in again and sat with his tail curled around his toes at a respectful distance from the sofa.

"Come here, Tommie ; come," said Felix, enticingly ; but Tommie had been rebuffed, and he stood aloof.

"Come, Tommie, come," echoed Margery ; "come here and get acquainted with Dr. Fe—— Oh, Hector!"—with a little gasp of dismay—"what *shall* we do if people find out and—and make a wretched pun on your name?"

Felix the physician smiled rather grimly at this, but Felix the lover was proof against the stings of such gnat-like infelicities.

"I can forgive them if they do, having so great a reward ; but it'll be harder for you. Fancy Mrs. Petherwell telling some one in a stage whisper, 'Who, that?—oh, that's Mrs. Felix, the wife of the cat——'"

Margery put her hand over his mouth. "Don't!" she said, tragically ; "it's too horrible to think of ! We mustn't let wild horses ever drag the truth out of us."

Whereupon they pledged each other to secrecy in the form and after the manner in such cases made and provided ; but Miss Melinda Brayton was no party to the compact.

Francis Lynde.

DEAD SOULS.

LIKE empty palaces where kings have been,
Like great cathedrals where no music sounds,
Like mountain heights all icy in their sheen,
Like ruined cities where the owl abounds,
Like cindered suns, once making bloom, now dead,
Is heart of man when tropic Love has fled.

Calvin Dill Wilson.

EGYPTIAN QUEENS.

FROM the darkness which envelops the centuries modern research has brought to light much that was unknown and forgotten. With almost the creative touch, it has made the dry bones to live again, and, link by link, drawn out the long chain of the years. What was once but a roll of names has grown to be a record of the words and deeds of men of like passions with ourselves. The by-gone faces look forth by the side of modern man and claim the universal brotherhood.

Egyptian queens! What a picture the name calls up of old-time splendors,—of the light of Eastern skies, of the soft breath of eternal summer, of the great Nile as a beneficent deity, of monuments and palaces, gardens and waving palm-trees, of houses with gorgeous coloring, of princes and slaves, all mingled on the tapestry of time!

Few countries claim such antiquity: of none do the estimated dates differ more widely. An accumulation of difficulties meets the student as it does the explorer. A period of years almost beyond computation; a language at first undecipherable, and even now but imperfectly read; translations proved later to be incorrect; hasty guesses of scholars anxious to establish some favorite theory; broken monuments, rifled tombs, inscriptions erased and altered: among all these difficulties lies the way, but with patience and care, and with imagination for a servant, not a master, one arrives, as the French say (at least in a measure), at last.

The partial list of queens extends from the Third or Fourth Dynasty to the Roman period, and, beginning with Mertitefs, ends with Cleopatra. Two of these figures at least stand out with wonderful clearness, those of the great Hatasu of the Eighteenth Dynasty and this same Cleopatra; and while of many others we know much less, we in some cases possess their very jewels and adornments, and even their mummies.

Woman in Egypt, unlike other Eastern countries, stood side by side with man, his equal and companion in life's occupations and pleasures. As early as the Second Dynasty a law was passed admitting females to sovereignty, and thereafter, as guardian, regent, or absolute monarch, a queen from time to time takes her place, while on the monuments she is always treated as an official personage. She was frequently a priestess, and considered it an honor to be called "the concubine of a god."

Her palace was usually of brick, as the temples were of stone, adorned with gorgeously painted walls, and furnished with carpets, rugs of skin, and ivory and ebony chairs and couches. She was attended by slaves, and some favored maid or official bore beside her a fan of ostrich plumes. Till the end of the Eighteenth Dynasty there was little change in female attire; a fine linen garment, through which the limbs could be plainly seen, extended from below the breast to the

ankle, sometimes supported by straps over the shoulder, and sometimes so narrow as not to require even this.

Colored robes were used less frequently. To the men in those days was left, as to the male bird, the gayer plumage. The woman contented herself with the use of oils and cosmetics, blackening her brows and eyes, leaving her hair flowing, bound with a fillet, with braided locks, or with a wig, and encircling neck, arms, and limbs with innumerable chains and bracelets. The queen wore a royal head-dress, with the asp over her forehead and the vulture (both dedicated to a god) above. A poetic fancy has thus painted her :

Her face—I guess at line and color ;
 Slow almond eyes with sidelong glance,
 And full calm lips with curving corners
 Just touched with sleepy scorn perchance,
 And straight, low brows, close bound for beauty
 With beaten gold and burning gem,
 And the small asp upreared for striking
 Afright that quaint old diadem.

To her royal spouse, frequently, in the strange Oriental fashion, her brother, the queen is spoken of as she "who fills the palace with love," or "thy sister who is in thine heart, who sits near thee at the feast."

She wore in later periods the double crown of Egypt, and presided beside the king at feasts, where men and women with unveiled faces (veiling being an introduction of the Persians) enjoyed themselves together. They decorated one another with flowers, which already adorned in profusion the drinking-vessels, listening to music and watching the dancing of female slaves. Monkeys were sometimes trained to act as torch-bearers, sitting in solemn rows near the board, and we can imagine the confusion occasionally engendered when one or another of them, bursting, so to speak, the bonds of conventionality, reverted to his naturally mischievous impulses and cast his flaming torch into the midst of the festivities. Lions, leopards, monkeys, dogs, and the specially sacred cats were all numbered among the pets.

The first records of a queen refer to Mertitefs, wife of King Seneru, last of the Third Dynasty. Other, less honorable suggestions also cling to her, but we prefer to give the pleasantest story found.

In a limestone group in the Leyden Museum, the oldest known portrait-statues in the world, sit the queen, the mysterious Ka, which perhaps may be briefly described as the embodied spirit, and her secretary, a priest named Kenun. The queen and her Ka sit side by side, with buff flesh tints and black hair just alike. Possibly this secretary may have been one of the royal tutors. The daughters of the king were educated by the most learned men in the land, usually priests, and, when successors to the throne, were also initiated into some of the sacred mysteries. The offspring of the late king were always spoken of as the children of the god.

Mertitefs seems to have possessed the usual charm of widows, for she again married Khufu, or Cheops, the builder of the great pyramid, and the first king of the Fourth Dynasty. She was evidently a lady

of great vigor, capacity, and attraction, for two reigns did not exhaust her powers, and under the succeeding king, Kafra, builder of the second pyramid of Gizeh, she still in a measure held sway.

Her name signifies "beloved of her father;" but she was evidently beloved of Fortune also, for her sun sinks in splendor as the "Administrator of the Great Hall of the Palace," "Mistress of the Royal Wardrobe," and "Superintendent of the Chamber of Wigs and Head-Dresses," three important offices. Yet are women of forty on the Nile said to be as old as those of sixty in Europe. Not this lady, surely, else were her brilliant career briefly run.

In the Sixth Dynasty we have mention of a Queen Ra-meri-anckhens, wife of Pepi I.; also of the scandals and troubles that crept in among these great ones, in the secret trial, before a favorite official of the king's, of Queen Entese, wife of Pepi I. or II. The record is by the said official, but we do not know the end of the tragedy, if such it was.

At the close of this dynasty we have the somewhat famed and fabulous Nitocris, Neitaker, or Nitaquert. Her cartouch stands beside her husband's at the date 3066 B.C. in the long list given by Mariette; and on the death of the king, as was the custom, she succeeded and reigned in her own right. One authority calls her "Minerva Victrix:" she is spoken of as "rosy-cheeked," with flaxen hair and fair complexion, the most beautiful and spirited woman of her time, but, with such attributes, scarcely of pure Egyptian birth. To her clings what one may call the Cinderella legend, how the king or prince found on the shore of the Nile a tiny sandal and made the maiden whom it fitted his royal consort. The Egyptians, to use modern slang, were extremely fond of "sitting upon" people. Tables and chairs were upheld by the forms of carven captives, and even the royal lady's dainty foot may have pressed the painted image of a slave. To her was attributed the building or improvement of the third pyramid, in which she is said to have been buried. Having invited the murderers of her brother to a feast in a chamber under the level of the ground, she caused the waters of the Nile to be let in upon them, and, fearing in turn their avengers, smothered herself with ashes. But, as this was a Persian method of self-destruction, perhaps the story belongs to that period.

Under the old empire the queen was called "she who sees the gods Horus and Set" (that is, possessor of both halves of the kingdom), "the most pleasant, the highly praised, the friend of Horus, the beloved of him who wears the two diadems." Under the new, she was entitled "the consort of the gods, the mother of the god, the great consort of the king."

In the hieroglyphic system we are told that after such words as "wife," "queen," "daughter," "maiden," and the like, we find the figure of a seated woman, the said emblem contenting herself with a modest stool.

Sometimes we come across a name with some little incident attached, and then the royal figure returns into the shades: as, for example, Queen Shesh, mother of the ancient King Tet'e of the Sixth Dynasty,

who made a pomade of the hoof of a donkey boiled with dog's foot and dates. It is to be noted that the usual ingredient was the tooth instead of the hoof, but the royal lady struck out boldly and thus altered the prescription; and who knows the saving virtues or beautifying qualities of this pomade, which perhaps entitled her majesty to the honors of a Lydia Pinkham, a blessing to all her sex? Again we read later of Queen Ese, wife of King Horenheb, last of the Eighteenth Dynasty, and a pleasing, smiling head of a queen at Gizeh is thought to be the consort of this king, and perhaps this very lady. The less conventional art of those early days gives frequently the truer and more trustworthy likeness.

The last ruler of the Twelfth Dynasty is again a queen, Sebenfru or Sebenefrura. To this period one authority assigns the date 2466 B.C. She reigned jointly with her husband Amenem-hat IV., and after him. Among other fragments from this period are the mutilated statue of the princess Nefert or Nofret, the former being a name that frequently occurs, and daughter of Usertesen I. or II., and an alabaster sacrificial table with the name of the princess Ptah-Nefern.

During the invasion of the Hyksos, those strange shepherd kings, no queen's name occurs; and again we bridge the chasm of the centuries to the Eighteenth Dynasty. This began with the first native ruler for five hundred years, and the mother and queen of Amasis were regarded as especially sacred, the founders of a race. The mummy of the former, Queen Aahotep, contained a wonderful collection of fine jewelry, chains, bracelets, little golden vessels, and a long list of other adornments.

Queen Nefertari, her daughter-in-law, was an Ethiopian, but is represented on the monuments with Caucasian features, though with a black skin. Her mummy-case, of colossal size, is the largest ever discovered. She holds the royal "ankh" in each hand, wears helmet and plumes, and the face, hands, and necklace of the case are painted blue. The mummy of Rameses III. is said to have been discovered in her coffin.

Some generations later Thosmes or Tutmes I. associated with him his daughter Hatasu, who may be called the Queen Elizabeth or the Catherine II. of Egyptian history, the greatest female ruler the country has ever known. No ideal womanly soul was this, but the masculine grasp, the masculine intellect, were hers. Yet there is one womanly, smiling face of a statue of hers, with full, well-formed lips and a dimpled chin, which is very attractive. Her cognomens are numerous and bewildering,—Hatasu, Hatshepu, Chenemtamun, Nent-Amen, and what is called "the throne name," Ramaka. She governed right royally, built temples and obelisks, and sent out exploring and commercial expeditions. The temple of Deir-el-Bahari illustrates her exploits, and gives the comical figures of the King and Queen of Punt (Arabia Felix), to which Hatasu sent her fleets. The obelisk she erected in memory of her father was especially fine; one author says, "every figure seems rather to have been impressed with a seal than graven with a chisel." She wore male attire, put on robes and ornaments belonging to kings only, and is often described as a king. She

styles herself, with a modesty that especially characterizes Egyptian monarchs, "the king Horus, abounding in divine gifts, the mistress of diadems, and" (an attribute not usually claimed by the female sex) "rich in years; the golden Horus, goddess of diadems, Queen of Upper and Lower Egypt, daughter of the sun, consort of Ammon, living forever, and daughter of Ammon, dwelling in his breast."

She was a daughter of Thosmes I., and a royal wife. Thosmes II., her brother and husband, was the son of Maut-Nefer, a lady of inferior rank, and Thosmes III. was the son of a royal mother but not a royal wife. She reigned with her father, with and after her brother and husband, and for some years during the reign of his successor. Both seventeen and twenty-two years are given for this period. The family relations were strangely mixed. Hatasu married her brother Thosmes II., and subsequently married her daughter to the other brother, Thosmes III. Perhaps it was the usual objection to mothers-in-law which induced this latter, in many cases, to erase the name and inscription of his great predecessor; or it may have been (for suspicion has not spared her) the injustice she did her husband in her attachment to her chief architect, Senmut, whose statue is in the Berlin Museum. But as she erased the inscription of Thosmes II., to the grief and bewilderment of the latter-day explorers, and as it was the frequent custom of the self-glorifying Egyptian monarchs, it perhaps needs no explanation.

Beside the temple, obelisk, and statues, there remain smaller memorials of her in the shape of her standard, her arm-chair, and various fragments of boxes, etc., with her cartouch. In the latter part of the reign female attire underwent some change. A cloak was adopted, and the upper part of the body was partially clothed.

Amenhotep III., the Memnon of the Greeks, was brought up under the guardianship of his Ethiopian mother, Maut-Amua, and married, with other wives (daughters of kings), a foreign princess named Ti or Thi, whose coming to Egypt with over three hundred female attendants is pictured for us on the monuments. She was fair-haired and blue-eyed, and the people disliked the foreign queen and her son, who perhaps resembled his Ethiopian grandmother, with his protruding chin and thick lips. To Queen Thi's influence over him is perhaps due his attempt to revolutionize the religion of the country and introduce the worship of the sun alone. He changed his name from Amenhotep IV. to Khu-en-aten, "reflection of the sun's disk," and, owing to the revolt of the priests, retired from Thebes with his mother and seven daughters and built a city between that place and Memphis. A stela shows him and his family adoring the sun. Another picture of this ugly monarch and his family represents him in an arbor with his wife Nefertity and two daughters, who are bringing him wine and flowers. This queen's jewels were, at a comparatively late date, found at Luxor.

Another Thi, or Thuaa, of royal Egyptian blood, was the wife of Seti I., of the Nineteenth Dynasty.

Rameses II., the son of this pair, had several wives and innumerable (some say over a hundred) children. Of these wives, one was

named Ese, and one (said to be his own daughter) Bent-Anit. Other authorities give their names as Nofreari, Ma-at-iri-neferu-Ra (or contemplating the beauties of Ra), or as Nefret-Ese-Merem, and Eset-Nefert, and Ra-Mamer-Nofra, the daughter of a Cheta (Hittite) king (a sort of Syrian), and one, a Jewish princess.

Rameses III. of the Twentieth Dynasty is represented enjoying himself, attended by sylph-like figures (some say his daughters). One plays draughts with him, another holds a lotos blossom to his nose (a favorite attention in Egypt), others offer him wine and refreshments. The costumes approach those of the garden of Eden,—a necklace and light sandals. We are reminded of the description of a Japanese family. "The summer costume of a middle-class Japanese consists of a queue, a breech-cloth, and a pair of sandals; that of his son and heir the same, minus the queue, the cloth, and the sandals; while that of his spouse is a little, and only a little, more elaborate." It is impossible, naïvely and gravely remarks one critic, rather from the point of the nineteenth century than of the Nineteenth Dynasty, that respectable families should thus conduct themselves; therefore the garments must have evaporated in the course of years. But it was so near the garden of Eden, the climate was so warm, and the little creatures seem so at ease in their airy nothings, that it almost appears as if "beauty unadorned" was then regarded as adorned the most.

But the "good times" were by no means uninterrupted. A conspiracy arose in the harem, headed by the lady Tey, possibly the king's mother or stepmother, and so nearly were his immediate relatives concerned that, being apparently not of a vindictive nature, he found it difficult to proceed. One of the ladies wrote to her brother, commanding the army in Ethiopia, and ordered him to fight against the king. The revolt was not successful, but embittered many hearts. The date of Rameses III. is given as 1200 B.C.

No great figure like that of Hatasu rose later in Egyptian history; and we have brief mention only of various queens of succeeding dynasties.

The daughter of one of the Rameside kings married the son of a usurper, thus strengthening his throne, but her royal birth is acknowledged by her name taking precedence of his on the monuments. A subsequent Rameses married a princess of Mesopotamia whom he had seen and fallen in love with on a hunting expedition. Later came the relatives of the queen begging for the sacred ark for the cure of her sister, who was dangerously ill, and such was the influence of her majesty that the request was granted and a miracle of recovery worked thereby. A dilapidated but finely executed statue, inlaid with glass, of Netem-Mu't, mother of King Hervor of the Twentieth Dynasty, exists, and her head is on a female sphinx. She and her daughter Ra-ma-ka died on the same day, and the extensive mummy-case of the latter queen contained the mummy of Queen Arapu, Twentieth Dynasty, while the inner case of Queen Ast-em-kheb enclosed the mummy of Queen Nesi-Khunsu.

The daughter of the last Pharaoh of the Twenty-First Dynasty is said to have married King Solomon, and her father bestowed upon her

several cities. Queen Hest-em-Sekhet belongs also to the Twenty-First Dynasty; her wig and votive vases are in one of the museums. Other names, still less known, are passed over, that the list may sometime end.

The sister of King Shabaker, of the Twenty-Fifth Dynasty, Ameneritis by name, of whom an alabaster statue on a base of gray granite exists at Gizeh, married Piankhi II., and their daughter Shapenafet became queen of Psammethek I. A bronze door-hinge with her name and cartouch is also at Gizeh.

Amosis, or Amasis, favored the Greek colonies. He married the daughter of Psammethek II., Auchnes-nefere-ab-Ra, also a Cyrenian wife, and another in the person of a second Nitocris, or Nitaquert, sister of Apries.

Greek and Persian influences now prevailed. Cambyses conquered Egypt, and, in the fashion of the country, married his sister Atossa. He had previously taken to wife Nitetis, supposed daughter of the ruling king, but really the child of a previous monarch. The deception practised upon him in this respect offered a desired pretext for the war, and is the groundwork of the carefully studied and interesting novel by Ebers, "*An Egyptian Princess*." The women now took to veiling their faces, and retired into the background of the historic stage.

The Persian rule was followed by that of the Ptolemies, as a result of the conquests of Alexander; and whereas in the former case dissatisfaction and revolts were common, in the latter the union between king and people was much more closely cemented. From Ptolemy I. to Cleopatra the Great the rulers identified themselves with the interests and especially with the religion of the nation with which they were not allied by blood. They built cities and temples, and wrought for the general welfare.

The architecture, and especially the portrait sculpture, of this period is much inferior to that of the earlier date, but in the encouragement of literature, the erection of libraries and other public buildings, and the extension of commerce, the race distinguished itself. As regents or rulers their queens often held sway. The family intermarried to an extent shocking to Christian ideas, and Ptolemy after Ptolemy took to wife his sister or other near relative, usually called Arsinoe, Berenice, or Cleopatra. These close relations, however, did not seem to strengthen the family affections; it is a blood-stained history, and the murders were almost as numerous as the unions. Various towns were built and called after the queens Arsinoe and Berenice, but though Cleopatra seemed to be the favorite title, and there were a number of these, the name was not so often selected as the cognomen of a city.

Of all the queens, Cleopatra the Great stands pre-eminent,—a woman with a universal reputation for wit and charm and power. "The laughing queen that caught the world's great hands," like Helen of Troy and Mary Stuart, is a figure never to be forgotten. The genius of Shakespeare has immortalized her, and various other tales and poems deal with her story. Some have denied her absolute beauty, and the portrait of her which exists scarcely suggests it; but the

woman who made men her slaves at a single interview surely lacked no charm which nature could bestow. Unbridled in both passions and ambitions, she knew no limit to either, and grasped at universal empire. The greatest men of the time bowed at her feet, and she changed the fate of battle with the turning of her vessel's prow. Of her numerous suitors Antony was the chosen of that wayward, passionate heart. She refused to survive his defeat and death, and perished by her own hand.

Though not, strictly speaking, Egyptian queens, the Ptolemy race were yet queens of Egypt; and thus ended the long line of female royalties extending from the dim ages of mythology to the Roman period.

Leigh North.

THE CLUB MOVEMENT AMONG WOMEN.

THE last decade of this wonderful nineteenth century has witnessed a remarkable and far-reaching movement, the gathering into one great organization of a rapidly increasing number of women, without regard to class or creed, for the social, intellectual, and moral advancement of humanity. The General Federation of Women's Clubs was formed at a meeting called by Sorosis in New York City in May, 1889. Its phenomenal growth is perhaps best realized by the consideration of a few cold statistics gathered from the report of the corresponding secretary at the third biennial of the Federation, held in Louisville last May. From this report it appears that the three hundred and fifty-five clubs and four State federations represented two years ago have increased to four hundred and ninety-five clubs and twenty-one State federations, the latter including over eight hundred clubs. There are therefore in round numbers, exclusive of many smaller organizations with a similar purpose, which for economic or other reasons have not yet joined the General Federation, thirteen hundred clubs, embracing a membership of one hundred thousand women. In this mighty host are enrolled many of our best and brightest women, from the rocky shores of Maine to the Golden Gate, from the mountains of Idaho to the Florida keys. Among them are women whose names are well known in literary and philanthropic circles, and women whose lives are mainly given to common domestic duties; women of culture who would gladly share it with their less favored sisters, and women of limited opportunities, who long for a wider outlook; women of wealth and leisure, and women who earn their daily bread. For some the club is a mere incident in a life that is full of interest and social advantages; for others it is the one bright spot in an otherwise monotonous and toilsome existence. "Life has been worth so much more to me since we had our club meetings," said a Florida woman; and many another voice from distant mining town or lonely farm or isolated village has uttered the same sentiment. It is perhaps in districts remote from great centres that the women's club is most highly appreciated. Here is a club in Michigan, composed

almost entirely of farmers' wives, gathering once a month in a private house, some of the members accompanied by their husbands. Magazines are taken and circulated, a library is started, and the topics of the day are discussed. Such a club becomes a centre of moral and intellectual life, and a blessing to all the families in the community.

A Nebraska club woman writes, "Perhaps it is because the club means more to the Western woman than to the Eastern that this great culture movement has grown so strong and influential in Nebraska. Unquestionably we have fewer opportunities to hear and see the great leaders in the literary world than women have in Eastern towns of the same population. This craving for study, this desire to keep in touch with the thought and work of the rest of the world, has led to the formation of women's clubs in scores of towns, large and small, in our State." It is impossible to estimate what the clubs have done for women in widening their mental horizon, in developing unsuspected talent, and in breaking down the barriers between different sects and classes.

State federations were a later development than the General Federation, the first one having been formed only three years ago. They are found useful in facilitating a larger social life among the clubs. Through the State and General Federations the club in the most remote district is brought into sympathetic relations with the club in the distant metropolis.

The women's club is a democratic institution, one in which brains count for more than bonds, in which an idea is of more value than a greenback. The corresponding secretary of a Massachusetts club which has a membership of four hundred, with a waiting list of one hundred, writes, "We have as members girls of eighteen and women of eighty, wives and daughters of millionaires, teachers in our public schools, and keepers of our factory boarding-houses,—women possessed of culture, and women hungering for it. It is a pure democracy, and its atmosphere is inspiring. I think it is broadening the moral and mental horizon of the community." One hundred and nine clubs have demonstrated their ability in financial management, advantageously renting and sub-renting club rooms, or building handsome club houses of their own.

Most of the larger clubs are divided into several departments, each pursuing some special line of work. The subjects considered are various, including bread-making and botany, the disposal of garbage, and the Greek drama. A few clubs (less than four per cent.) are engaged in purely literary work. Much of this has been of a high order; and many a poem or essay which was written for the club has found its way into one of our standard magazines.

"The Federation," says its able president, Mrs. Henrotin, "represents the sum and soul of all causes, Home and Society." Surely it augurs well for the future of our homes that scattered all over our land are companies of women studying household economics, including such subjects as the nutritive value of foods, home sanitation, expenditure of the family income, and the service question. It will hardly be said that club women are in danger of neglecting the home when topics like

these are receiving their earnest consideration. A large number of departments have given their attention to education. They have established kindergartens, decorated school-rooms with pictures of a high order, and been the means of placing women upon the school board. Through the efforts of women's clubs free libraries have been established in towns where they were before unknown, and travelling libraries have been sent out on their beneficent mission from hamlet to hamlet. In Minnesota it is stated that of the sixteen towns having public libraries, fourteen were started and are controlled by women. Other clubs have been interested in village improvement, in planting shade-trees, cleaning streets, and laying out sidewalks. An enterprising club in Florida has fenced and improved the town park, driven a public well, lighted the streets with electricity, and planted more than a hundred shade-trees.

A women's club in Missouri was instrumental in securing the proper inspection of milk. Another through co-operation with city officials secured a woman guard at the jail, with separate day quarters and exercise grounds for women; also the appointment of women upon the Board of Charity Commissioners. An Illinois club has carried on a jail school, and has endeavored to provide a suitable place for criminal and destitute boys. Others have established free sewing-classes and classes in physical culture. Still others have opened hospitals and training-schools for nurses.

The study of current topics is a favorite one with the clubs; and this has led to a greater interest not only in municipal affairs, but in State legislation, an interest which in several instances has resulted in the accomplishment of some much needed reform. The subjects brought up in the club naturally become the theme of conversation in the home, thus enlisting the sympathy of the husband and other adult members of the family. A women's club in New Hampshire secured the passage of a bill by the State legislature forbidding the detention of children in almshouses, and providing for the education and maintenance of dependent minors and the appointment of a State Board of Charities. In the State of Washington by club influence the age of consent was raised from twelve to sixteen years. In the District of Columbia the federated clubs, numbering about two thousand eight hundred members, after investigating the laws of the District which govern the domestic relations and property rights of married women, appointed a committee to prepare a memorial setting forth the injustice of these laws and to draught a bill which should make the necessary changes. This bill was kindly introduced by Senator McMillan, of Michigan, in January, 1896. It was referred to a committee, every member of whom was seen by some woman interested in the object. After being amended in some minor points, it passed both houses of Congress, was signed by the President June 1, 1896, and became a law. These are only a few of many instances that might be given of the good that has already been accomplished by the women's clubs. Women have just begun to learn to increase their power by organization.

There are in many communities a number of educated, thoughtful women, an increasing proportion of whom are college-bred, who can

command more or less leisure, which they are glad to put to some good use. For this yet unmeasured power society and the church have hitherto afforded the principal arena. Now the club has opened a field whose possibilities are only just beginning to be understood.

The poet who said, "Let me make the songs of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws," knew the power of sentiment in moulding opinion and influencing conduct. The work which is set before the organized intelligent womanhood of to-day, namely, "to create a healthy public spirit," is akin to that of the poet. Is it not at least as high a privilege, as noble a mission, as that of the law-maker? Is it not, indeed, the root and source of all legislation?

The women's club is essentially an American idea, the natural product of our free soil; but it is destined to a wider growth. In England, where social conditions are less favorable to its existence, it is gaining in favor, and is said to be looked upon with approval by the Queen. It is slowly spreading in conservative Germany, and is making rapid progress in republican France. Of the thirteen hundred clubs belonging to the General Federation, two are in India, one in England, and one in Australia. Doubtless another biennial will see a much larger number of women enrolled in this army whose weapons are more powerful for the overthrow of evil than the swords of the mighty.

The unorganized women of France exerted a potent influence in the French Revolution. May not the organized women of America be instrumental in bringing about a silent and bloodless revolution which shall be the dawn of a new and glorious day for humanity?

Emily Tolman.

THE RED LIGHT.

(WAR OF 1812.)

I HAD no love for that sort of thing, and I never will have. I greatly prefer the open battle, which to my mind is about the only decent way of making war. But I was one of those selected for the task, and, as all of you know or ought to know, a soldier cannot pick his work, doing this and leaving that. Then, too, there was some animosity in me toward the English, which perhaps is not a feeling that one ought to cultivate even against an official enemy. But the English had done some very cruel things recently. Their ravages in the Chesapeake were fresh, and the massacre at the Raisin was not to be forgotten. I could not help hating them a little bit, although my sister Bertha was to marry an Englishman (and a good enough fellow Paul Leslie was), if this war ever ended.

But, having set out to do the job, I rejoiced in our success. We had planted the devilish instrument of destruction, torpedo I think they call it, where the frigate was bound to pass. She would come on at speed, unsuspecting. She would strike the torpedo. Boom! would

go something under the water, and that would be the last of the most troublesome ship on our coast and her four hundred crew. A hard fate, you say. Well, yes, perhaps, but it was this very frigate that helped to bring on the war. It was she that lay off New York harbor before the war and killed the captain of one of our peaceful merchant ships because he refused to stop and be searched while entering his home port. Plague take these impudent English! Do they think they can bully us in our own house merely because they have a thousand ships of war?

The men in the boat were doing their work with caution and skill; that was evident. The torpedo planted, there was nothing left but to toll the frigate over it. They rowed steadily toward the big ship. Standing as I was on the sand-spit, I could see the water running like melted silver off their oar-blades. A fine moon threw a broad light over the sea. Just beyond the border of light crept the frigate. Her hull looked very black, and I could not discern human figures on her deck or in her rigging. She was a good ship, I knew, and I felt some sorrow for her approaching fate and the manner of it. I would much rather see her taken in fierce action by the Constitution or the United States than sent to the bottom of the sea by a sneaking torpedo which grovels under water and takes you unawares like a hungry shark.

My part of the work was over. I could have gone away had I wished to do so, but I preferred to remain and see the catastrophe. One does not have such a spectacle as that every day—or every night, for it must have been within an hour of midnight then.

The night and the sea seemed very peaceful. The presence of the boat and the ship did not detract from their calm. The water made a light murmuring where it broke over the shallows, but that was the only sound. There was no more lonely bit of coast.

The boat went on its direct way. Sanderson was a competent man, and would be sure to lure the ship along the fatal course. The figures of the men in the boat grew indistinct as she glided out toward the frigate. One square, stalwart form, which I knew to be Sanderson's, was the last to preserve any sort of outline. Then the boat became a blur on the sea, which was silvered by the moon. On it went for what looked like a quarter of an hour or near about it. Then it stopped. Presently it began to move about hither and thither, as if making observations. From where I stood it seemed to be very near to the frigate, but I knew the distance was greater than it looked. Sanderson would not go too close and allow himself to be caught. That was no part of the plan.

The frigate spread more sail, veered from her course, and bore into the nearer channel. She had seen the boat, and was suspicious. What was more, if she kept on her new course she would strike the torpedo, and we would be rid of a pest. For the moment I forgot my aversion to the enterprise, all seemed to fall out so well.

Sanderson turned the boat's head and rowed up the channel. He wished to keep in deep water, where the frigate would follow. In five minutes more the boat would pass over the torpedo. I could mark the very spot on the water where we had sunk it. It was just across there

where the tiny white-cap was breaking. The light boat would pass over it safely, but the deep-draught frigate could not. It was a queer sort of deadly engine. I had never seen such a thing before; in fact, I had never heard of any; but the man who made it, a stoop-shouldered fellow from Boston, said it would be safer to sit on an exploding magazine than to be on a ship when that torpedo burst beneath it. I wondered if there would be a great noise when the thing let go, and if the water would be thrown up like the foam of Niagara.

I saw a spout of flame from the bow of the frigate, and the sound of a cannon-shot caused me to jump a little. I had heard many a cannon-shot before, but in the stillness of the night, with both sea and land to give it an echo, this made such a prodigious uproar that I felt like sticking my fingers in my ears. The frigate had begun to fire on the boat. We had not bargained for this, but a small boat moving rapidly is a pretty hard thing to hit with a cannon-ball, especially when your cannon is moving too. Thinking twice, I concluded that the boat was not in very great danger.

The boat reached the spot beneath which the torpedo lay and passed over it and on. The frigate, a considerable distance behind, was pursuing steadily. She was now well into the nearer channel. The boat curved around a tongue of land and disappeared. Its part of the work, like mine, was ended. Sanderson had done well. It was the nature of the man to be thorough. I guessed easily that the English were hot on the chase, and would not turn back so long as they had plenty of deep water for the frigate. Her course was unbroken for two or three minutes. Then I noticed the men furling some sails and loosening out others. I could see their figures like black spots against the rigging. The ship veered about, and seemed to be tacking as much as the somewhat straitened channel would allow.

I was surprised much, and disappointed more. I could not ascribe the frigate's queer behavior to anything but suspicion, nay, more, alarm. But what had caused it? Why had she taken fright with such suddenness when everything was going so beautifully? I much fear that I swore—under my breath, it is true, but still I swore.

The further actions of the frigate confirmed my belief. It was in truth more than suspicion, it was alarm that had taken hold of her. She lay upon the water like a huge bird with wings fluttering. I could see a group of men gathered upon her quarter-deck, evidently the commander and his chief officers in consultation. I thought I could see the gold braid upon their caps shining.

Perplexity was added to disappointment. It could not have been instinct that had warned them: their alarm was too sudden for that. One of the officers raised a telescope and began to examine the land. Then I saw. Then I knew the cause of the frigate's strange behavior. The shore at that point was thickly covered with bushes, and among these bushes, at the water's edge, a strong red light was shining.

As everybody knows, red is the sign of danger the world over. Wrath seized me. I had heard of Blue-light Tories farther up the coast, plenty of them. This was a red light. But what mattered that? It was treason just the same; it saved the enemy.

The traitor who held the light began to wave it violently as if the danger were pressing. I tried to see the man, but could not discern any trace of a figure, merely the light, which blazed out a red warning. I had a pistol, and I felt for it, but the light was on one spit of land and I on another, with deep water between. The distance was too great for a shot.

I decided to creep around the inlet and seize the sneak. I might be too late to snuff out his red light, but it would be some satisfaction to seize the miserable Tory, whoever he was. I did not believe there was more than one. Sneaks do not go in pairs.

The red light danced about, and the frigate responded. She continued to tack, and presently she bore away from the dangerous water. She had accepted the warning. We would have to save that torpedo for another time, but I was determined that the traitor should not give another such signal. I held my pistol in my hand ready for instant use, and began to run around the inlet. I marked the red light shining in the bushes, though it was not waved about so vigorously as before. I took another look at the frigate, whose hull was beginning to sink a little behind the curve of the sea. She had escaped us, beyond a doubt.

Suddenly the red light went out. Well it might! The treason had been done, and no longer was there need for its infamous warning. But the traitor should not escape if I could help it. I hastened as much as I could, and quickly turned the inmost angle of the inlet. Unless the man with the red light had been as quick, I would overhaul him.

On this side of the inlet the ground was very rough in places, and where it was not rough it was covered with dense patches of scrubby bushes. It was hard to make speed without being very noisy, and I did not wish to alarm the chase. Moreover, the clouds obscured the moon somewhat, and there was a noticeable increase of darkness. I thought that luck had become wholly mine enemy, but I took back the thought, for when I pushed my way through one of the densest of the thickets and topped a bit of rising ground I saw a figure some distance ahead of me. Had not my eyesight been good, the figure would have been invisible: as it was, it was rather dim. But I knew it to be a man, and I guessed it was the one for whom I was looking. I was sure of this when I pressed closer and saw something swinging from the man's hand which, by my surmise, was the lantern that had shed the red light.

The man stopped and turned about. I sank down in some bushes, for I did not wish to put him on his guard. For more than a minute he looked attentively at the frigate, now but a shapeless blot on the dusky horizon. At the distance and in the night I could not tell much about him. He looked rather tall, but seemed to be enveloped from head to heel in a long black cloak. The head, too, seemed to be covered by what resembled a wide-brimmed hat slouched over the face. A true traitor's disguise! I cocked my pistol, and for a moment was tempted to take a shot at him. But I could not do it. True, the sinking of the frigate would have been of like character. But I was

ordered to do that; I was not ordered to do this. After all, it would be better to capture the fellow.

He seemed to be satisfied that his treason had succeeded, for he walked briskly on, passing over a hill, and did not look back any more. I followed at an equal pace, never once losing sight of him. When I too passed the hill I increased my speed. I knew that there were houses a mile back of the sea, and I wished to overtake him before he could reach any of them and find possible friends.

I was gaining perceptibly, though the man himself was walking fast. He came to a brook and leaped it with nimble step. An athletic fellow, I thought. I had a few qualms then. He might prove stronger than I. But I would take him by surprise, and I could hold him safe with my pistol.

I leaped the brook also and continued to gain upon him. His long cloak caught on a bush and held him for a moment. He detached it and went on. Then, in an unlucky moment, I stepped on a stick, and it broke with a loud snap. The man looked back and saw me. Instantly he ran. Like the traitor that he knew himself to be, he feared everybody.

I saw that it was to be a foot-race unless he would turn and fight, and his quick flight did not promise that. He ran with great swiftness, and seemed to know the ground. I was careless of noise or concealment now, and dashed after him. Nothing incites your courage so much as for a man to run from you.

I stumbled frequently, but did not fall. Once my fugitive stumbled too, and I thought I would gain much upon him, but he recovered himself in a moment and leaped lightly over the ground. Then I thought that he was gaining. I hated to use the pistol, but there seemed to be no other course.

"Stop! stop!" I shouted, "or I will fire upon you."

But my threat seemed merely to increase the speed of the fellow. I raised my pistol once to fire, and had my finger on the trigger. Then I changed my mind. But a minute later, as it was evident that he was still gaining, I strengthened my resolution and pulled the trigger. The report of the pistol in the dead quiet of the night sounded like a cannon-shot. But the man ran on. I had missed.

I was not expert enough to load the pistol running, and I had no other. If I took him at all it must be by main strength. I believed that the man was unarmed, or he would have returned the fire. I was excited, blood and brain, and I determined to overhaul him and have a tussle with him. At least I would see the face of the traitor.

He stumbled and fell. I could not repress a little cry of joy, for before he was up I had gained all the ground I had lost, and more too. He dropped his lantern, but did not stay to pick it up. As I dashed past, I gave it a sound kick and heard the glass smash. "You won't be a tool for traitors any more, Mr. Lantern!" thought I.

The man turned his head for the first time. Evidently he saw that I was gaining, for he swerved suddenly from the path and ran into a thicket. Then I knew that his alarm was increasing and that he

hoped as a last resort to elude me in that way. But I too came up quickly and dashed helter-skelter into the bushes. For a moment I lost him, then I saw his head appearing above the lowest of the bushes, then I lost him again.

But, though out of my sight, I did not believe he could escape me. The thicket was not large, and it lay in a shallow valley or depression. The hills around were bare, and if he emerged upon them I would be sure to see him. I believed I had him in a trap at last. Nevertheless I became wary. The man, after all, might have a pistol, and if I tore blindly through the bushes I would become an easy mark. I endeavored to creep along noiselessly and discover where he was hiding. It was a slow sort of business, for one's clothes will catch on twigs in a thicket, and stones and sticks are continually getting in the way.

I stopped several times to listen, but I could not hear him. I rose to my feet occasionally to look at the ridges around, but he did not appear there. I doubted not that he was still in the thicket. My apprehension lest he would shoot me began to disappear. I was satisfied that the man was a craven as well as a traitor. All traitors ought to be. Nevertheless I played half-brother to prudence and reloaded my pistol.

There was a further obscurity of the moon which might be good or bad; it might help him to escape, or it might help me to creep upon him. Just beyond one of the hill-tops I could see a light twinkling in a house. It was well that I had trapped the fellow in the thicket, for possibly he might find friends there.

I sat quite still for a little while. Then I heard a faint rustle as of some one pushing through close-set bushes. It was my man, I knew, and I slipped toward the noise. It ceased, but was resumed in a moment or two, and I continued to approach. Presently I caught sight of the fugitive, bent over, but walking. He seemed very weary. I carefully cocked my reloaded pistol and stole toward him.

There was a large tree in the thicket. The man in the cloak must have conceived a foolish notion that I had given up the chase, for when he came to this tree he went around on the far side of it and sat down. He drew a long breath, half a sigh, like one who is very faint. I was convinced now that he would be an easy capture, as he had run himself out of breath. Letting down the hammer of my pistol, I replaced it in my belt. I would use the weapon only in the last emergency. I reached the tree, and could hear him breathing, still brokenly, on the other side. But I felt very strong myself. I stopped half-way, for I heard him moving. He rose to his feet and apparently intended to resume his flight. I did not give him a chance. I sprang upon him and seized both his arms in my firm grasp. He uttered a little cry and turned his face toward me.

"Bertha!" I cried. "You! You! Can you be a traitor?"

"No," said my sister, looking at me with calm eyes. "Paul is serving on board that ship."

Joseph A. Altsheler.

A FORGOTTEN GRACE.

IN nooks and corners of libraries one now and then comes across a small ornate Early Victorian or Pre-Victorian volume bearing in gilt letters some such title as "Friendship's Offering," "The Gem," "The Forget-Me-Not," or "The Book of Beauty." As a rule, one is not tempted to "linger 'mid its pages," as the Annual itself would say; and yet a glance at its contents suggests reflections which are not without interest. For in ephemeral productions like these one sees most clearly the popular tastes and ideals of a given time. Even Jane Austen, the "divine Jane" herself, does not throw as much light upon those of her day as the writers in the Lady's Books and Garlands of Beauty who ministered to the passing fancies of the fair reader and shaped their conceptions of female perfection to suit the fashion of the hour.

The exquisitely finished copperplates show white-robed weeping maidens clinging to stalwart lovers who are imprinting kisses upon their gentle brows; devoted wives half swooning in farewells upon their husbands' manly breasts; maidens in tears upon the bosoms of their mothers or the knees of their fathers, or sitting beside open vine-clad windows and gazing mournfully at various objects of melancholy interest which they hold in their hands; ladies with immense eyes raised to the moon, or with lids lowered, and heavy curls drooping over one infinitesimal hand, which supports the pensive head. Widows, orphans, the deserted, the broken-hearted, abound, with abnormally large eyes and abnormally small mouths, and with a wealth of curls falling about their ivory necks or veiling the transports of their grief.

If we turn to the tales, we find that nearly all are such as would cause the sympathetic reader to "drop a tear." And by no means infrequently a tombstone figures in the *finale*, inscribed with the single word "Leonora," "Helena," "Lolah," as the case might be. No one, by the way, who has tried his hand at story-writing can help looking with wistful eyes upon a climax so neat, so convenient, so touchingly simple. How often one would like to break off and present to the public this time-honored tombstone by way of accounting for some refractory hero or heroine! But the frame of mind to which it successfully appealed, the "dainty-woful sympathies," are no longer to be counted on.

The heroine of these stories invariably has a complexion of dazzling fairness, though her luxuriant tresses range from flaxen to the "blackness of a raven's wing;" her form, with absolutely no exception so far as I know, is, while "beautifully rounded," of miraculous fragility, sometimes "almost infantine in its fragile lightness," or "almost impalpable;" she is addicted to "simple white" and a "single rose-bud in her hair," and habitually exhibits the tenderest and most thrilling emotions.

The lovely Leonora, for instance, in the "Gem" for 1835, "exclaimed in a trembling voice, 'One moment, only one moment! Take

leave of me, Fiesco. We shall not meet again. Take me to your bosom and kiss me for the last, last time.' She rose up, for Fiesco came towards her. Tenderly he took her in his arms, her head sunk on his shoulder, and once she pressed her lips to his bare throat; but when he raised her there was no breath upon her pallid lips, her eyes were closed, her graceful arms hung lifeless. Leonora did not recover from that long and death-like swoon until the whole palace was shut up and quiet as the grave."

In a story in the "*Lady's Annual*" for 1849, the heroine is introduced to us as follows: "He [the hero] had not proceeded far in the direction of the farm-house, which now plainly appeared among the trees, when a light step seemed to approach him, and then stopped suddenly, and he heard the sound of unrestrained weeping. A hazel copse separated him from the meadow whence the sound proceeded; but on peeping through a little opening he saw that a young girl was sitting on the bank of the meadow on the other side," etc. We find in the story no other than the following naïvely general explanation of her intense and picturesque emotion:

"Who does not sometimes weep when quite alone? . . . Lucy had met with many trials; none, certainly, of a deeply affecting nature, yet many of those which are the most difficult to bear, trials to her temper and her patience; but these were ever of a passing nature, and, when once over, soon forgotten."

But, with cause or without cause, tears are essential to every heroine. We read in another tale that, "drawing her gently towards him, he playfully twined a long ringlet of her luxuriant hair around his fingers, and kissed the downcast lids of her modest eyes, now swelled with tears."

In another, "She burst into tears, and, hastily extending her hand to De Lorency, she murmured a few words of parting regret."

In yet another, "Poor Kate burst into tears; she sobbed heavily and heartily, too, when her lover"—who had overheard her singing his favorite songs and seen her gazing at "a little group of flowers painted on ivory, which he had given her"—challenged her upon the subject.

Tears "gush" upon every occasion of gentle emotion, and swoons accent the more intense situations. This, again, is a device which the would-be story-teller of to-day may well covet.

A lady in a swoon is an impressive and tragic figure. She is at the same time perfectly simple to delineate. She says nothing, thinks nothing, does nothing, and yet admirably adorns a climax,—as well almost as the ever-to-be-regretted tombstone.

What, for example, could be more effective than the tableau with which the following concludes? "Pale, yet with a firm step and calm self-possession, she approached the altar, but when she was required to repeat the solemn declaration of conjugal fidelity and affection, her voice faltered, and in spite of the natural energy of her resolution she could scarcely articulate the customary obligation. She had, however, wound up her lacerated spirit to a pitch of determination which enabled her to go through with the awful ceremony, though as soon as it was finished the tension of her mind, which had been too high, was instantly

relaxed, and, overcome by her feelings, she fell back upon the cold stone of the chancel."

In both England and America the now almost forgotten grace of sensibility seems in the first half of the present century to have reached its apotheosis.

Even the portraits of this period are noticeable for a prevailing tearfulness of expression upon the faces of the willowy white-clad maidens whom they depict. If we may trust their early likenesses, almost any one of the grandmothers and great-grandmothers of the present generation might have been the original of Tennyson's

O sweet pale Margaret,
O rare pale Margaret,
What lit your eyes with tearful power
Like moonlight on a falling shower?
Who lent you, love, your mortal dower
Of pensive thought and aspect pale,
Your melancholy sweet and frail
As perfume of the cuckoo flower?

It is impossible not to see, or not to imagine, in the very dress of the ladies, in their flowing draperies, in the fanciful disposition of their hair, in their cavernous bonnets even, an expression of the womanly softness, not to say sentimentality, which was then fashionable.

In those days L. E. L. and Mrs. Hemans sang their tearful songs. The Album flourished, locks of hair circulated among lovers and friends, and faded flowers were at a premium.

We owe it, no doubt, to the reaction from the somewhat mawkish sentiment of that time that to-day, in reckoning the charms of a young woman, real or fictitious, no mention whatever is made of sensibility. Somewhat early in the century, indeed, the term was beginning to be invested with a shade of absurdity in the eyes of the more discerning by excessive and ill-considered use. Miss Austen, for example, here and there shows us, in the clear mirror of her pages, the sentimental weakness which had usurped the name, and gives a hint of the disfavor into which the word would finally fall, in her significantly antithetic use of it in the title "Sense and Sensibility."

The "fad" of the day, to use a convenient, if unlovely, expression, was also ridiculed by Macaulay in a burlesque Ode to Sensibility. Macaulay, it may be remembered, had a habit of recording in the backs of his beloved bad novels the number of fainting-fits and other illnesses which befell the characters in the course of the story, and the total was invariably prodigious. So long, indeed, as the typical heroine was a fair, "almost impalpable" bundle of nerves, swoons, headaches, protracted illnesses, and early death were strictly in order. To-day a shade of indelicacy is attached to the idea of the exhibition of any bodily infirmity whatever. The swoon, the headache, the fever, have practically vanished from all save medical literature. It is true that Mr. Howells introduces a headache into his "Indian Summer," but it has almost the aspect of an anachronism, so foreign is it to the spirit of latter-day fiction.

Beauty is no longer dissolved in tears under even the most trying

circumstances. It is hard for us to believe that sobs and swollen lids once had æsthetic value. Du Maurier has cast a glamour about the Sweet Alice of the old song which makes the reading world of to-day condone the fact that she

wept with delight if you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown ;

but this trait is now recognized as a distinct drawback to her attractiveness ; and the type is dead beyond redemption—unless it may be said to survive in the person of Elsie Dinsmore.

The "feast of sorrow" is no longer spread for the delectation of young lady readers. Our own heroines, as portrayed in the illustrated magazines and elsewhere, are of a type which may be called strapping, and unalloyed cheerfulness is depicted upon their countenances. As a result, it is probable, of reaction from what may be called the Era of False Sentiment,—an era, strangely enough, coincident with the times of Scott, Jane Austen, Maria Edgeworth, Charlotte Brontë, Dickens, and Thackeray,—there is at present among young women a tendency to affect hardness rather than softness of heart, a gay audacity rather than "melancholy sweet and frail" and shrinking sensitiveness.

It is doubtless due to this reaction that the gentle women of Thackeray have temporarily fallen into unmerited contempt.

A short-skirted girl flying along on her bicycle with merely a mocking backward glance at the masculine world is perhaps a more inspiring picture than Amelia weeping over George's letters. A calm-eyed athletic college woman is certainly in many ways superior to Lady Castlewood with her tender agonies. And yet—and yet—is there not now and then a subtle sense of loss ?

I for one confess that Thackeray's type of woman is to me more charming by far than the heroine of to-day or her living prototype. But both are extremes, and between them lies the golden mean which we may see in Rosalind and Portia.

To-day's fashion of hardihood will doubtless pass like yesterday's fashion of excessive softness ; but for the present one is almost tempted to say, after the Lady's Book manner, "There is a void in the bright firmament of womanly perfection.—Alas for the Lost Pleiad of Sensibility !"

Annie Steger Winston.

TWO THANKSGIVINGS.

"I THANK thee, Lord, for love !" a woman prayed,
As on her lover's cheek her cheek she laid ;
Another woman said, with sob and sigh,
"I thank thee, Lord, that some day I can die !"

Emma C. Dowd.

UNCLE SAM'S FOUR-FOOTED FRIENDS.

HERE it comes,—the troop herd. First a tiny cloud of dust, far out on the grassy prairie, growing larger and larger and mounting higher and higher with each moment of observation; then, as it approaches nearer, vague outlines begin to take tangible shape, and soon we can distinguish at intervals tossing heads, waving tails, and bodies glossy with exercise; while beneath all is a mass of quick-moving legs, which make the ground fairly tremble under the shock. How happy and impudent they appear, as they rush along after the mounted soldier at their head, often pressing him so closely that he partly turns in the saddle and waves them back! They have been out since early morning drill, in charge of their cavalry guard, and, like so many jolly school-boys on a holiday picnic, have rolled and romped and nibbled at the sweet young prairie grass to their hearts' content.

Here passes one, covered with clinging mud from head to foot,—a condition which will doubtless cost him a good-natured reprimand from the soldier who is to groom him. And here comes another, kicking wildly to right and left, and causing the horses to his rear to give him a wide berth. On they go towards the troop stable; and as they turn into the post, the guards gallop ahead and spread out on the flanks, to prevent any bold individuals from trampling on the grass of the well-kept parade and thus incurring the colonel's high displeasure.

This is early summer, and the horses' wild spirits have been somewhat tamed down by the regular daily exercise of herding, drills, and parades. Had it been earlier in the season, when the animals, restless from their all-winter confinement to stables, were first taken out in the cool, nipping air of early spring, they would have appeared far more unmanageable. Then it not infrequently happens that the excited fellows, happy in their freedom and fairly boiling over with pent-up desire for exercise, go charging past the flanking guards, and in a mad rush, fairly bearing the leading cavalryman along with them, break into a wild stampede, which sometimes goes on for miles and miles, and, taking a circular course, often ends at the door of their own troop-stable, where the guilty truants stand passive and perspiring, as if heartily ashamed of their boyish prank.

When herding is not practicable, and, indeed, during most of the long summer days, the herd is turned loose in corrals adjoining each stable, where, free from restraint, they can run, roll, and play as much as they please, within the limits of the high picket fence. In the corral they again remind one of a crowd of rollicking boys, for there are generally two or three bullies among the horses, who go about, biting and kicking their weaker fellows, until taught their proper place by some inoffensive, sleepy-looking comrade.

A new horse turned loose among these animals is treated exactly as a new boy entering a public school for the first time. The old horses

immediately trot up, examine him critically,—possibly sizing up his physical and mental abilities,—rub noses, and bite him; and the new acquaintanceship generally ends in a succession of kicks, in which all the bystanders take part: so that a strange horse carries about with him a generous share of cuts and bruises during these first days, or until he demonstrates his ability to take care of himself and fixes his place in the social scale of horse society.

Cavalry horses come originally from all parts of the country, those east of the Rocky Mountains being quite frequently purchased in the middle States along the Mississippi River, while the cavalry commands along the Pacific slope are generally supplied by the horse-breeders in that part of the country. They are first procured by contractors and sub-contractors, who make a business of supplying horses to the government, and are by them brought together at designated rendezvous.

Before acceptance by the responsible officers, the animals are subjected to a rigid inspection by a purchasing board, one of whom is a skilled veterinary surgeon, and the physically good are separated from the physically bad. Afterwards the former are still further tested under saddle, for bad dispositions, and for any unsuspected traits of character that might unfit them for the cavalry or light artillery service. The system has many defects, and it is highly probable that at no very distant day the government will establish its own breeding-farms, where it can raise its own horses, and where their efficiency can be still further increased by keeping them, until two or three years old, under charge of trained horsemen, who will look out for their military education before sending them to the regiments.

After selection and purchase at one of the various dépôts, "man's best friend" generally begins a long and disagreeable journey to the remote army posts, where, by reason of casualties of many kinds, new horses are needed to replace the old. Who can tell what horrors of homesickness and sea-sickness they experience, as, packed closely in cars, they go jolting over the long stretch of country which separates them from their new homes? What stories could not many of them tell, if, like Black Beauty, they were able to recount their experiences!

Arrived at the post to which they are consigned, the horses are assigned to troops, their descriptions copied minutely in a record-book kept for the purpose, and, later, each one is placed under charge of a particular soldier, who thereafter calls the horse "his horse" and looks out for his feeding, grooming, and general welfare.

Just as with human beings, a change of climate disagrees with many horses, and the alkaline water found so extensively throughout the West is at first generally distasteful to them, so that, I have no doubt, they many times wish themselves safely back in their Eastern homes.

In this regard, I remember very vividly one of my first experiences. I was sent from a remote army post in Wyoming to the nearest railway station, over a hundred miles distant, to bring to the post a car-load of horses shipped from Iowa and Nebraska. After disembarking them safely from the car, each one of my little detachment

took two or three horses, and, as water was very scarce at the diminutive frontier town, we started at once for our first camp. But what was my dismay, that evening, to find that not a single one of my charges would either eat or drink! As this was one of my first trips in charge of a detachment, I was especially anxious to acquit myself with credit: so that the strange behavior of the horses filled me with alarm. I had brought along in a wagon an abundance of fine oats, but not a single horse could I tempt to eat, except mincingly, as sick children sometimes toy with their food. And with the water it was much the same way. The horses would lean downward towards the alkaline stream as though to drink, sniff at it with disgust, and turn away with an air which plainly said, "That may do for such creatures as men, but not for us."

This alarming state of affairs continued during three hot days' march through the famous Bad Lands of Wyoming, and the poor animals began to look thin and worn; worse still, they became so weak that I greatly feared lest many of them would never make the trip alive.

But at the close of the fourth day I camped near a hospitable ranch, the first that we had seen for several days, and what was my delight to discover that the owner had a fine grass pasture near his house, enclosed by a wire fence! That night, with the owner's permission, I turned all the weary horses into this garden of Eden, and their own pleasure hardly exceeded my own as I watched them nipping the cool, appetizing grass, the first we had met with on the long ride. It seemed to those Eastern-bred horses, I suppose, like a bit of the homes of their boyhood, dropped down from the sky into that barren land.

In the morning they were like new horses. The remainder of the journey was completed that day without mishap; and I have always firmly believed that the little grass-pasture saved the lives of a number of my helpless, long-suffering charges.

In a cavalry troop there generally grows up between each horse and his rider a strong bond of sympathy and friendship. Soldiers in the cavalry service are in most cases stationed at remote Western posts, where, far from home and friends, and as a rule unmarried, they are necessarily very limited in their social pleasures and amusements. On this account, perhaps, the propensity for having pets of various kinds is very strongly developed, and increases the sense of fellowship between the horses and their riders. Cruelty or inattention to the wants of their horses is a rare trait among cavalrymen; and even should this be the case from the feeling of proprietorship, cruelty from one soldier to the horse of another would be resented as an injury to the owner himself.

This comradeship is more in evidence upon a long march, or while in the field, engaged upon arduous or dangerous duties. On such occasions, when forage often becomes scarce, cavalry soldiers will jealously guard every grain that their horses receive; and should the sergeant, through carelessness or prejudice, give a trifle more or less to one than the other, it often provokes a vast deal of grumbling,—so closely is the trooper interested in the welfare of his horse. When lariatting the

animals out to graze, neighboring troopers will often have many a friendly controversy over the ownership of a choice bit of prairie for the use of their four-footed friends.

Cavalry horses in garrison are usually groomed, fed, and watered twice a day,—once at "morning stables," which comes quite early, and again at "evening stables," about four o'clock in the afternoon. At these times the sounding of stable-call by the trumpeter of the guard causes the soldiers of each troop, clad in their white "stable-clothes," to parade in front of barracks, where the rolls are quickly called by the first sergeants, and the men marched to stables.

Had we watched the horses when the first notes of the trumpet rang through the air, we should have seen them raise their heads questioningly and softly neigh. And then, as the sound of the marching troops came nearer and nearer to their keen ears, the neighing and stamping of many feet in the stalls or corrals would have become general, so well can they distinguish "stable-call" from all other trumpet calls. Their minds are evidently bent on that portion of the old verse sung to the notes by soldiers of many generations,—

Water your horses and give them some corn.

As a matter of fact, the feeding in garrison is done by a regular detail of soldiers, changed from time to time, under supervision of a sergeant; and these, after depositing the forage in the stalls, either set to work cleaning the latter, or, if it be evening, shaking down the horses' beds for the night. Meanwhile, in fair weather, the horses are being watered, and later groomed, by the men of the troop, in the open air; for this purpose the animals are tied at intervals along a high picket-line stretched between posts.

With brush and curry-comb, the horses are rubbed and scraped—rubbed principally—until their coats glisten like satin, while a troop officer and the first sergeant walk about the line, superintending the grooming, inquiring into the condition of sick horses, and, assisted by the troop blacksmith, picking out the animals whose hoofs need attention. Then, grooming finished, the horses are led to their stalls, amid much neighing and other demonstrations of pleasure known only to the horse world, and in a few moments are crunching away at the corn, oats, or bran, with happy, hungry eagerness.

In all cavalry regiments a veterinary surgeon is in constant attendance to look after all the infirmities of horseflesh, and once or twice each day he visits each stable for this purpose. He is assisted in his work by a farrier from each troop, and treats the more serious cases at a veterinary hospital, where, with isolation and special facilities, the helpless patients can be more successfully nursed back to health and strength.

Have you ever thought how difficult the scientific treatment of animals must be? Although it is commonly supposed, and in most cases rightly, that animals are more hardy and can thus bear more experimental surgery on their bodies than their human superiors, the fact that they are poor dumb beasts and cannot describe their many

pains and aches makes intelligent veterinary treatment very complicated.

When cavalry troops are in the field, the care of the horses, if time and opportunity permit, goes on in much the same way as in garrison. The horses are fed with nose-bags, slipped over the animal's nose and held in place by a strap passing back of the ears. Although at first quite nonplussed by this strange attachment, new horses soon become accustomed to it, and learn, by either poking the nose high in air or persistently pushing the bag against the ground, to secure every grain of the coveted food within.

Although we have from time immemorial looked upon the horse as man's best friend, there is another one of Uncle Sam's four-footed friends who in this regard is entitled to a few words of praise. Indeed, in many ways he has aided the government more than the horse. I refer to that intelligent, hardy, long-suffering, and most useful creature, the army mule. We have been so long accustomed to treating this valuable friend with contempt that we scarcely like to confess that the mule is more intelligent than the horse; and yet this is generally the case. Moreover, the mule certainly requires less food and less care, and can do more real work, than his aristocratic comrade.

Mules are purchased for the army in much the same way as horses, and when sent to the army posts are used as either draught- or pack-animals. In both capacities the army mule is a powerful adjunct to the successful operations of troops; and, however much a soldier prizes his horse, it is to the generally despised mule that he looks for the sinews of war,—his supplies. Doubtless many soldiers would rather be killed by the bullets of an enemy than be starved to death for lack of supplies.

The pack-mule is especially useful in moving supplies through a rough and precipitous country, threaded by narrow trails only, where his sureness of foot is to be relied on. With skilful packers a pack-train can ordinarily follow a cavalry troop quite closely, even when the latter is making rapid marches. It is a very pleasant thing, when one arrives in camp in the evening, tired, cold, and hungry, to find the pack-mules near at hand with tents, rations, and cooking-utensils, instead of having to wait many hours for the arrival of slow-moving wagons.

With the "blind" over her eyes,—a piece of leather which, during packing, prevents her seeing, and accordingly causes her to stand perfectly still,—and with a huge pack on her back, which the packers are skilfully binding to the "aparejo," a species of pack-saddle, the pack-mule is a perfect picture of uncomplaining patience. The packing completed and the blind removed, she trots contentedly away to nibble at the grass,—she never loses an opportunity to eat,—while the same process is repeated with another of her fellows.

An amusing incident once occurred to me, my first experience in loading a mule. I had ridden a saddle-mule out on an antelope-hunt, and, after sighting a small herd, lariatd my mule, and, after much crawling on the ground, succeeded in killing a doe. As I was four or five miles from camp, I determined to fasten the game to the cantle of

my saddle; but, try as I did a dozen times, I could not get my mule within a dozen yards of the antelope's dead body. At last I hit upon an expedient. I took off my blouse, and, wrapping it securely about the mule's head, tied the sleeves fast, so that she could see nothing. I then lariated her securely, driving my picket-pin deep in the ground, and dragged the antelope near at hand. After repeated trials, during which my mule snorted impatiently but stood fast, I threw the game over her back and strapped it to the saddle. Upon removing my blouse the mule remained perfectly passive, and with much satisfaction I mounted and rode towards camp. All went well until within sight of the tents, when, as I had to cross a small ravine, I thought it prudent to dismount and lead. I did so, but the antelope, which had tipped to one side, unfortunately went still farther, and in a twinkling antelope, saddle, and blanket had slipped about under the body of the frightened mule. I held manfully to the bridle-rein, but for three or four minutes I could scarcely distinguish antelope from mule, as the latter frantically endeavored to kick off the unexpected encumbrance. With rare good sense, she did not attempt to run,—a proceeding which would probably have resembled the antics of a dog with a tin can tied to his tail; and when she at last became quieter, I patted her gently, and, keeping at a respectful distance from her heels, managed to loosen the *cincha* of the saddle. In another moment the trembling mule was relieved of her burden, and I had the antelope carried to camp by some soldiers.

An army mule's reasoning powers are wonderfully developed, especially with respect to distance and locality. Once only have I seen them at fault, and the mistake cost the poor mule her life.

A small detachment of us, accompanied by a pack-train, were descending a very rough trail leading down from a high mesa on the Navajo Indian Reservation in Northeast Arizona. The pack-train, quite heavily loaded, was slowly filing down the narrow and rugged descent ahead of us, over the edge of which was a sheer fall of several hundred feet. One of the mules, loaded with two large bales of hay, ran out on a small ledge adjoining the trail, and, seeing her fellows immediately below, concluded that she might join them by a short cut. The distance was trifling, and, slowly bending her knees, she jumped. Unfortunately, although probably conscious of the width of her own body, she had forgotten her increased width due to the presence of the two bales of hay. As she alighted accurately on the trail, the edge of one of these bales struck the side of the cliff, and in another instant the poor animal was whirled down in the abyss below. Her faithfulness deserved a better fate.

A remarkable illustration of the development of an army mule's "bump of locality" occurred upon another scouting trip, this time in Wyoming. We were making a reconnaissance through the Big Horn Mountains, and, by a roundabout ride of several hundred miles, had reached the vicinity of Cloud Peak, in the centre of the range. Not a road, not a ranch, not even a sign of civilization, had we met for miles. The snow-peaks loomed above us, their lower slopes covered with impenetrable pine forests. Everything was as wild as nature had

made it, barring a few faint trails, leading one knew not whither. Seventy-five miles across the mountains was the army post which we had left many days before.

Among our pack-mules was one who, on a fishing-trip several years before, had visited this very locality in which we were encamped; but she had come, the previous time, the straight route over the mountains. What was our amazement, one morning, to find this mule gone, and with her two of her comrades, whom she had evidently led astray! Hunt high and hunt low, we could not find them, and after wasting several days in this fruitless search we set out for home. Upon arrival there we were surprised and delighted to find that the mules had preceded us. The old mule had at once recognized her previous camping-place, changed though it must have been by the severe storms to which this region is subject, and had determined in her wise old head to strike out for home immediately, without waiting for the formality of carrying a pack. And this she and her companions, ill advised but evidently not misguided, did; not following the trails, for we had carefully inspected them, but heading through the dark and confusing forests, as straight as though directed by the unswerving needle of a magnetic compass.

Charles Dudley Rhodes, U.S.A.

THE CONSOLATION OF GAMALIEL.

GAMALIEL ADONIRAM BENONI SETH WOODBRIDGE sat on a stump in what was called the North Forty of his farm in Missouri. Two or three methodically striped worms were carefully measuring their way up his blue jeans trouser-legs, and one presently crawled on to the tanned and hairy back of his big hand as it rested supinely on an updrawn knee. The other hand supported his head, and wisps of lank, hay-colored hair stuck out between the stumpy fingers. The rest of it hung straight, except where it curved in limply to the shape of the neck on its way to the shoulders. The ankles and wrists of his long legs and arms were conspicuous, owing to lack of inches in the material of trousers and shirt-sleeves, and the whole figure bore a comical resemblance to the caricatures of Uncle Sam,—only this was an Uncle Sam masquerading under the wide-brimmed hat of a cowboy and altogether minus the high pointed collar and spike-tailed coat. He regarded the visitor on his hand with a mixture of curiosity and whimsical affection, leisurely lifting a bent wrist to a line with his eyes for better inspection. The worm balanced itself upon its group of hind legs and seemed to return the scrutiny, waving its flexile body and exposing the soft little stumps of fore legs.

"You con-sar-nation ani-mule, you," he apostrophized it, in a soft drawl, "what you think you doin', anyhow? Scoot!" He put his hand palm down on the ground beside him the better to facilitate departure, and as the crawling creature seemed unable to arrive at a

decision he aided it with a straw and another word: "Scatter!" Then he drew his long length upright, pushed his hat on the back of his head, and thrust his hands deep in his pockets.

"Seem like it must be grasshoppers, or cyclones, or army-worms, one." He lounged along toward the house in which he and his mother lived, stepping carefully, as if trying to avoid setting his foot upon any little living thing. Entering the kitchen, he drew a chair away from the wall, sat down, and tilted back in it, resting the side rollers on his heels. The wide brim of the hat framed his thin, good-humored face, and he did not remove it. He had formed the habit in early life of putting it on his head directly he got out of bed in the morning, and thereafter he did not take it off until the last thing at night, with the honorable exception of removing it in church, at meals, and sometimes for a little while on very hot days in summer.

"Don't you seem to find no ease-up, Gamaliel?"

"Nop."

"Be they still at it, Adoniram?"

"Tooth and claw. Eatin' everything slick and clean before 'em. Tuck away whole fields, and don't look no fatter than when they crawled over the first fence. They've eat Cy Barlow's oats, and now they're just gittin' good and ready to come on to my North Forty of wheat."

"Wal, Benoni, when there ain't no consolation nowhere else you got to look for it in the Good Book. Don't you feel to look for it there?"

He twisted uneasily in his chair, but made no reply. His mother persisted. "Don't you, Seth?"

"You mean about the lowcusses in Egypt, maw?"

"Yep, and the plague of——" She was interrupted by her son.

"Nop, maw, I don't seem to git no consolation out of that idee that somebody else has had a mean time of it too. I don't know how it is, but I can't find no comfort in it. There ain't nobody round these parts gittin' much comfort out of life just now except them army-worms. They're enjoyin' theirselves. They're fillin' up on good crops and it ain't costin' 'em a cent. I reckon they got as good a right as anybody,—that's the biggest consolation in it. God didn't make no specialty of man. He made a good many other things, too, and took pains to make 'em first-class, finished 'em up with ideas inter their little heads, and all. Set 'em goin' on their own account same as we; that's all. They're eatin' up other folkses wheat and oats and corn, but they don't know it. We ain't got no sign up they can read, so they think it's planted specially for them, and they're enjoyin' it first-class. Course I'd rather feed somethin' that seems to be more account in the world than worms, but if I 'ain't got no choice about it, why, it's some consolation to know they like it."

Gamaliel had been a war-baby. His father and two stalwart young brothers had been offered at the nation's altar before he was born, and his coming seemed to the deeply religious mind of his mother to mean a direct consolation from the Lord. Her sorrow had been turned into rejoicing. Here was a son for her old age. The dead husband, and the

two sons who had marched away into eternity with him, seemed to be again with her, reincarnated in this new life. To the neighboring women who came to weep at that forlorn and fatherless birth it seemed that Mrs. Woodbridge's sorrows had turned her wits astray, for what but madness could be meant by such a name as that bestowed upon the helpless infant? Gamaliel Adoniram Benoni Seth!

"Why," said one, "that child never'll git through teethin' with all them names. I never seen nor hearn tell of the likes, except kings and queens and sich. The idee of namin' a leetle rat of a baby that hain't got no paw, and whose maw has to work her own sixty acres by nip and tuck to pay the interest on the mortgage, like a baby in the royal family, is plum scan'alous! I'd just as lives tie a stone round his neck and sink him in the pond and done with it, if I was his maw—which I ain't. But he's a mighty fine baby, and no mistake. I've seen a heap of young uns, but none quite so perky as him."

But the old mother was muttering to herself, "I'll raise him up a monument. I'll keep them dear memories green—praise the Lord! They shan't never be forgot while he lives and I live; they shan't never be forgot."

When the christening came, even the minister had to ask that the names be written down, good old scriptural titles to grace though they were. Gamaliel had been the name of the father and of the eldest son, so it was placed at the head of the baby's cognomens. The second brother who had given what he had, youth and life, to his country, had been christened Adoniram. To this the mother added Benoni Seth: Benoni, "son of my sorrow," and Seth, "a replacing." From that hour she began calling him impartially by all four names, distributing them evenly through the day, one at a time, as a bell-ringer produces his tune from the chimes by striking each bell singly. The extraordinary spectacle of this tall, gaunt, wrinkled old mother, who seemed to be grandmother instead, gravely addressing the round mite of a baby by these polysyllabic titles ceased to be a wonder in time, swallowed up perhaps by the greater wonder of how anything so long and so lank as Gamaliel could ever have been evolved from that fat white pod of a baby.

By women of the Mrs. Woodbridge class motherhood is accepted with a weighty sense of spiritual responsibility, of the ordering of a soul from the kingdom back to the kingdom again in the king's good time. If the child lives, it is a brand to be held back from the burning. If it dies, it is a visitation of Providence intended for the chastisement of its elders. Her knowledge of heredity might be summed up in these words: a good father ought to have a good son. As to the subtle influences of prenatal conditions, or the mental attitudes of a child resulting therefrom, she had no conception. And while her son was expressing his satisfaction that the worms were having a good time if no one else seemed to be, she looked at him reflectively, and remarked, with no apparent personal feeling in the matter,—

"Sometimes I think, Gamaliel, that ye won't never amount to a hill of beans. You've spent most your life walkin' round ant-hills and figgerin' how to save killin' anything that's alive, from worms up.

It beats all. Not but what I like to see ye soft-hearted,—if ye don't go and git softer-headed than ye be hearted."

She failed altogether to comprehend that her own passion of tenderness for life before his birth, her almost mad longing, as the returns came in from the front, to put an end to the slaughter, to save the doomed, accounted for the exceeding tender-heartedness of her son. Before the war this big woman, hardened to the rough life of a little Western farm, could chop off a fowl's head when the men were in the fields, and look upon it as nothing but a part of the daily routine. But when her all had gone, when dreadful news began to come back, passed from hand to hand in the shape of private letters or the curdling horrors of the public press, all life took on a majesty never before its own. This came home to her rudely a few weeks before Gamaliel was born. When her men-folks went away she had assumed the duties they left behind. She cared for the stock, she drove to mill and town, glad now of the big frame and strong arms that enabled her to take on a man's work without breaking under it. And this one night in particular she had fed the horses and cattle, milked the cows, locked the barn, and so doing bethought herself of her own dinner on the morrow. With the lantern throwing welts of light on the December snows she went to the hen-house and selected from among the fluttering and frightened brood the fat pullet for that solitary meal. She was an ignorant woman but a good cook, and as she laid the head of the fowl upon the block she wondered what her husband and sons would have to eat on the morrow, bread or bullets? The axe fell, and the warm blood spurted out. As the flopping and quivering body beat about upon the snow, leaving a trail of red behind it, a sudden dreadful realization came home to her. In a moment the dull, practical-minded woman fronting middle age, who had never in her life imagined anything, seemed to see the Southern battle-fields dyed with similar stains, the quivering anguish of the stricken bodies upon them, the dreadful irrevocable spilling of the wine of life that War meant. She fell down beside the block with the rim of blood-stained, lantern-lighted snow blurring before her eyes. Whether she, who had never fainted in her life, really fainted then, she never afterward knew. But after a little she got up numbed and stiff, picked up her lantern, and crawled into her lonely house, leaving the dead fowl outside. A shuddering, horrid revulsion took hold of her. She could not shed blood. That night her sleep was broken by visions of hospital wards where tongues grow parched, and bandages slip off, and souls float away on crimson tides, lacking a saving hand to bar the passage. And next day came news that the husband and youngest son had been shot on the field of battle. She believed she had seen a vision. The oldest boy was "missing." Two weeks later he also was listed among the dead. Small wonder that the son of her old age revered life, and dreaded to take out of nature what he could not replace or restore. As a child he ran shrieking and screaming from those dreadful fall-festivals of the West, "hog-killings." As a man he went zigzagging through country roads and fields with gentle, downcast eyes alert for the tiny habitations under his big feet. A stranger in the little adjacent town one day, a travelling man laboring to sell the only

merchant a "bill of goods," spied this homely figure coming up the street.

"Hi!" said he, "Hayseed's had a drop too much, eh?"

"Which?" inquired the storekeeper, being out of range.

"Chap coming along and laying out a rail fence round a crop of old rye."

"Oh, that," laconically, coming into view; "that's Woodbridge walkin' round the ant-hills."

"Walking round the ant-hills!"

"Sure. He wouldn't sleep to-night if he stepped on one. My wife said his name'd hoodoo him, and I reckon it have. His maw named him all the names in the Bible. He goes out of the house Gamaliel and comes in Adoniram,—unless he stays out a right smart of a while and the old lady yells sumthin' to him; then like as not he comes in Benoni, or Seth, or maybe he goes out Seth and comes in Gamaliel: you can't never tell. He answers to all them names like a pasture of calves to 'C'boss, c'boss, c'boss.' Ef you was to foller him home now you'd see him settin' on a stump or hangin' over a fence, one, and enjoyin' hisself to think what a good time them army-worms is havin' eatin' up his fields. He certunly do beat all. But he's the amiablest critter alive."

As might have been expected in a country community, where everybody laughed at what they could not understand, this "son of sorrow," as his mother had named him, was the butt of rustic jokes from his boyhood up. His school-mates called him variously Gam, 'Liel, Ad, Ben, Niram, and Seth, and he answered cheerfully to all. Only once in the memory of man had he been known to develop temper in those days of youthful trials. Then, being mockingly designated as Matthew-Mark-Luke-John-and-the-Apostles, he had jumped up in sudden and presumably righteous fury, given his tormenter a "first-class licking," as his school-mates described it, and been respected by them ever after. As to questioning his mother's judgment in exposing him to ridicule by this extraordinary combination of names, it never occurred to his loyal soul to do it. He had expressed himself tersely to a boy one day, and the whole code and order of his life lay in the summing up:

"Wal, I reckon you-all ain't so near related to me as maw is, and what suits maw suits me."

As he grew older his eccentricities regarding all living things became more and more marked. When other young fellows went into the woods and fields to shoot and kill, he stalked the little wild things to learn their ways. Out of his pity for them grew a great love and interest, and out of this affection a knowledge of their habits that coupled with education would have made him one of the first naturalists of the land. His pockets swarmed with his little friends, and the house was full of fearless guests who went and came at their own pleasure, greatly to the consternation of the women-folks who visited his mother. Unconscious tribute was paid to his surprising and uncommon knowledge of the wild life of wood and field when his comrades said among themselves,—

"That Gam he knows every grub in the country. I bet there ain't a bee in all Missouri that he ain't acquainted with by sight and couldn't take home if it lost its way."

But, unfortunately for this gentle giant, even so innocent and harmless a notoriety as his proved fatal to his prospects of wedded bliss. Betty Barlow, Cy Barlow's only daughter, would have none of him. It seemed to Gamaliel, wandering around his fields with cautious feet, that he must have loved her before he was born, for he could not remember the time when the thought of her had not been the sweetest thought in the world to him. Betty's father would willingly have taken Gamaliel for a son-in-law. The Woodbridge and Barlow farms adjoined, and, while Gamaliel's mother had said with palpable sarcasm that he spent most of his life walking around ant-hills, he had nevertheless contrived in the intervals of this occupation to add to her original sixty acres another sixty and a forty, and he now owned one of the best farms in the valley. But ridicule had done the mischief. What girl of spirit would wed a man whose courtship-calls were announced by a harum-scarum younger brother in this fashion?—"Bugs, Betty, Bugs! Bugs is comin' up the road."

Then, too, the girl friends helped along:

"Say, Betty, which one you goin' to take?—Gamaliel, or Seth, or Adoniram, or Benoni? Which one of them Woodbridge boys you goin' to tie up to, and what you goin' to call him?"

"My! I wouldn't dast to go no nearer to him than a rod. He's always got a pocketful of snakes, and toads, and spiders."

"If I was you, Betty, and made up my mind to marry a menagerie, I'd go on the road with it, where it'd pay. I'd charge ten cents a head to see my tame rats and squirrels and hedgehogs."

All this and more; but less would have sufficed, for there is no weapon so potent with the mind of youth as ridicule,—as many a wise parent, knowing that mandate and threat only goad into opposition, can testify. And how vulnerable he was! How many places there were in that honest armor where the tipped and feathered arrow of fun at his expense could penetrate! But, however much Betty might affect to scorn Gamaliel, with his quadruplicate names and his curious affection for the things that the average individual neither knows nor loves, but despises in a vasty ignorance, she sent other suitors away also,—likely fellows at whom no one ever laughed, but who had nevertheless failed, in spite of this point in their favor, to suit Miss Betty. And at twenty-five she was still single, and people had begun to call her an "old maid." But, worse than that,—for a sensible woman need not worry over what she knows she has in her power to remedy any day,—worse than that, because there was no help for it, was the fact that army-worms had descended upon her father's farm and not a blade of any green thing had been left standing. The year before, a cyclone had destroyed most of his buildings, and he had mortgaged the farm to rebuild. All his own ready cash had gone, in addition to the amount borrowed. It was one of those cases where a man gambles with luck, depending upon chance to make his losses good. This chance had been his crops. If they turned out right there would be

no difficulty, but as Betty looked at the shaven fields her heart ached. curiously enough, for Gamaliel as well as for her father. His experience the year before had been similar, although it was believed that his losses were not so great, and that he was better able to stand them. All in all there seemed to be no special call for a girl to sympathize with him, but perhaps that was the reason why she did. The fact that it was a mixed sympathy did not make it less strong, combined with the old habit of contempt from childhood up that now prompted the scornful thought,—

"I wonder if he's steppin' on his toes now, and tiptoein' round his fields for fear he'll tread on a worm."

She looked over at the Woodbridge acres, green and waving in the sun, and thought, grimly,—

"I reckon he won't set such store by all them nasty little crawlin' things when they've eat him out of house and home." This roused a feeling of unreasonable anger,—anger is rarely reasonable,—and she thought as she dozed off to sleep that night, while the mosquitoes hummed against the cotton netting tacked in her window, "I don't care if they eat him up too. Serve him right, the big gump!"

But in her dreams she saw the Woodbridge fields bare as a bald head, and the sight troubled her. In the morning her first thought was of those fields, and she looked out of her window expecting to see them in reality as the fancies of sleep had pictured them, but there was no change visible. Over to the west the Macady grain had gone in the night, and in the east, as far as she could see, a blight seemed to have fallen on the corn. But Gamaliel's fields were green, and waved like a rich sea full of turbulent tides that flowed but never ebbd. They seemed to have caught all the summer to themselves, and in proportion as neighboring lands took on the barrenness of fall the Woodbridge acres leaped with the sturdy life of shooting stalk and heading grain. She could see moving figures around those fields even at that early hour, no doubt marvelling at that oasis in the desert. By the time that she had helped her mother to get breakfast the father and brothers came in, full of the wonder of it.

"Bugs has it, Betty," said the younger brother, who had unwittingly helped to play such havoc with hearts in the past. "I'm blamed if them fool worms hain't eat all round Gam's farm, and they hain't so much as teched a blade of his'n."

Betty turned on him with a new fire in her eyes. The smouldering rage that had kept alive over-night blazed up fiercely, and this new stick for the consumption of its flames left Gamaliel fire-proof. A tangible object for her anger seemed to free the absent culprit from the intangible cause for blame that had irritated her so the night before.

"If you-all hadn't be'n so brash 'bout stompin' on every cricket and spider that's run 'cross your path, maybe you-all wouldn't be settin' here now wonderin' how you goin' to pay the mortgage and eat too."

Her father, awed by the visible prosperity of his neighbor, and unable to account for it on merely practical grounds, found it easy to divert his slow mind into the channels of the mysterious.

"It certainly do seem so, Betty, hanged ef it don't. Here's Gam

trompin' round all his life and makin' it a p'int never to step on nothin' but dirt, and it do seem like them worms knowed all about it, and jest bowdashously eat round his place. I never seen the beat of it."

They ate breakfast in ponderous silence. After it was finished and the dishes washed, Betty put on her sun-bonnet and walked across her own bare fields in the direction of the line fence between the two farms. She felt foolish and penitent, and a new respect for Gamaliel had arisen in her mind. She was full of remorse for having helped to make him, the best-natured, kindest man alive, the butt of foolish merriment in the past. And it seemed as if, after all was said and done, he was wiser than those who had been poking fun at him for years. Besides, suppose he had been different from anybody else? "I reckon we-all ain't so Simon Pure that we couldn't be improved none. Folks ain't cut by Butterick patterns."

Gamaliel's big straw hat loomed ahead, but even that inanimate wreck seemed to take on a pleasant, inviting color that cheered her as she walked toward it with a choking sensation in her throat. She settled her sun-bonnet a little closer over her face and went bravely up to that tall figure.

"I come over to tell you I was awful glad," she began, without preliminary,—“awful glad them hungry things has gone round your place, Gam. I reckon they know who's be'n a friend to 'em always, and they're doin' you a good turn now for the many you've done them—and other little crawlin' things."

Gamaliel started and straightened himself up. "Why, Betty! That you?"

"Yep, it's me, and I've jest tole paw and the boys this mornin' that you was a heap smarter than the folks that's be'n makin' fun of you all these years. I'm glad,"—her voice choked a little,—“I'm jest glad they've left your grain be. Now I reckon some of them smart-weed tribe'll know what they're talkin' about next time."

She kept her face resolutely hidden, but two or three big tears dropped down and splashed on her nervous hands. In an instant Gamaliel had comprehended the situation. Love was a language he understood. His love for all little dumb things had quickened his senses, and as for Betty, why, the love of Betty needed no language: it was as his unspoken thought.

"Wal, Betty," he said, slowly, "I'd rather the worms had eat every head of grain I ever hope to raise than not to hear you say them words." Betty was crying now in good earnest: great sobs shook her plump shoulders. He took one of her hands in his. How little it seemed, and helpless, how soft and baby-like, inside his own big palm! And yet the native honesty of the man made it impossible for him to impose upon her credulity.

"I got to tell you, Betty," he said, firmly, "that this ain't no marycle. If you-all had studied about these little things more you'd know they sometimes go right by fields like this. It ain't because it's my farm, or me, or on account of my always bein' soft-hearted 'bout everythin' from bugs and worms up. It jest happened so, that's all. It might 'a' be'n your father's farm, or Sam Macady's, or any one

else's, jest as well as mine. So don't you make no mistake now, Betty. If you did, I should feel like I'd cheated you."

"I don't care," sobbed the penitent Betty,—"I don't care what you say, Gam. I see now that you've always be'n smarter than other folks, only they was such—such—such awful fools they never knowed it."

He pushed the sun-bonnet back from her flushed and tear-wet face and kissed her tenderly. His big heart was too full for speech. A tall, gaunt figure, also wearing a sun-bonnet, approached them unobserved as they stood thus absorbed by a first speechless happiness. The old mother, only a little bent by her seventy-five years, regarded them silently for a moment before she spoke. Her own heart was full of memories aroused by this simple, pastoral love-making, this field-wooing in the sun.

"Wal, Gamaliel," she said, presently, "I reckon you got a double consolation, after all. Why, Betty, child, what made you have to wait for the hand of the Lord to pi'nt the way for you? Didn't you want a tender husband, a soft-hearted man that wouldn't hurt you for the world? Child, child, how blind you was! How blind you b'en all these years! Why, I've knowed you laughed at him, and what for? When he come to me a little mite of a baby, and me old 'nuff to be his grandmaw, I said I'd raise him up a monument to them as had gone before, them as hadn't even left a grave behind for me to tend. And I said I'd keep their memories green in him; and I done it. I said I'd never let them blessed names die; they wa'n't writ on no stun, and there wa'n't no other way to do it that I see, so I riz him up a monument to them as had passed away, and there ain't no fault in him. He couldn't no more help bein' good than this tree"—she laid her big hand, gnarled as the bark of the oak under which they stood, on it for a moment—"than this tree could help growin'. I'm his mother, and I ought to know. He's be'n the best son in Missouri, and he'll make you the best husband in Missouri; and may God bless you both!"

She turned away with a sigh and stalked off. The morning sun bathed the couple in its glory, and the tall grain whispered of harvest-home and heart-home. Presently, as they walked toward the house hand in hand, with Gamaliel dividing his attention between the harmless way he had set for his feet to walk through life and the loving way his eyes would look at the woman beside him, a man passing in a rattling lumber-wagon took note of him. There was a boy sitting on the hard seat beside him, and the man turned to this boy and said,—

"You Josiah, you see that man over yon, and you see them fields. Now you jest take a lesson, and don't you be so heady 'bout killin' things. You learn to walk round ant-hills, and like as not when you git to be a man the grasshoppers, or army-worms, one, 'll walk round your wheat-fields, and then you won't turn out sech a tarnation fool as you look. You hear me. And if anybody laughs at you, lick 'em. It's all they're good fer, and you can't make no mistake. And then some day you can laugh at them, like that feller over yon is laughin' at we-all now. You watch out, son. There's a heap to learn in this world you're livin' in."

Marion Manville Pope.

FLEUR-DE-LIS.

THERE'S a garden sown of God
 On the lonely ocean's verge,
 Where the lupines blow and nod
 To the surge.

Cloister 'neath the open sky,
 Shrine of Nature love-endowed;
 Oft a sail goes drifting by,
 Or a cloud.

Tendrils deck the craggy eaves
 Jutting o'er the waves' turmoil;
 Here and there the iris cleaves
 To the soil.

Iris, darling of the wind,
 Colored like the sky and sea,
 Gracious, royal-hearted, kind
 Fleur-de-Lis!

Iris, angel of the place,
 Sermonizing unaware,
 With uplifted, smiling face
 Like a prayer.

Swinging incense in the sun,
 Haply Nature to requite,
 Of the mists thy garments spun,
 And of light!

Which of all the works that be
 Best bespeaks our Father's power,—
 That illimitable sea,
 Or this flower?

Martha T. Tyler.

 BEARDS AND BARBERS.

EVERY now and then the proprietor of some fashionable hotel or restaurant has trouble with his waiters over the shaving question. Custom demands that a waiter in a first-class place have a smooth-shaven face; the waiter himself resents what he considers a despotic interference with his personal rights. As a result there are periodic

strikes, and attempts have even been made in some States to have the legislature pass laws prohibiting employers from compelling their men to shave.

After all, the waiter is only showing his respect for the cult of the beard, which, according to the ancient Jewish writers, started in the garden of Eden. Adam, they tell us, was several miles in height, and was furnished with a prodigious beard which reached to his middle.

The ancient Jews, presumably on account of this believed Edenic origin, held the beard in such high esteem that they considered it a greater insult to seize a man by his beard than to tread on his corns. They cherished the hair on their faces as the callow youth of to-day does his adolescent moustache, trimmed it in various forms, perfumed it with odorous substances, and cut it only as a sign of great affliction. So far did they carry their veneration for its dignity that laws were actually passed regarding the manner of its wearing. This was probably done, however, in order that the chosen people might not imitate the neighboring races that made hair-offerings to their gods, nor their former masters the Egyptians, who were great patrons of barbers.

The barber's lot was a happy one in the land of Egypt, where the people had such a high regard for the tonsorial art that the majority of the men shaved not only the face but the entire head, and capped their bald pates with wigs, while the priests went even further and shaved the entire body every third day. With this constant scraping of chins going on, the barber's trade was an important one in the home of the Pharaohs, and its followers were kept busily running throughout the length and breadth of the land from early morning until sunset. They carried their tools in an open-mouthed basket, and their razors were shaped like a small hatchet with a curved handle.

One of these chin-scrapers was sent for when Joseph was summoned to appear before the Pharaoh, that the monarch's sight might not be offended by a dirty face. The mention of this shaving in Genesis is one of the oldest references to the barber's craft.

Notwithstanding this *penchant* for shaven faces, and the fact that they caricatured Rameses VII. on his very tomb as a man of neglectful habits by depicting him with a three days' growth of stubble on his kingly face, they honored the beard in curious fashion: they wore false ones as badges of office. These varied in form according to the dignity of the wearer. Thus, a private individual was only permitted to adorn his chin with a ridiculously small bunch of hair scarcely two inches long, while the beard of the monarch was of considerable length and cut square at the bottom, like that worn by the Sphinx.

The images of the gods are distinguished by beards turned up at the ends. When a man died, his spirit, being believed to merge into the godhead, was painted on the mummy-case with this upturned beard.

The wig was a ponderous structure, not unlike the periwigs of the last century, and strongly suggestive of the judicial head-gear of the English bench. It was made of curled hair on the crown and plaited hair below, and served to keep the head cool and to protect the wearer from sunstroke.

While the Egyptians were enjoying the advantages of a close shave, the nations about them rejoiced in the length of their beards. Once a depiction of the Assyrian beard is seen, its form can never be forgotten: it rises like a ghost from the limbo of the past, and will not be laid. It is like nothing worn on the human countenance since the fall of Babylon. Coming from the same stock as the Jews, the Assyrians prided themselves in like manner upon their beards, and their sculptures show their kings wearing elaborate curls, which look as if they had been produced by the tongs of a modern French *friseur*.

As a class, the Oriental nations have always regarded the beard as a type of manhood, and shaving as a sign of bondage. The kings of Persia entwined their beards with golden threads: the Arabs to this day dye them with henna, after the example of their prophet, Mahomet Abou-Bekr.

The Etruscans, if one should judge from their vase-paintings, affected that type of beard which is associated to-day in America with Jersey farmers and Populist senators. They shaved the upper lip and allowed the chin hair to grow long over the chest. The representations of their elderly men have a strangely familiar air, and remind one of green pastures, extortionate board-bills, and nocturnal combats with mosquitoes.

The Greeks generally wore beards until the time of Alexander the Great. That wonderful general soon discovered that beards made a very convenient handle for those who wished to split the head of the wearer. He accordingly gave orders to his captains that the Macedonians should be shaven, and the Greek tribes followed suit.

The Romans were more tardy in their adoption of the barber's services; the first representatives of the craft were introduced into Italy from Sicily in the year of Rome 454, coming over in the train of P. Titinius Mena. Once established in the City of the Seven Hills, however, the tonsorial craft rose rapidly to importance, and the barber-shop became the centre of gossip, where the latest scandal was discussed and the news disseminated, much as it is in Spanish country towns to this very day.

The Roman barber, besides cutting the hair and shaving the face, trimmed the nails and kept the fingers in order. The Roman philosophers, with a scorn of fashion's mandates still common to their kind in the nineteenth century, affected beards of enormous length, which became known as the badge of their profession. Lucian mocks them for considering these as a mark of wisdom.

Shaving actually became sacerdotal at Rome. One of the most important periods in the life of a Roman was when he celebrated his entrance into manhood and assumed the *toga virilis*, marking the full rights of citizenship. In the religious rites that accompanied this observance the puerile face felt the razor for the first time; and the cuttings of the adolescent beard were carefully enclosed in a waxen ball and consecrated to some divinity. When Nero assumed the toga, his youthful beard was shut up in a golden casket studded with pearls of great price, and then offered to Jupiter Capitolinus.

Hadrian, having a face full of unsightly scars, covered them with

a beard, and was the first of the Roman emperors to wear such an adornment, setting a fashion that was followed by his successors.

The majority of the Latin and Greek gods were represented with flowing beards: there was even a bearded Venus.

The Cretans must have held the beard in high honor, for they punished theft and arson by shaving the culprit, just as the Chinese discipline certain offenders by cutting off their pig-tails.

The Northern male divinities, as a rule, were bearded. Wotan's beard was so thick and long that it gained him the name of *Hrosshars-grani* ("horsehair-bearded"). Thor's beard was red and long, and was invoked by his worshippers when in trouble. When the god was angry, he breathed into it, and then thunder growled across the heavens and lightning rent the clouds.

Of all unpleasant shaves, that given by a Druid priest must be considered as the most uncomfortable in history. Those white-robed ministers of a now forgotten religion, who wore long flowing beards themselves, carefully shaved their human victims before immolating them upon the stone altars beneath the sacred oaks. Attendant on these sanguinary sacrifices stood rows of fierce warriors whose immense tangled moustaches hung down upon their breasts like wings, for men of rank among the Gauls and Britons shaved the chin and body, but let the hair grow on the upper lip.

Among the Franks the beard was held in the highest honor, and to touch it stood in lieu of a solemn oath. Clovis, who founded the Merovingian dynasty, sent ambassadors to King Alaric of the Visigoths, who prayed that they might touch his beard as a sign of alliance. Alaric was in a bad humor, and, instead of gracefully submitting, seized the ambassadors by their own beards and drove them from him with insults; whereupon Clovis proceeded to avenge the insult, which he did so effectually that the empire of the Visigoths was overthrown and the history of Europe changed.

One of the earliest references to beards in English literature is worth recalling. It belongs to "Le Morte Darthur."

Sir Thomas Malory tells us in his quaint old-fashioned style that during the early reign of King Arthur there flourished in North Wales a belligerent monarch named King Ryons. He was possessed of great prowess, and had by strength of arms overcome eleven kings, whom he compelled to "give him their beards clean flayed off, as much as there was." With these hirsute appendages King Ryons trimmed a mantle, in doing which he discovered that he needed just one more beard to make the job complete. He accordingly sent a request to King Arthur that he send his beard for this purpose, intimating that unless the demand were at once complied with he would come and take beard and head together. King Arthur, however, was not one to be frightened at threats of this kind. He promptly responded that it was "the most villanous and lewdest message that man ever heard sent to a king," adding that his own beard "was full young yet to make a trimming." It is pleasant to read that when King Ryons attempted to carry his threat into effect he was captured by the English hero and forced to abandon his beard-collecting mania.

The Anglo-Saxons wore ample beards cut in a forked shape, and, curiously enough, depicted in the illuminated manuscripts of the period as bright blue in color, from which it has been conjectured that our ancestors dyed their whiskers with liquids or prepared powders, after the Oriental fashion.

The Normans at the time of William the Conqueror shaved their faces and the back of their heads, so that Harold's spies reported that they had seen no soldiers, but an army of priests. These "priests" proved disastrous to the Anglo-Saxon power, and the Norman warrior, once seated on the throne of England, compelled his new subjects not only to conform to his laws but to follow his countrymen's custom of shaving.

Long beards reappeared during the reign of Rufus, and under Stephen wigs made their first appearance in England, while in the reign of Henry I. the clergy took umbrage at the long beards then fashionable, and compared their wearers to "filthy goats."

Before this period the clergy themselves had become involved in a squabble with the Pope over the question of their own beards. The Greek Church stood for beards, while the Roman power demanded shaven faces. Gregory VIII. denounced the beard, and Leo IX. proscribed it; and so the struggle went on until the sixteenth century, when the minor clergy became reconciled to shaving every day.

In England, from the time of Stephen to Henry VIII., beards and shaven faces alternated. The latter monarch "caused his own head and all his courtiers to be polled and his beard to be cut short." Under Elizabeth the fashionables wore shaven faces: during the reign of the Stuarts the beard was worn with upturned moustaches. Some had pasteboard cases to put over their beards at night, that they might not get rumpled during sleep, and the beaux of that day spent as much time in dressing them as the young lady of this does in putting on her bonnet.

The early Irish wore long beards and matted their hair with dirt and grease. These matted locks were called "glibbs," and were looked upon with pride by their owners, but in the reign of James I. a law was passed compelling the Irish to cut their hair and shave their faces.

In France, Francis I., acting under a brief from the Pope, levied a tax upon the beards of the clergy, and in the same country an edict in 1553 forbade the lawyers to plead in beards, while in 1561 the Sorbonne put a stop to clerks wearing the same adornment.

Peter the Great of Russia was another monarch who tried to make revenue from a tax upon beards, applying it to all his subjects; but the tax almost led to a popular uprising, and Peter abandoned this method of enlarging the exchequer, which threatened to endanger his throne.

The barbers during the Middle Ages became important personages in Europe. Besides attending to shaving and hair-cutting, they performed operations in minor surgery and were skilful bloodletters. They applied plasters and ointments, doctored bruises, and treated all wounds that were not considered of a mortal nature. They formed

themselves into a corporation which had its coat of arms, and they were entitled to carry swords. They were the first army surgeons, and in the beginning of the fifteenth century aroused the enmity of the regular surgeons to such a degree that the latter resolved not to visit any patient attended by a barber. As surgery became a science and medicine grew less empirical, the barber's craft lost its healing branches, and the war between its followers and the surgeons and doctors died a natural death.

Francis J. Ziegler.

SOME LITERARY SHRINES OF MANHATTAN.

II.

ABOUT AND ABOVE CITY HALL PARK.

OUR strolling pilgrimage through the older city has brought us to the vicinity of the City Hall Park,—the "Common" of the period to which pertain many of the shrines we have thus far found. In the time before it was shorn of its shrubbery and despoiled of its fair dimensions, the park was the resort of poor McDonald Clarke, author of "The Elixir of Moonshine, By the Mad Poet," and other volumes, who often sat out the night in this place when even the old hearse was not available as a lodging, and perhaps it was while gazing into starlit heaven during some nocturnal vigil here that he composed the exquisite lines,—

Night dropped her sable curtain down
And pinned it with a star.

The pavement a little below the old park was the scene of a violent personal encounter between Bryant and William L. Stone,—author of "Border Wars of the Revolution," etc.,—which provoked much comment among the writers of the day. Near by in Ann Street once dwelt a Mr. Cockloft, whose name suggested the appellation of the family and hall in "Salmagundi," and at the corner of Ann and Nassau Poe was employed by Willis upon *The Evening Mirror*, in which—January 29, 1845—"The Raven" was first reprinted under the name of Poe, with Willis's comment declaring it to be the most effective example of fugitive poetry ever published in America.

For several years Irving lived with his widowed mother on the northwest corner of Ann and William Streets in a quaint old house, long ago removed, whose structural bricks and architectural style are now illustrated by the lower stories of a contemporary building at No. 167 William, a few doors above. In this home, at the age of nineteen, Irving wrote the humorous "Jonathan Oldstyle" essays which procured for him the friendship of the novelist Charles Brockden Brown and of Joseph Dennie of *The Port Folio*,—some of whose peculiarities are depicted in "Salmagundi,"—who visited Irving here. Here, too, Irving produced most of his contributions to "Salmagundi" and wrote

the wonderful "History of New York" which made him known round the world.

Just below the old park, by the corner of Vesey Street, once stood the domicile of the founder of the Astor Library, whose personal qualities drew to him here such men as Irving, Francis, and Halleck; a little way down Vesey Street a wine-shop stands upon the site of a quondam dwelling of that lucid and trenchant writer, Horace Greeley; opposite was sometime the office of Paulding, and a few doors below is the store which once belonged to the genial Frederick S. Cozzens of "Sparrowgrass Papers," who here published the periodical from which was gathered the material for his "Sayings of Dr. Bushwacker and other Learned Men."

Facing the park upon the east stood of yore the shop of David Longworth,—called by Irving and his friends "Dusky Davie" from a popular song of the time,—who published "Salmagundi," and hard by, upon the place of the mammoth Syndicate Building, was the Park Theatre, of which Irving's friend the tragedian Thomas A. Cooper, who married the Sophy Sparkle of "Salmagundi," was manager: an address for Cooper's opening night was the longest poem Irving ever wrote. Here in 1809 the future author of "Sweet Home"—then a stripling lad who had abandoned his studies to go upon the stage in order to maintain his helpless father and family—made his first appearance as Norval in "Douglas," took the town by storm, and gained for himself the title of the "Young American Roscius;" he last appeared here two years later, playing Edgar to Cooke's Lear. Here, two decades afterward, Fanny Kemble—subsequently famed as a poetess—made her first bow to a New York audience. Dyde's "fashionable London Hotel," just above the theatre, was an habitual resort of the Cockloft Hall coterie of Irving's chums, and

To riot at Dyde's on imperial champagne
And then scour the city—the peace to maintain,

was, according to the poet of "Salmagundi," a characteristic of the "Sad Dogs" of that day.

Next door to the corner of Beekman Street was the pharmacy of Joseph Rodman Drake, considered by Halleck the handsomest man in New York, who resided above his store, in rooms to which the author of "Fanny" was a frequent visitor. Here the two friends, whom General Wilson styles "the Damon and Pythias of American poets," produced some of their whimsical "Croaker" verses; here Drake's most popular poem, "The American Flag," was written, the concluding stanza being the composition of his friend; and here he languished in consumption and died at the early age of twenty-five. Around the corner in Beekman Street the Temple Court covers the place of an office of Poe's short-lived *Broadway Journal*, and a few doors below it, at 118 Nassau, was published *The American Review*, in which, above the signature of "Quarles," first appeared "The Raven," the imperishable poem which procured for Poe world-wide fame. In rooms in a brick dwelling upon the second block of Beekman Street,

William Dunlap wrote his biographies of Cooke and Charles Brockden Brown and his histories of the "American Theatre" and the "Arts of Design." A four-story house just out of Beekman in Pearl Street was the abode of the quizzical Cozzens before he removed to Yonkers and became "Mr. Sparrowgrass."

The old *Tribune* building, which faced the park at the corner of Spruce Street and with which Greeley was so long associated, has been replaced by a modern structure in front of which sits a colossal statue of that forceful writer; at the back of this new building, a dingy edifice—still "difficult as to stairs and dark as to passages"—was the habitation of the Bohemian *Saturday Press* to which Howells made the visit which gave him the very first of his "First Impressions of Literary New York." At the next corner of Newspaper Row is the painted-brick edifice in which the late Charles A. Dana—both author and poet, but best known as editor—directed the journalistic luminary that "shines for all;" here the Nestor of American journalism worked in a small, irregular, corner room of the third story, whose furnishings gave no hint of the æsthetic culture of its occupant. An oaken writing-table, with a revolving case of books upon it and Mr. Dana's large chair in front of it, occupied the centre of the room, a smaller table holding books and papers stood by a side window, a leather-covered couch was against one wall, an inexpensive rug was upon the floor, and these, with some photographs and prints upon the cerulean-tinted walls and a stuffed owl which solemnly surveyed the scene from the top of the rotary bookcase, constituted the furniture of this workshop of the foremost man in his profession.

West of the old park a store at No. 5 Barclay Street has long supplanted the once famous "Frank's" restaurant which, like Will's Coffee-House in London, was a haunt of the *littérateurs* and actors of the time,—Hoffman, Poe, Halleck, Morris, Burton, Herbert, Clarke, and Brougham being among those often seen here. In an upper front room of a building at 10 Park Place, Charles F. Briggs,—better known as "Harry Franco," from his articles in the *Knickerbocker*,—with Parke Godwin and George William Curtis as assistants, conducted *Putnam's*, that excellent magazine whose financial failure indicated the decadence of New York's literary preëminence: a spacious old house a little way westward in the same thoroughfare, and now replaced by stores, was once the residence of Jerome Villagrand, with whom Halleck boarded many years. While living here, Halleck gave to the world his first volume of poems; later Villagrand removed to a smaller domicile around the corner, in what is now West Broadway, where Halleck entertained Prince Louis Napoleon. In near-by Greenwich Street William Irving lived when he ground the verse "from the mill of Pindar Cockloft" for "*Salmagundi*," and in the same dwelling Paulding composed his share of the whimsicalities of that droll publication; above on this street James Fenimore Cooper—already famous as the author of "*The Spy*"—resided when Bryant removed to the city and was invited to the novelist's house to meet many literary celebrities.

A five-storied building in Murray Street, a few steps out of Broadway, was Bayard Taylor's first abode after he had been attracted to the

metropolis by the opportunities of its literary life. The brilliant Charles Fenno Hoffman—author of "Greyslaer" and other books, but best remembered as the poet of "Monterey" and "Sparkling and Bright"—lodged in the same house; Hoffman, who already displayed in his eccentricities symptoms of the mental malady which for thirty-four years separated him from his kind, enjoyed the dignity of a "first-floor-front," while Taylor's light purse made it easier for him to climb four flights toward the empyrean. In his attic here he "rested his soul with poetry after the prosaic labors of the day," and produced such poems as "Kubleh," "Ariel in the Cloven Pine," "Ode to Shelley," and the best of his classical verse, "Hylas;" here he received such visitors as Kimball, Griswold, Buchanan Read,—who portrayed Taylor in the Arthur of his "Home Pastorals,"—and Richard Henry Stoddard. The latter came often, after a week's drudgery in the foundry, to enjoy with his friend

The sunshine of the gods,
The hour of perfect song,

reading and discussing the stanzas each had written since their last meeting, and discoursing of poetry and poets.

A few rods northward we find, in Chambers Street, business structures occupying the site of the office-residence of Dr. John W. Francis, where that literate intimate of *littérateurs* welcomed Jeffrey, Cooper, Sparks, Irving, Payne, Dunlap, and corresponded with Southey, Cobbett, Moore, Cuvier, and many of potential genius. Not far away on the same street erst stood Palmo's Opera-House, where Samuel Lover, author of "Rory O'More" and "Handy Andy," read from his own works and sang his own songs, and where de Singeeron sold sweets upon the sidewalk. The father of Halleck's "Fanny" had his shop in the adjacent Chatham Street, here Walt Whitman laid the scene of the homicide in "One Wicked Impulse," at No. 85 Greeley first found occupation in West's printing-office, and around in Duane Street Woodworth lived when he penned "The Old Oaken Bucket." It has been so generally believed the poem was written or conceived in a tap-room that the survivors of the poet's family desire publicity for the following account. At noon of a warm day in the summer of 1817, Woodworth walked home to dinner from his office near the foot of Wall Street, and, being greatly heated, drank a tumbler of pump-water, and said as he replaced the glass, "How much more refreshing would be a draught from the old bucket that hung in my father's well!" Whereupon his wife, who, the poet declared, was his habitual source of inspiration, exclaimed, "Why, Selim, wouldn't that be a pretty subject for a poem?" Thus prompted, he at once commenced and within the hour completed the charming lyric which immortalized his name. Years later he was living in a larger house, now supplanted by stores, upon the next block in Pearl Street near Elm: to him here came Irving, Morris, Poe, Fay, Willis, and others of kindred talent; here Halleck addressed his lines "To a Poet's Daughter" to Woodworth's oldest daughter Harriet, whose "grave-mound greenly swells" in a Western village cemetery, where she has lain for fifty years. In this house, after six years of hemiplegia,

Woodworth died : so entirely does his fame rest upon the single deathless song that most readers will be surprised when told that he wrote several volumes of poetry, plays, and prose.

A little way along Elm Street we come to the place of the Collect Pond (where the young officer who later was King William IV. of England learned to skate), long covered by the city prison in which died McDonald Clarke,—hero of Halleck's "Discarded," and himself the writer of many tender and graceful poems,—who, being found destitute and demented in the streets and placed here for safety, drowned himself in his cell. East of the prison and once overlooking Collect Pond would be the site of the "Independent Columbian Hotel in Mulberry Street,"—reputed sojourn of Diedrich Knickerbocker, who here prepared the manuscript which he left behind with his unpaid reckoning when he disappeared. The place of Handaside's hostelry would be in the little park which now admits air and sunshine into the foul region of Mulberry Bend, amid whose squalor the "Altrurian Traveller" discovered a picturesque quaintness, and the artist, in one of Professor Matthews's exquisite "Vignettes," made his successful search for "local color." Hard by lies the quieter street where Basil March, in "A Hazard of New Fortunes," found stanch old Lindeau living among the poor in order that he might not forget their sufferings and wrongs ; and in Mott Street we see the same thronging pagans March beheld there, and the statue looking down upon them from the front of the old church, and observe that the image is not that of a saint, as Howells supposed, but of the Christ. A few rods distant, at the northwest corner of the Bowery and Pell Street, a saloon covers the site of the old house in which Mrs. Rowson's wretched heroine "Charlotte Temple" died. A short walk through the present hideousness of the Bowery brings us to the place where "J. Rodman Drake, M.D.," first displayed his sign at No. 121 ; to this office the devoted Halleck came most frequently, from here the friends made their many excursions, here Drake sang of his "own romantic Bronx," by whose tide he now sleeps in death, and here, in a period of less than three days, he wrote "The Culprit Fay," which Halleck thought the finest poem of its kind in the English tongue.

At the lower end of the Bowery is Chatham Square, with its crowded pavements and turmoil of trains, trucks, and teams, which has not lost one of its picturesque features since Howells so graphically described it,—even the ballad-seller is to be seen when a vacant store-front is available,—and a stroll thence along East Broadway will bring us to the vicinage of the congested tenement district (the most populous in Christendom) of Howells's "East Side Ramble," and the scene of the labors of Conrad Dryfoos and Margaret Vance in "A Hazard of New Fortunes." In East Broadway, a neighborhood now surrendered to the children of Israel, the building of the Educational Alliance covers the place of the plain brick house, No. 195, upon whose upper floor Poe dwelt when the youthful Richard Henry Stoddard called upon him and saw his sick wife asleep upon a couch ; a three-storied house standing beyond Clinton Street was, a little later, the residence of the senior Henry James. Farther eastward, in Cherry Street near Scammel, was

the foundry of Thomas Bent, in which Stoddard worked at the time he published his first volume of verse and began his intimacy with Bayard Taylor; and a coal-yard in Stanton Street, between Lewis and Goerck, now occupies part of the site of another foundry, in which he learned the art of iron-moulding after he had commenced the practice of the poetic art. A shabby frame house in Water Street, obviously older than the building where Stoddard was employed on the same block, is the present home and hospital of the gifted Mrs. Lathrop,—daughter of the great Hawthorne and born in “the golden chamber” of his Berkshire home,—who has relinquished her loved literary occupations and her life of cultured ease and has come to dwell amid the most uncongenial and distasteful surroundings in order to devote herself to the personal care of indigent and incurable cancerous patients.

The long reach of Broadway above City Hall Park, once the fashionable promenade where Willis walked—“the best-dressed man on Broadway”—and met upon the sidewalks the heroines of his “Unseen Spirits,” has other and more precious literary associations. At the corner of Reade Street, now covered by the Stuart building, long stood Washington Hall, the usual meeting-place of the Bread and Cheese Club,—so called because in voting for membership bread was used for affirmative and cheese for negative ballots. It was composed of such starry spirits as Cooper, Halleck, Bryant, Verplanck, Sands, Percival, “Major Jack Downing,” Dr. Francis, but its projector, Cooper, was its leading spirit, and it speedily languished when he went abroad. Its successor here was Wainwright’s Book Club, made up largely from the membership of the older club. In a spacious deep-roomed mansion which stood by the corner of Leonard Street Irving courted the lovely Matilda Hoffman: here he saw her waste and fade, “becoming more angelic every day,” and here, looking last upon his face, she died, to be mourned of him evermore. Here, too, Irving met the beautiful Jewish Rebecca Gratz, the devoted friend of his affianced and her constant attendant in her last illness: years afterward, when visiting Scott at Abbotsford, Irving gave such an account of her wonderful beauty and constancy that the “Wizard of the North” pictured her in that best and most romantic conception of female character in all his fiction, the Rebecca of “Ivanhoe.”

Cooper sometime lived in a plain little brick house above Prince Street; almost opposite was No. 585, the old-fashioned home of Astor and resort of Halleck, Bristed, and Irving, where the latter wrote a portion of his “Life of Washington;” and just around the corner in Prince Street a great store covers the place of the office where, according to General Wilson, Halleck’s desk stood near the east front window during the years he was Astor’s secretary. A little way eastward, near the corner of Prince and Mulberry Streets, in the peaceful God’s-acre adjoining the old cathedral, the Venetian poet Lorenzo Daponte, who died in the next block of Spring Street at the age of ninety and was followed to his burial by such mourners as Woodworth, Verplanck, Halleck, and Francis, moulders in an unmarked grave. Near by, crowded between tall edifices, is the diminutive Jersey Street of

Bunner's delightful "Jersey Street and Jersey Lane." The basement of a store in Broadway two or three doors above Bleecker was, before the war, Charles Pfaff's beer-cellar,—sung by the bards of *Vanity Fair* and *The Saturday Press*,—the nightly haunt of the brightest of New York's literary Bohemians, who came here to smoke and quaff. To this group belonged Aldrich, Winter, Whitman, Artemus Ward, Fitzhugh Ludlow, George Arnold the "poet of Beer," who sang "We were all very merry at Pfaff's," and Fitz-James O'Brien, the "gypsy of letters." Here Stedman and Bayard Taylor were occasional loungers, and hither came Howells, on his notable first visit to New York, and supped at the table under the sidewalk and was presented to Whitman. Materially the basement must have been but a dingy place at its best, and its immaterial glory is long departed; the entrance is removed, and the recesses which once resounded with the wit and merriment of brilliant souls are now stored with senseless and sordid merchandise.

Around the next corner, at No. 1 Bond Street, its site now occupied by a mammoth shop, long stood the capacious old-time mansion of Dr. Francis, to which during some decades were welcomed men most illustrious in letters and art, whether residents of New York or visitors from abroad: scores of these came here as to an intellectual court and made the house famous in the Old World as well as in the New. Here Francis, himself a theme of Halleck, Cozzens, and other authors, wrote his "Reminiscences of Sixty Years" and many contributions to literature, and it was to him here that Cooper came on the melancholy last visit to New York, from which he returned to his beloved Otsego to die after a few weeks of suffering. Near Francis's was the home of Mrs. Maria Louise Shew, the good angel who ministered to Poe and his household in their illness and destitution and to whom he addressed the lines beginning, "Of all who hail thy presence as the morning;" her house, only lately surrendered to trade, was his haven in distress, and here at her suggestion he made the first incomplete draught of "The Bells." The old three-storied brick house at 43 Bond was for years a sojourn of Irving's, being at the time the abode of his nephew.

If our stroll northward from the park be by the thoroughfares lying west of Broadway, we find in Hudson Street a great store supplanting the home of Coleman, to which Drake and Halleck came privily by night to reveal themselves as the "Croaker" and "Croaker junior" of the witty poems Coleman had published in the *Evening Post*. At 84 Hudson whilom stood the house in which A Boy that Laurence Hutton Knew was born, and three doors out of Hudson in North Moore Street sometime lived a self-styled "Bad Boy" who grew up to be the poet Aldrich. A warehouse has replaced the modern dwelling No. 92 Hudson which was Bryant's abode when he succeeded Coleman on the *Post*, and the more pretentious home of Burton, a little above, is succeeded by a warehouse. A somewhat shabby brick building, with Venetian shutters, arched doorway, and rather ornate trimmings, a little way out of Hudson in Beach Street, was the first city residence of Cooper, who wrote here "The Pilot" and the less successful novel "Lionel Lincoln." In the adjacent Varick Street, just below Canal, a

neighborhood no longer select, we find an old red-brick house, with white stone steps and lintels, to which Bryant removed from Hudson Street, and some blocks above in Varick the place of Burr's Richmond Hill, which long ago disappeared under compact masses of masonry. Sixty years ago Richmond Hill Theatre stood where we now find the dwellings numbered 34 to 38 Charlton Street, east of Varick, and marked the site of Burr's villa, which had been lowered to the grade of the street and converted into the play-house at whose opening Verplanck read a dedicatory poem written by Halleck. At the stately old villa were entertained many of the most eminent men of the time, including Louis Philippe and such writers as Talleyrand, Paine, Volney, and Chateaubriand.

A two-storied frame house which some years ago disappeared from the west side of Carmine Street above Varick was Poe's dwelling for a part of the period of his first residence in New York; it was here that the bookseller Gowans resided with him most of the eight months concerning which he afterward testified, "During that time I never saw him the least affected by liquor nor knew him to descend to any kind of vice." Here Poe completed the wonderful "Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym," which one critic regards as "peerless of its kind after 'Gulliver's Travels,'" and composed the sarcastic extravaganza "Signora Psyche Zenobia." A now old and dingy brick building nearer to Bleeker was, for some years after his return from Hoboken, Bryant's "home in Carmine Street" to which his letters refer. Out of Carmine opens the sober thoroughfare celebrated in Bunner's lilting "Song of Bedford Street," where—as the present writer has discovered—back-yard floriculture has still its votaries.

In near-by Bleeker Street, near Thompson, in a house now decorated with Italian sign-boards and displaying evidences of the gentility of its former state through the pathetic shabbiness of the present, Cooper first erected his household gods after his return from Europe,—French gods these, for the house was equipped throughout with furniture he had brought from France, and was ministered solely by French servants. Westward on Bleeker, Mr. Janvier finds for us at No. 293 the site of the house where Thomas Paine, the famous author of "The Rights of Man," dwelt with Madame Bonneville, and around the next corner, at 59 Grove, the place of the frame structure in which he spent his last weeks of life and was plied by parsons Cunningham and Milledollar.

And here we have reached the picturesque region of old Greenwich, with its bits of quaintness which delighted the "Altrurian Traveller" and the irregular streets through which Basil March used to saunter in New York's greatest romance. About us may be seen the now broken rows of little red houses with the old-fashioned oddities he noted, and somewhere nearer the river lie those "furthestmost tracks westward" where the brave Lindeau and the devoted Conrad Dryfoos of Howells's tale came to their deaths among the strikers.

Theodore F. Wolfe.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH, FOR THE HOLIDAYS AND EVERY DAY.

Fiction.

King Washington.
By Adelaide Skeel
and William H.
Brearley. Illus-
trated.

Varied and useful have been the books evoked by the revived interest in George Washington and in Colonial history, but it is doubtful if any other tale founded on the Father of his Country has equalled in interest this striking novel with its commanding title, *King Washington*. The name arises from the offer of a crown which was made to Washington by a body of his officers when the Continental army lay at Newburgh on the Hudson. This dramatic but obscure event is an integral episode of the story, but it is only one of an abundance of thrilling incidents, historic and imaginary, which make up the book.

The romance opens in the dining-hall of the Morris House on Harlem Heights, where Sir Henry Clinton, the English commander, had his headquarters. General Prescott was among the guests, a portly, quarrelsome officer, who had just been called upon to respond to a toast to The Ladies, God Bless Them, when he was summoned by his servant, "of a dark but prepossessing appearance." The general explained that his servant was half Indian, and was anxious to get away so that he might join the sacred dances of his race up the Hudson. This led to the engagement of the servant in a dangerous enterprise, which was nothing less than the capture of General Washington, and how he succeeded and what was his reward it must be the pleasure of many an astonished and stimulated reader to find out. Suffice it to say that the final surprise turns upon Louis Paschal's identity, and not till the revelation comes can even the most alert divine its source. The reviewer can remember to have curled up on a lounge of other days hugging such a book till bedtime, and dreaming its plot out awry half the night. Even yet the same fascination exists, given the hero and the book, and in *King Washington* both are given in a winning, romantic, and irresistible way.

In externals the volume is an uncommonly attractive product of the Lip-pincott house. Its lettering, binding, and color smack of Colonial antecedents. There are five charming reproductions of historic houses still in existence which are mentioned in the text.

Chalmette. By
Clinton Ross. Il-
lustrated.

A breezy rush of incident, vivid character touches, and remarkable vignettes of places flashed upon the reader as by a search-light are the salient traits of the fiction of Clinton Ross. He is a master of construction, and his books possess the charm of a melodrama. The music of his prose falls in with the narrative as the emotional strains of the orchestra mingle with a play. His

last novel, *Chalmette*, fresh from the Lippincott press, is easily the best, though it must compete with such stirring tales as *The Scarlet Coat* and *Zuleka*.

The story of *Chalmette* is the story of the battle of New Orleans plus the romantic characters introduced by the author for the purposes of his fiction. Captain Christopher Robe leaves his Virginia estate, where he has half unconsciously developed an attachment for Sallie Maurice, his neighbor, and travels to New Orleans to take command of a company in General Jackson's army. He carries an introduction from Sallie's uncle to Jean Lafitte, patriot and pirate, one of the most powerful men of Louisiana, and through this connection finds himself involved in many of the intrigues which preceded "the day of Chalmette." Sallie Maurice develops astonishing reasons for going to New Orleans, and Robe meets her at Baratavia, the pirate's stronghold, under tragic circumstances. It turns out that Lafitte is his rival in love, and a dangerous and desperate one, and during the battle of New Orleans the bad blood between them comes to the boiling-point. The famous battle is described with telling directness, while General Jackson and many of his officers appear as characters in the uncommon and thrilling tale.

This is the first historical novel we have seen in the thriving harvest of that ilk which deals with other American events than those of the colonies, and it is patent that its author has pre-empted a vein of the richest ore.

*The Pride of the
Mercers.* By T. C.
De Leon.

One of the things which acute critics sometimes object to in Stevenson is his obvious plot-making; and it is rare to find a novel of adventure, possessing the right dash of melodrama, free from the odor of the literary plot manufactory. But here in this sterling good story called *The Pride of the Mercers*, by T. C. De Leon, and published by the Lippincotts, we have a tale of murder, trial, revelation, and love, which seems to grow naturally out of circumstances, just as life does when it is most intensely interesting.

T. C. De Leon is already known by his *Creole and Puritan* and other good novels, but he has here risen above himself and most of his fellow-craftsmen, and this last book is sure of a wider reputation and a longer life than fall to the average novel of our hurried day.

The story in brief is of the proud and aristocratic Mercers, father, son, and daughter. General Mercer is a slave-holder who has won his title in the field and who possesses the temper of a martinet. He refuses his consent to the marriage of his daughter with Lee Preston, a young and respectable lawyer, because of some rumors which connect the young man's name with a handsome slave girl. On the same night that Preston is to start to settle in the North, Clay Mercer has an altercation with his father, who offers him his patrimony in advance and casts him off. He has been reckless and dissipated. Clay asks time for consideration of the compact, and before it is executed he wantonly insults Lee Preston in the town tavern. After this they meet accidentally in the woods, and a struggle ensues seen only by the vindictive father of the girl Clarisse, who suspects Preston, though Clay Mercer is the real culprit. A few hours later Clay disappears, and only on the day of his father's funeral, who has died of a broken heart, is his body discovered beside a near-by lake. Upon the apparent murder of Clay hangs the deep interest of the story, and we defy

the most consummate reader to fathom the plot until the moment of its tragic revelation in court.

The manner of the book is studiously restrained, and it will make an irresistible appeal to readers of good taste who are fond of unravelling an exciting plot.

A Queen of Hearts.
By Elizabeth
Phipps Train.

A famous *danseuse* wedded to a nonconformist parson would seem to form material for a plot of unusual drollery, and in *A Queen of Hearts*,—Lippincott,—from the hands of so capable a story-teller as Elizabeth Phipps Train, no atom of its possibilities is lost. The *artiste* was born into the uncongenial environment of a provincial village, ward of a pious man who detested nothing so much as the diabolical vice called dancing. He once caught his ward pirouetting to the tune of the shoemaker's fiddle in an old loft over the cobbling-shop, and the castigation she received before her soul was shriven deterred her from again committing the sin. He married the unwilling victim, and they had a daughter; but the old wild spirit of his wife's vagabond father arose in her before long, and she ran away to New York, where she became Mademoiselle Cléo, "a *danseuse* of incomparable merit." Then began her bitterest trials, for her daughter must be kept in ignorance of her profession, and her father had entered into a conspiracy to reveal it. Between these two motives the tale runs on excitingly to the climax, offering as bright an evening's entertainment as a popular play. Indeed, Miss Train's talent is characteristic of the stage. Her *Social Highwayman* has become a fixture on the boards, and her *Marital Liability* was praised especially for its dramatic plot and treatment. The volume is attractive outside and in, and is sure to have a long run.

Dead Selves. By
Julia Magruder.

Steady advance in the art of the novelist has made for Julia Magruder a fixed place in the public regard. She knows human life sympathetically and with an artist's vision, and her stories are made to endure.

The last of these is entitled *Dead Selves*, and is published by the J. B. Lippincott Company. "Men rise on stepping-stones of their dead selves." This is the theme, and it is wrought out with systematic development as it affects the lives of a sordid man and an illiterate woman until they become one in purpose and in character, until they truly love each other and awaken from their stolid dream. Rarely do we pick up so serious a book which is at the same time deeply interesting, and it is a pleasure to emphasize its high qualities to readers who will have the good fortune to discover them by its perusal. The cover, simply graceful in color and design, is an appropriate casket for a tale whose simplicity is one of its finest traits.

The Hermit of Nottingham. By
Charles Conrad
Abbott.

When a pen so dyed with the tints of nature as is that of Charles Conrad Abbott finds employment in the field of fiction there is sure to result a book of indescribable charm, half an idyl and half a novel. Such is *The Hermit of Nottingham*,—Lippincott,—a romance of the New Jersey woodlands, in which the characters mingle from the social altitudes of a great city, with Colonial antecedents and high-bred tastes, and from the backwoods

and thrifty farms of the upper Delaware, or, more exactly, the New Jersey county of Nottingham. The leading actors in the sylvan drama are cousins whose unequal fortunes have drifted them wide apart. The central motive lies with the picturesque Hermit of Nottingham, half a philosopher and poet, half a miser—or so goes rumor in the neighborhood. Into his lonely existence there creeps by acts of sympathy a young girl who proves to be of his kin, and at the same time appears the patrician cousin, who has found no mate among the grand dames of his circle. The kindly but queer old hermit brings these two together in a romantic manner, and the book ends with that kind of haunting charm which lingers for days in the reader's mind.

Wordsworth knew how to infuse into his solitary old men the great imaginative and organic impulses of nature, and here—in a lesser degree, because the treatment is that appropriate for fiction—Dr. Abbott has created a character which stands as the embodied spirit of the pathetic in the green woods. The story is as pure and sweet as a poem by Wordsworth, and it is, besides, an enduring work in fiction.

A Damsel Errant.
By Amélie Rives.

The latest issue in the always attractive and widely read *Lotos Library*, which bears the Lippincott imprint, is *A Damsel Errant*, by Amélie Rives. What capital names she always chooses! *The Quick or the Dead?* *The Witness of the Sun*,—these are only two of the many happy titles invented by one who is a poet as well as a gifted novelist.

The *Damsel Errant* is Lady Yovanne, Demoiselle de Savaré, only daughter of a feudal lord of France, called for his ferocity the Wild Boar of the Ardennes. She is half a man in all deeds of sport and horsemanship, but she is as lovely as Amélie Rives alone knows how to make her heroines, and she heeds not a whit the broken hearts of her suitors. Confidante of Lady Yovanne is Rosalys de Vallon, her neighbor, whose brother loved Yovanne. But he fell into a quarrel with the Demoiselle's father and slew him. This angered Lady Yovanne, and she sought revenge; but ere she won it her heart gave way, and the story ends as the lifted axe sways above the lover's head.

As an example of an archaic love-tale, with the matchless romance and brilliant color of feudal Gaul, this is an uncommon literary achievement. It will stimulate both curiosity and interest, and take a place beside the pseudo-antiques of Crockett and Standish O'Grady.

**Barbara, Lady's
Maid and Peeress.**
By Mrs. Alexander.

Barbara was a London type,—the sewing-girl who has little time for pleasure, and less means than time. She was a skirt-hand in the dress-making establishment of Madame Clothilde. But her sense of justice revolted before long, and she sought work as a governess, companion,—anything rather than Madame and her grinding labor. Barbara found herself at last in a remote castle on a bleak hill, engaged as maid to Miss Constance Morton, the niece of Lady Glengarvon, owner of the estate. She was treated well enough by the parsimonious lady and liked her young mistress. All went well enough; yet better was to follow, for the title of the novel half reveals what happened, but the several

steps must be followed by the reader as they develop if he would insure himself a long evening's pleasure.

The story is one of Mrs. Alexander's very best things, full of snap, charm, love-making, conversation, character touches, and descriptive passages, such as she alone among her contemporaries knows how to mingle in light literature of an enduring and elevating kind.

The external taste of the book, which is published by the Lippincotts, is exceptional, dark green sides with designs in gold and silver, and all in excellent harmony.

Christmas Books for Younger Readers.

Three Pretty Maids.
By Amy E. Blanchard. Illustrated by Alice Barber Stephens.

That a book for girls is by Amy E. Blanchard and illustrated by Alice Barber Stephens is enough said. Such is *Three Pretty Maids*,—Lippincott,—as attractive and pure a tale for girls, in their teens or just out, as ever came from a sympathetic pen. The story is spun around the young lives of three sisters, each of differing temperament, and the contrasted traits are made to do service as unobtrusive lessons in good manners, good nature, and domestic fidelity. It is a pleasant tale, running into many quiet adventures at college, with the boys Basil and Porter, and in travel; and the three pretty maids—Persis, Millicent, Lisa—have as good times in their hearty, innocent way as ever girls had. That the career of one of them ends in engagement and that all exhibit more or less sentiment are facts which only enhance the charm of a delightful story, conceived and carried out in the spirit of Christmas, the season of merriment and sentiment.

The Flame Flower, and Other Stories.
By James F. Sullivan. Illustrated.

Fanciful, droll, and altogether delightful is *The Flame Flower, and Other Stories*, published in London by Dent and in Philadelphia by Lippincott. It is a combination of child-stories with the cleverest possible pictures by the author, James F. Sullivan; and rarely, outside of the Alice books, has the wildest fun been broached in the same serious way. For instance, the rambling tale called *The Lost Idea* is about Timothy, the shoemaker, who made shoes so well that he was successively patronized by everybody, up to the Squire himself. Then at his wife's suggestion he took a holiday and went fishing. While engaged in that contemplative employment Tim begot an idea. But when he was half-way home he lost it. His wife said, "Get another." But it was the only idea he ever had got in his life, and he never could get another. He accused every creature he saw of stealing his idea,—the old man who wheeled dirt to his chimney and planted a seed in the top; the old woman who raised crows by pegging down a cow's tail in a hot-bed and forcing a crop,—but he never found the true culprit. At last he picked up the lost idea in his own head, and it was, "I think I had better go home to tea."

This is a sample of the fanciful vein of Mr. Sullivan, who knows instinctively what will please children, and, though some of his tales are graver and longer, they are all charming. The book is excellent in type and binding,—just the thing for a bookish boy or girl.

Meg Langholme.
By Mrs. Molesworth. Illustrated.

There is no field of fiction for girls and boys that Mrs. Molesworth has not well tilled and harvested, and in this latest tale timely for Christmas from the Lippincott press she gives us of her very best. The story of *Meg Langholme* takes the reader to a provincial region in England and introduces him into a circle of comfortable, real people whom it is a pleasure to meet. They are the kind of folk that make the world endurable, and Meg and her friend Arthur are of their very essence,—frank, unaffected, wholesome children, who grow up together through domestic adventures until a greater episode occurs in which they play somewhat dramatic parts, and this brings the story to a legitimate and happy close.

Suffice it to say that a purer, kindlier, and at the same time more interesting tale for young people could hardly be found the world over. The illustrations and the decorative cover give final finish to a cheerful book.

The Lost Gold of the Montezumas.
By William O. Stoddard. Illustrated by Chas. H. Stephens.

"Remember the Alamo!" This was a battle-cry of the Texans of which all boys should know the history; and in *The Lost Gold of the Montezumas*, published by the Lippincotts, Mr. William O. Stoddard gives a vivid and thrilling account of its origin which will stir every patriotic fibre in readers young or old.

As characters in Mr. Stoddard's book appear Bowie, Davy Crockett, Travis, and the Indian chiefs who were their allies at the Alamo. Before the actual fight began with the Mexican general Santa Anna, a party of Texans had gone off with a band of Indians in search of the undiscovered treasure of the Montezumas, hidden in a remote cave, and they had found the gold, but were destined never to secure it, for the fight at the Alamo came upon them, and they were slain to a man. The rich secret died with them, and remains forever a mystery.

The story is thoroughly well constructed for the amusement and enlightenment of bright boys, containing just enough of the marvels of fiction to gild the more prosaic elements of fact, and the pictures by Charles H. Stephens are models of what such illustrative art should be.

From Fag to Monitor.
By Andrew Home. Illustrated.

Boys like to see themselves shown as in a mirror, and this *From Fag to Monitor*, by Andrew Home, conspicuously is. It deals with the school pranks and heroisms of several typical boys at High Cliff School, a private English institution under the direction of Mr. Hobill, B.A.

Jack Graham, a waif cast up by the sea, was adopted by Dr. Graham, and his origin was unknown. A sinister old sailor of the coast found certain papers in the wreck and concealed them. These related to Jack, and the sailor, Mattock, entered into a conspiracy with an unprincipled lawyer named Ward to defraud Jack of his inheritance. Jack was sent to High Cliff School, and there passed through many terrors as the fag of a bully called Pickard. He came through his youthful difficulties in a manly fashion, and rose to be head of the school. His origin was cleared up, too, and the story ends as every reader

would wish it to. It is an inspiring little history for a stout-hearted boy, and we should think it would stiffen the backbone of a timid one. It has the elements in it which have embalmed *Tom Brown* for all time, and it will likely win an enduring place for itself.

The illustrations, by E. J. Wheeler, are capital, and the J. B. Lippincott Company has done a praiseworthy act in bringing such a volume within the reach of good boys at Christmas.

The Rovers' Quest.
By Hugh St. Leger.
Illustrated by J.
Ayton Symington.

Noel Hamilton, son of a sailor, is the hero of *The Rovers' Quest*,—Lippincott. He is a fine fellow in every way, and when he goes to sea alone for a day's fishing and does not come back, his recently widowed mother is in despair. The boy was really picked up in distress and taken to

Australia. On the Queen Charlotte he found his father's best friend, Sam Port, and these two, old and young, meet with lots of wild adventures in the far-away seas before they again land in Merry England.

The story makes for courage and hardihood. It inculcates no direct lessons, for it is an absorbing sea-tale, not a sermon, but its influence will be exercised only for good, and it will thus do a work quietly and cheerfully which much homily and direct advice could not achieve. The illustrations do actually illustrate, and the book will be prized and the giver thanked by its fortunate recipient.

*A New Alice in the
Old Wonderland.*
By A. M. Richards,
Sr. Illustrated by
A. M. Richards, Jr.

Every soul who has had the luck to be brought up on *The Alice Books* will beam with gratitude for the continuation of a pleasure enjoyed once and enjoyed forever. Mrs. A. M. Richards, the wife of the famous marine painter, offers old and young this unique delight in the new edition of her *New Alice in the Old Wonderland*, which the Lippincotts issue at a reduced price to satisfy the demand of the many who were debarred from securing the book when originally published. There is nothing that savors more of the Christmas spirit than this merry nonsense.

*Hunted through
Fiji.* By Reginald
Horsley. Illus-
trated.

Life in the Australian bush among convicts and cannibals has perennial fascination for boys. The more terror these inspire, the more pleasure to the snug reader curled up at home safe from every harm. And yet there is education as well as fun in books like *Hunted through Fiji*, just put forth by the Lippincotts. They familiarize boys and girls with far-away lands and their natives, they give wide views of life, and they stimulate the spirit of self-reliance which always accompanies dangers well surmounted. The author of *Hunted through Fiji*, Mr. Reginald Horsley, has evidently been an adventure-loving lad himself. He enters with a keen relish into the fate of the boys who are captured by convicts and taken against their will to sea, and he knows thoroughly well the land and ocean in the southern latitudes of the Pacific. Those who are seeking a Christmas book for a growing boy will find this to his taste. The illustrations are unusually good.

Some Books in Science.

A Manual of Trigonometry. By Richard C. Buck.

The recent decision of the British Board of Trade to require examinations in trigonometry from officers of the merchant marine, beginning with 1898, has made timely the issue of this handy little book by a skilled mathematician, called *A Manual of Trigonometry*. But its usefulness will not be confined to sailors. There is matter in its concise and clear text for all students of surveying or astronomy, and even the layman may possess himself of its contents with enlightenment and profit. It is the latest issue in Griffin's Nautical Series, published on this side by the Lippincotts.

Electric Smelting and Refining. By Dr. W. Borchers. Translated by Walter McMillan, of Mason College, Birmingham, England.

This is a capable translation of the work by a noted German electrician of large experience in the theory and business of electro-metallurgy. Dr. Borchers's work has passed into two editions in Germany and has assumed a standard place. This second issue contains much that business considerations compelled him to omit in the original, and it is up to date in its varied data. All metals which yield to the electric current are treated of fully and lucidly, and each chapter closes with a brief survey of the simpler metallurgical processes as a comparative basis for the valuation of the electrical method. Tables for the conversion of Continental into English units are also supplied. *Electric Smelting and Refining*—Lippincott—is a practical book devoted to industrial interests, and will be appreciated by the busy manufacturers of America as it has been by the more deliberate Teutons. Numerous cuts are inserted in the text.

Valves and Valve-Gearing. By Charles Hurst.

An English view of *Valves and Valve-Gearing* is of advantage to engineers and students of this country, and with this in mind the Lippincotts issue a complete little volume so entitled, by Charles Hurst, of Wigan, England. It is divided into two parts, treating, respectively, of the Common Slide-Valve, Expansion Valves, and Automatic Cut-off Gearings, Link Motions and other Reversing Gears, and of Corliss Valves and Trip-Gears. Many excellent cuts enhance the text for the draughtsman.

Physics. An Elementary Text-Book for University Classes. By C. G. Knott.

A much-needed text-book in *Physics* is this, now supplied by Mr. C. G. Knott, D.Sc., F.R.S.E., and lecturer in his chosen branch in Edinburgh University. It is a practical volume, convenient in form and condensed in contents, and will appeal to the university professor at the period of preparation for the winter's work as possessing in a just ratio the elements of good sense and solid science.

CLEVELAND'S



ALWAYS
SUCCESSFUL

BAKING POWDER

X RAYS ON A MUMMY.—The genuineness of an Egyptian mummy having been questioned, its British owner subjected one of the hands to the X rays, when the perfect outline of the human bones was shown.

A QUESTION OF POSSESSION.—"Will you be mine?"

It was a young man who spoke, and the young woman, understanding, bent low her shapely head, and, blushing, answered, "Yes."

Oh, love! Oh, rapture!

Fifteen minutes after the above emotional conversation had taken place the storm abated to some extent, and she lifted her joyful eyes to his as if in question.

Quick is the apprehension of love, and he was all anxiety in a moment.

"What is it, darling?" he asked, holding her to him as if fearful lest she should escape.

"Haven't I fifty thousand dollars in my own right?" she murmured.

His grasp tightened on her as if it were twice as much.

"So I have heard, dear," he responded, trying to be utterly indifferent.

"And you haven't fifty thousand cents?"

"Just about, darling." And once more he tightened his hold on the future comforts of life.

For a long time she remained silent, as if in deep thought.

"Don't you think, John," she said at last, "that that question you asked me a minute ago was just a bit out of plumb?"

"What question, dearest? I don't understand," he said, greatly perplexed. "Do you mean when I asked you to be mine?"

"Yes, John."

"What was wrong with it, darling? I meant it all, and more."

"Yes, John, I know," she said, weighing her words carefully, "but it occurs to me that as you are not putting up the money, and I am, you might change it around a little, and you be mine, instead of the way you had it."

All the worry and anxiety fled from his face and soul on the spot.

"Have it exactly as you please, darling," he said, with a radiant smile. "There isn't any more mine or yours in this family anyhow. It's all ours. See?"

And they will no doubt "live happily ever after." At least we may all hope so.—*Washington Star.*

PRIMITIVE INCENSE.—In ancient days sweet odors were obtained by burning aromatic gums and woods; hence the word perfume, which is from the Latin *per*, through, and *fumus*, smoke or vapor. From this arose the idea of incense in primitive worship. It was used by the Orientals long before it became known to the Western world. People of the East utilized it for sacrifice in their temples. At feasts it enhanced the pleasure of the senses. At funerals it was a bribe to appease the manes of the dead, and later, in theatres, a disinfectant against the unpleasant odors of a crowded building.

Pliny assures us that incense was not employed in sacrifice until after the Trojan war, when fragrant woods were applied to give an agreeable smell.

In an ancient magical manuscript it is directed that three grains should be taken with three fingers and placed under the threshold to keep away evil spirits which might come in the form of offensive odors.—*London Society.*

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LITHIA WATER

The synonym of all there is in an elegant sparkling Table Water. Purity and general excellence must be the first requisites, and these have made this water the favorite at all leading hotels, clubs, and homes, as well as in all the hospitals in the land. Its universal use is the strongest testimony to its high quality.

Notwithstanding the advance in the price of foreign waters, prices on Londonderry will remain the same.

LEADING HOTELS
ALL SELL LONDONDERRY

CONSIDERED BY THE BEST FAMILIES
AS THE MOST DELICIOUS AND HEALTHY TABLE WATER

NOT BREATHLESS.—Aunt Maria (at the theatre).—"Why do all those men rush out in breathless haste the moment the curtain falls?"

Uncle Henry.—"Just wait till they come in again, and you'll understand it."

When they returned, there was not a breathless one among them.—*Boston Transcript*.

A STAY IN GIBRALTAR.—Gibraltar, apart from being the world's most famous and impregnable fortress, is a very interesting place to visit. There are constant bustle and stir about the place, and plenty of color and change about the streets and market-places. Side by side with the English "Tommy Atkins" in his red jacket will stalk the solemn Moor from Barbary, who is there for the peaceful object of disposing of his chickens and market-produce. Then a merry party of ladies from the "officers' quarters" will come riding through the town, escorted by the latest arrived subalterns, or by some jolly midshipmen from the man-o'-war in the bay, and be blocked in the street by a troop of gayly dressed Spanish girls noisily driving before them a herd of mules with panniers laden with fruit and vegetables. Then, if you sail about the bay, there are steamers arriving to coal at every hour of the day, some with their hundreds of happy passengers homeward bound from India and anxious for a run ashore before the four days' trip through the Bay of Biscay home to Plymouth, and others little cargo-boats bound to some old-world port in the Mediterranean to deliver a prosaic cargo of coal. There are pleasant little trips either by sea or land. A few hours' sail and you are in Morocco or Tangier, or you can visit the Spanish fortress of Ceuta on the African side of the straits. Altogether, Gibraltar is a place to stay a week in, and people who just view the rock from the deck of their steamer and go on to Genoa or Naples miss a great deal of interesting pleasure.—*New York Sun*.

THE WISE DOCTOR.—"But, my dear sir, you positively must follow my directions. You must take an ice-cold bath every morning."

"Why, doctor, that's just what I am doing."

"Oh—er—well, then you must stop it."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

A CHURCH STORY.—Not very many years ago, in a country church in the west of England, the rector, preaching with great earnestness for home missions, took for his text, "Feed me with food convenient for me." As he came down from the pulpit, well content with the effect his eloquence had produced on the congregation, the disturbing thought struck him that he had made no arrangement for the collection (sure to be a liberal one on this occasion). As he passed through the chancel he whispered hurriedly to an intelligent choir-boy, "Go into the vestry, take the plate you will find on the table, hand it round to the congregation, and then bring it to me." The boy departed on his errand, and the rector took his place within the communion rails and gave out the offertory hymn.

The last words of this had scarcely died away when the boy stood before him, a plate of biscuits in his hand, and an apologetic expression on his chubby face. "Please, sir," he explained, in an audible voice, "I've handed them all round to everybody, and nobody won't take none!"—*London Gentlewoman*.

1898

"19 YEAR OLD"

Rambler

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BROOKLYN, DETROIT,
CINCINNATI, BUFFALO, CLEVELAND, LONDON

THE NEEDED STUDY.—The *Green Bag* tells this story of Judge Wilson of Ohio: "Several lawyers gathered in Judge Wilson's room after adjournment of court and were discussing the retirement of a member of the bar. Among them was one whose practice is worth twenty-five thousand dollars a year. He said, 'I have been practising several years, and am well fixed. I have thought I should like to retire and devote my remaining years to studies I have neglected.' 'Study law,' said Judge Wilson."

THE RAT AND THE CAT.—Cliff is a "Vehginyeh niggah, sah," and he always has a story ready instead of an excuse when he fails from duty. He failed to come to time on the payment of a bill for three dollars and twenty-five cents. When the matter was forcibly brought to his attention, and he was told to recollect that he had promised to pay on a certain date, he made no excuse, but told this story:

"Down in Vehginyeh, sah, dere wuz a big gray rat what done fell inter a bar'l o' whiskey, sah.

"Now, dis yere rat done think his time come foh shuah. He swum en paddled 'bout in dat good drink until he wuz loain' his bref. He wuz jes' 'bout ter give up. He sez, sezze, ter hisse'f, 'Marse Rat, you's done; you's a dead rat foh shuah. 'Pears ter me yeh mout's well say yeh pra'rs.'

"Jes den up pops Marse Cat en peers ober de bar'l.

"Hey, dar, Marse Rat, you's 'bout likely ter be a cohpsie in a few minutes.'

"'K'rect, Marse Cat,' gasped de rat, who wuz mighty weak 'bout dis time.

"Now, Marse Rat, 'low me ter make a prop'sition. What'll yeh do ef I done help yeh out'n dis yere heap o' trouble?"

"Marse Rat peeks up some little. 'Marse Cat,' he say, 'on meh honah as a Vehginyeh rat, sah, I'll done 'low yer ter eat meh in hoff en houah, sah.'

"Dat's a bahgain, sah,' says Marse Cat, en he hooks out Marse Rat en lays him, weak en shibberin', on de flo'. Marse rat he wuz mighty wet en soaked, en Marse Cat he think he 'low him ter dry out 'foah eatin' of him.

"Bimeby Marse Cat he begin to nod, en he drap off ter sleep. Dis wuz Marse Rat's 'tunity. He picks hisse'f up en moseys off inter his hole en wuz home wif his family.

"By dis time Marse Cat he done wake up.

"No Marse Rat. Den Marse Cat he done grow mad all ober. He march ober ter Marse Rat's home, en he knock on de doah.

"Who's dar?' asks Marse Rat.

"Me, Marse Cat. You come right out'n dar en lemme eat yeh. Yeh promised me on yeh honah as a Vehginyeh rat, sah.'

"Dat's k'rect,' Marse Rat he done answer, 'but I 'fuses to come out'n yere en be et up. I prefuhs, sah, ter stay heah, sah.'

"Didn't yeh, on yeh honah as a Vehginyeh rat, sah, promise yeh life, sah, ter lemme eat yeh, sah?' says Marse Cat, very 'dignant-like.

"Yes, sah, I did, sah,' answered Marse Rat, 'but yeh mus' reckerleck dat I wuz in lickie at de time, sah.'"—*New York Journal*.

A SUITABLE NAME.—"You say you have fifteen children? What a family!"

"Yes. I named the last one 'Chestnuts.'"—*New York Journal*.

HALL'S HAIR RENEWER



What It Does

It makes the hair grow, restores the original color to gray or faded hair, stops the hair from falling, and removes dandruff.

"My own beautiful hair is a convincing proof of the efficacy of your valuable Hair Renewer, and my friends are profiting by my experience."—M.A. SHAW, Auburn, N.Y.

"It is with pleasure that I add my testimony in favor of your valuable Hair Renewer. My hair was so thin, and in places completely gone, that for eight years I wore false hair; and now, by the SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER, my hair is completely restored to its original thickness and color, for which I shall ever be grateful to you."

CAROLINE FRENCH,
Kingston, N.H.

Accept no imitation of HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER.

What It Is

It is just what its name states—a

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Its results are not merely temporary; the gloss it imparts lasts, and the growth it produces continues. Acting directly upon the roots of the hair, increasing the secretions upon which the hair depends for life, vigor, and hue, Hall's Hair Renewer gives new vitality to the hair-producing organs. It is the best of hair dressings.



THE LEADING HAIR INVIGORATOR

THE FATHER OF ANATOMY.—Hippocrates is looked upon by anatomists as the father of the science. He died in 377 B.C. The modern science began in Italy in the thirteenth century. The first anatomical plates, designed to show the size and relative position of the bodily organs, were prepared and colored by Titian. All the great painters and sculptors have been careful students of anatomy. Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Leonardo da Vinci were noted for their anatomical researches.

FORGOTTEN TREASURE.—In one of the old London banks a box was recently found, containing money and valuables, which had not been opened or called for in one hundred and sixty years and which now remains without a claimant. Incidents of like sort are not infrequent in banking history, though there is no other recorded instance of a package held in trust remaining so long unexamined. Some years ago the Merchants' National Bank of Baltimore discovered a box containing ten thousand dollars in bonds of the Pennsylvania Railroad the ownership of which could not at first be traced. The coupons for the preceding fifteen years were still attached. It was finally discovered that the bonds belonged to the Hagerstown (Maryland) Bank and had been deposited as collateral. The president of the Hagerstown Bank died, the cashier was superseded, and the institution lost all traces of the transaction. The disappearance of the securities, however, always remained an unpleasant mystery until it was thus happily cleared up.

In one of the private banking-houses of Frankfort, during the first half of the century, a box containing a large sum in money and securities was deposited for safe keeping, and when called for a few days afterwards could not be found. The banker had himself received it, and, as he supposed, put it in a place of security. He was so overcome by the occurrence that he went home and shot himself. The next day the treasure turned up safe and sound, the receptacle having in a moment of absence of mind been stored away in an odd corner and overlooked.—*New York Tribune*.

DREAMERS.—"Don't forget, Philip," said Mr. Gratebar, "that a man cannot live in castles in the air. If he spends too much time in dreaming, he is likely to find himself with but a poor shelter when storms come on. If a man would have a house of his own, he must build it himself, and he can do this only by faithful, unremitting labor. In fact, the greater part of life, Philip, is spent in carrying the hod. And he is happiest and likely to have the finest house who recognizes this fact and takes his hod up early."—*New York Sun*.

A THEOLOGICAL POINT.—A Sunday-school superintendent at the close of an address on the creation, which he was sure he had kept within the comprehension of the least intelligent of the scholars, smilingly invited questions.

A tiny boy, with a white eager face and large brow, at once held up his hand.

"Please, sir, why was Adam never a baby?"

The superintendent coughed, in some doubt as to what answer to give, but a little girl of nine, the eldest of several brothers and sisters, came promptly to his aid.

"Please, sir," she said, smartly, "there was nobody to nuss him."—*London Tit-Bits*.

SCOTT'S EMULSION



OF COD LIVER OIL

Persistent Coughs

A cough which seems to hang on in spite of all, certainly needs energetic and sensible treatment.

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF COD-LIVER OIL

has, for twenty-five years, proved its effectiveness in curing the trying affections of the throat and lungs. The cod-liver oil, partially digested, strengthens and vitalizes the whole system; the hypophosphites act as a tonic to the mind and nerves, and the glycerine soothes and heals the irritation. Can you think of any combination so effective as this?

Be sure you get SCOTT'S Emulsion. 50c. and \$2.00, all druggists.

A TREASURE OF THE DEEP.

GOLD-BEATING.—The process of preparing gold until it is reduced to a thickness of one-two-hundred-and-eighty-thousandth of an inch is necessarily elaborate. The gold is first cast into ingots four inches in length and one inch in width, which weigh from ten to seventeen ounces, according to thickness. It is then passed between polished rollers, worked by steam, until it forms a ribbon twenty-eight yards long and one-eight-hundredth of an inch thick. These ribbons are then cut into one hundred and eighty pieces, an inch square, and placed between vellum, and then the real business of the gold-beater is begun. He beats for half an hour with a twenty-pound hammer, making the inch square into three inches square. Then these pieces are quartered, becoming one and one-half inches square. He beats again for one and one-quarter hours, until the one and one-half inches square become four inches square. The four-inch pieces are again quartered and beaten and finally cut to proper size,—viz., squares of three and three-eighths inches, of a thickness (or rather “thinness”) of one-two-hundred-and-eighty-thousandth of an inch, and in this shape the leaf is lifted into books of tissue-paper.—*New York Sun*.

THE SWIFT EXPRESS.

I hear the whistle sounding;
The moving air I feel;
The train goes by me bounding
O'er throbbing threads of steel.

My mind it doth bewilder
These wondrous things to scan,
Awed not by man, the builder,
But God, who made the man.

CY WARMAN, in *New York Sun*.

BIRDS THAT EXERCISE INGENUITY.—Birds building on high trees are not so wary about the concealment of their nests as hedge-builders and those that seek the springing corn or grass land for the shelter of their homes, trusting to the loftiness of situation for security. A nest placed upon the ground is in constant danger of exposure. A browsing animal might destroy it. Then, the scythe with one sweep occasionally lays bare one or more nests, thereby endangering the eggs or callow nestlings. This renders the parent birds very wary and causes them to practise great ingenuity in their efforts to protect the young birds.


The skylark has been known to carry its eggs or offspring to a place of safety after an exposure of the nest, and it has been said that its long hind claw—the use of which has puzzled many naturalists—is specially adapted by nature for more easily grasping and transporting its treasures from the source of danger. When the young birds are too bulky to be thus removed, the parent bird carries them on its back, though this mode of removal is a somewhat difficult one.—*London Tit-Bits*.

AN IMPORTANT DIFFERENCE.—Little Sister.—“What’s the diff’rence ’tween ’lectricity and lightnin’?”

Little Brother.—“You don’t have to pay nuthin fur lightnin’.”—*Detroit Free Press*.

There

is something that ought to be tacked up in every grocery! It's on a signboard over a large New York store in Broadway, where they don't believe that "substitution" pays. And nobody does believe it, except shift and short-sighted store-keepers. When a woman wants **Pearline**, for instance, she won't be satisfied to have some inferior washing-powder in its place. It is a fraud on the customer and a fraud on **Pearline**. You can help to put a stop to it. When you ask for **Pearline**, don't let any imitation of it be substituted for it. ⁵²⁵

Millions  **Pearline**

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Attention is directed to the new Instalment-Annuity Policy of the Provident, which provides a fixed income for twenty years, and for the continuance of the income to the widow for the balance of her life, if she should survive the instalment period of twenty years.

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LAUGHING BABIES are loved by everybody. Those raised on the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk are comparatively free from sickness. *Infant Health* is a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Send your address for a copy to the New York Condensed Milk Company, New York.

CARE OF THE CAT.—A little powdered sulphur made into a paste with lard or unsalted butter and smeared upon the front paws now and then is an excellent thing to keep a cat in good condition, but care should be taken that there is no exposure to cold or wet until after the effects of the medicine have passed off. Raw meat should not be given save in cases where food is refused and it is necessary to build up the system. Then it should be given in small quantities, and be perfectly fresh and free from fat.

HERESY AND ORTHODOXY.—Heresy in olden times led to prison and the stake. In the present age it leads to fame and a professorship. One of the most interesting heretics of the present day is the Rev. Professor William Knight, of whom it may be truly said that he stepped from heterodoxy into high places. A quarter of a century ago he was the minister of a very humble tin church in an obscure street in Dundee, and had the good fortune to send an article, which was accepted, to *The Contemporary Review* on prayer. The leaders of the Free Kirk in the town mentioned, whose views were limited to marmalade and jute, found, fortunately for Mr. Knight, that the views contained in the paper were "unsound," and the audacious writer was summoned before the local presbytery to answer his misdeeds. For a year or so the Knight heresy case was the talk of the theological world, and the battle which raged around the humble minister was bitter and fierce. But it made his reputation,—perhaps his fortune. His congregation increased tremendously. From the tin church in an obscure locality he and they migrated to a magnificent cathedral, built in the best thoroughfare. Shortly afterward he joined the Established Church, and very soon was appointed professor of moral philosophy in the University of St. Andrew. Since then his career has been one uninterrupted success, but he has not further dabbled in heresy. The irony of fate is shown in the fact that while Professor Knight is now well known everywhere, the reverend orthodox gentleman who was his principal persecutor fell into the obscurity of some secretaryship connected with the Free Kirk.—*London Telegraph*.

UNTIMELY.—"Do you know what you are trying to say," asked the finical fault-finder, "when you speak of a man going to an untimely grave at the age of eighty?"

"I do," said the undaunted obituarist. "The old villain ought to have gone there forty years ago."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

LINCOLN AND JEFF DAVIS.—Malcolm Townsend has pointed out coincidences of events in the lives of Lincoln and Jeff Davis. Both were born in Kentucky, Lincoln in 1809, Davis in 1808. Both removed from their native State in childhood, Davis going to the southwest, Lincoln to the northwest. In the Black Hawk war Davis was a second lieutenant of regulars, Lincoln a captain of volunteers. Both began their political careers at the same period, 1844, Davis being a Presidential elector for Polk, Lincoln a Presidential elector for Henry Clay. Both were elected to Congress at about the same time, Davis in 1845, Lincoln in 1846. Lastly, in the same year and almost the same day, they were called upon to preside over the destinies of their respective governments, Davis as President of the Confederate States, February 8, 1861, and Lincoln as President of the United States, March 4, 1861.—*New York Press*.

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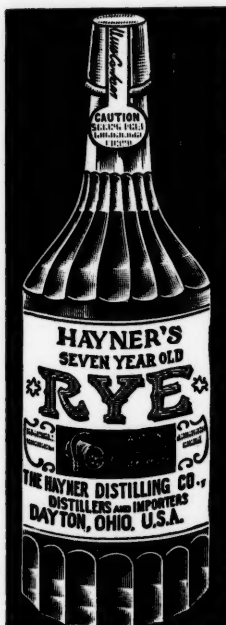
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We are distillers with a wide reputation of 30 years standing. Our whole enormous product is sold to consumers direct. We sell direct so that our whiskey may be pure when it reaches you. For medicinal purposes adulterated whiskey is dangerous. For sideboard purposes it is abominable, yet it is almost impossible to get pure whiskey from dealers. We have tens of thousands of customers who never buy elsewhere. A customer who once tries our whiskey is a customer always. We want more of them, and we make the following offer to get them:

We will send four full quart bottles of Hayner's Seven Year Old Double Copper Distilled Rye for \$3.20, Express Prepaid. We ship in plain packages—no marks to indicate contents (which will avoid possible comment). When you get it and test it, if it isn't satisfactory return it at our expense and we will return your \$3.20. Such whiskey cannot be purchased elsewhere for less than \$5.00.

We are the only distillers selling to consumers direct. Others who claim to be are dealers, buying and selling. Our whiskey has our reputation behind it.

Our References—Dun or Bradstreet, Third Nat'l Bank or any business house in Dayton.
HAYNER DISTILLING CO., 277 to 283 W. Fifth St., Dayton, O.



THE SCIENTISTS AND THE BREAD.—Bread is now placed under the ban by some of our advanced scientists as the most fatal of the numerous foods which have lately incurred the disapprobation of medical writers. Several experts, medical and lay, are advocates of the theory that the staff of life becomes the staff of death, and declare that we must avoid bread as the king evil of the starchy foods. An American writer on hygiene maintains that bread causes indigestion and obesity. Dr. Evans, of the Royal College of Surgeons, concurs with the New York physician in his gloomy view of bread as a healthful food.

The scientists should have explained that it is the yeast which causes the trouble with the bread. Most yeast bread, and particularly yeast rolls, muffins, and griddle-cakes, are not baked at a temperature high enough to kill the yeast germs, which are accordingly left to pass alive into the stomach, where they rapidly multiply, set up fermentation, produce acidity, retard digestion, cause dyspepsia and other alimentary ills.

There is no food more healthful in every respect than light sweet rolls, muffins, tea-biscuits, griddle-cakes, and similar bread foods, if raised with Royal Baking Powder, and they should be substituted in place of yeast-raised food wherever possible. Food raised with Royal Baking Powder contains no yeast germs, incites no fermentative processes, causes no acidity, no indigestion, but is the greatest aid to proper nutrition and a perfect sustenance of the whole body.—*Medical Journal.*

NOT A SOURCE OF EXPENSE.—Belle.—“I’m so glad Jack has got a bicycle. It has helped his disposition wonderfully.”

Nan.—“His disposition? Why, how could it?”

Belle.—“Oh, when he gets up to give baby a drink and steps on a tack, he is so glad that it is in his foot instead of his pneumatic tire that he doesn’t say anything.”—*Pearson’s Weekly*.

MYSTERIOUS WAYS OF WARTS.—“The more I study into the question of warts,” said a well-known physician, “the more convinced I am that there is but little known of them. It is surprising what few references are made to warts by the standard writers. In many of the leading books on surgery there is no mention at all of warts, and as a result physicians are almost as much in the dark about them as others. To tell the truth, I have got more information from old nurses about warts than I ever did from my medical or surgical lectures or from my reading. Hundreds and hundreds of times patients have asked me how to get rid of warts, and my answer has generally been to let them alone and that they would go away as mysteriously as they came. Of course I could cut them off or burn them off with caustic or nitric acid, but my experience has been that two or three came back for every one so removed.

“Some time ago I was visiting the wife of a Southern senator, who had two grandchildren with her. One of the grandchildren had a big wart on the end of the forefinger of the right hand, and of course hit it every time the child touched anything. I was asked if I could do anything to remove it, and I replied, as usual, to let it alone and that in a short time it would disappear. This, however, was but little comfort to the lady, who said the child, a little boy of four years, was, she thought, in constant pain from it. I then told her that if she wished the wart from the little fellow and on herself it would likely change places, and that it would be necessary for her to ‘wish very hard’ to make a sure transfer. I had forgotten all about it till one day some months after, when I visited the lady again. Strange as it may sound, the wart had left the grandchild’s finger and was on her own, and giving her a great deal of pain, too.”—*Washington Star*.

THE WOLF.—A big gray wolf had crossed the path a few yards in front of us and dived into the forest beyond with a lugubrious howl. No responsive howl followed, so we knew that he was alone and therefore not dangerous. Still, the horses were far too frightened to proceed. Animals can scent a wolf immediately, and are more terrified at him than they are at a bear. But, as a matter of fact, wolves are formidable only when you meet them in packs. A single wolf is scarcely ever known to attack a human being, though he will carry off sheep, calves, etc. Still, it is not pleasant to meet one, even when he is alone and you are driving. Wolves are not pretty or reassuring to look at.—H. ELLEN BROWNING, in *Wanderings in Hungary*.

UNCONSCIOUS SARCASM.—A Scotch visitor to the Carlyles, in Cheyne Row, was much struck with the sound-proof room which the sage had contrived for himself in the attic, lighted from the top, and where no sight or sound from outside could penetrate. “My certes, this is fine!” cried the old friend, with unconscious sarcasm. “Here ye may write and study all the rest of your life and no human being be one bit the wiser.”—*San Francisco Argonaut*.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

"Enclosed please find one hundred and sixty-four wrappers of your Dobbins Electric Soap, for which please send me a silver set, and for the remaining wrappers send as many portfolios of your 'Beautiful Paris' as I am entitled to. You will see by my circular that I am doing up lace curtains, for which I find your soap the best of any I have ever tried. I will now use no other.

"Mrs. LITTLEFIELD, Cleveland, O."

"Your Dobbins Floating-Borax Soap is the best soap I have ever tried. I am now using the third box. I could not get along without it, as it is an excellent soap for all household purposes.

Mrs. C. DENKE, White Plains, N.Y."

"I have used your Dobbins Electric Soap for a number of years, and find nothing equal to it in removing dirt. I could not do without it.

"Mrs. A. C. SMITH, Hoopeston, Ill."

"I have been keeping house for over five years, and during that time could not find a soap that gave me entire satisfaction as to results until I tried your Dobbins Floating-Borax Soap.

H. T. FRENCH, Cleveland, O."

"We have used your Dobbins Electric Soap in our household for years, and have found nothing like it in the market that can take its place.

"Miss A. E. DUPLESSIS, Northborough, Mass."

"We have given your Dobbins Floating-Borax Soap a trial, and find it highly satisfactory. We use it in the kitchen, bath, and laundry.

"Mrs. CAROLINE GENE, Cleveland, O."

"Since I found out the good qualities of your Dobbins Electric Soap I have not, and will not, use any other in my family. It gives entire satisfaction, if used according to directions.

Mrs. WM. ULMER, Chicago, Ill."

"I cannot speak too highly of your Dobbins Floating-Borax Soap. I have used it for both washing and toilet. I have not had a cake of any other soap in the house since I started to use it.

"Mrs. MARION L. HORTON, Yonkers, N.Y."

"I use your Dobbins Electric Soap daily, and consider it the best in the market. It saves time and labor as well as your clothes on wash-day.

"Mrs. JAMES BUTTRICK, Carlisle, Mass."

Thousands of letters similar to the above are received by DOBBINS SOAP MFG. CO., Philadelphia, each month. It will pay our subscribers to give these soaps a trial and see how excellent they are.



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MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and take no other kind.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOTTLE.

CONSUMPTION CURED.—An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, upon addressing, with stamp, naming this Magazine, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, New York.

HINDOO WOMEN.—The Hindoo holy books forbid a woman to see dancing, hear music, wear jewels, blacken her eyebrows, eat dainty food, sit at a window, or view herself in a mirror, during the absence of her husband, and allow him to divorce her if she has no sons, injures his property, scolds him, quarrels with another woman, or presumes to eat before he has finished his meal.

A DISAPPOINTED INVENTOR.—I have met many visionaries who have threatened to revolutionize the cable service by their telephonic triumphs.

An Italian inventor experimented on one of our Atlantic cables, and I had the honor to assist him. He brought a complicated machine, which he exhibited and dilated on with all an inventor's enthusiasm. What did I think of it? With diplomatic caution I said, "It might work."

In the wee small hours, when the cable was "clear," this affable Italian nobleman and myself took possession of the "string" and worked at the invention like Trojans. Sometimes the signals reached the other end, sometimes they did not. His surprise was as great as his knowledge of cables was small. He swore in Italian, he swore in French, and once, probably out of compliment to me, he evolved a vigorous "goddam." But the machine did not work, and he finally returned to Rome, announcing further experiments for "next year." I never saw him again, and rather fancy he has gone to that unknown land where telephones are superfluous luxuries.—*London Electrical Review.*

MISERIES OF THE RED SEA.—In the waters of the Red Sea the cessation of the engines on a steamer for an hour means extreme physical suffering for passengers; for a day it would involve absolute torture. The wind which prevails every day is a hot, asphyxiating blast, and its continuous directions are from north and south toward the centre. As a result, every passing vessel is subjected to two days of almost intolerable heat, followed by two days of comparative comfort, but instances have been known of crowded liners being compelled, when travelling with the wind, to turn round and steam back for an hour or so, in order to give the passengers even a brief respite from the sufferings induced by the dull, dead, unbearable atmosphere.—*London Tit-Bits.*

AN ARCADIA.—Perched high among the Swiss Alps is the abode of a small and interesting community, the name of the place being Abland Scheuen, which, being interpreted, signifies an out-of-the-way locality. Its people have no standing army, and therefore never go to war. They have no fleet, being hundreds of miles from the sea in every direction. They have no political bosses or wire-pullers, and consequently such elections as they have are pure. They have no doctors, and, as a rule, die only of old age. There is no news and no need of a newspaper, the post comes only once a week, there are no trades, and there is little industry.

There is no shopkeeper, blacksmith, wheelwright, or public baker, no notary, advocate, or policeman. Once a week a cheap Jack comes, bringing them all the goods they want, and their herds, flocks, and poultry-yards supply them with the rest. Having little money, they require no bank, but they have a church, with a bell, which, besides its Sabbath summons, rings for births and funerals and festivals.

It is or was a new Andorra in its primitiveness, but with a run of tourists thither its Arcadian simplicities would vanish in a season.—*New York Tribune.*

The amount of life insurance which a man carries is often a just measure of what he thinks his own life worth to his family.

Very few estimate themselves too highly.

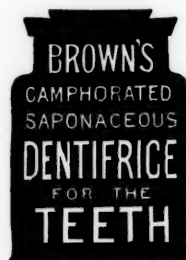
This is a direction in which it does not pay to be too modest.

Jones, who is 30 years of age, is earning a salary of \$3000. How should he appraise himself? His brains and energy constitute the *capital* which enables him to secure the annual *interest* named. When he dies, as die he must, to-morrow maybe, the capital disappears—is lost, counts for nothing forever. As interest is reckoned these days—about 3 per cent.—his brains and energy are worth \$100,000. And yet he risks it day by day; what is worse, makes his family risk it. Does he take this risk with his merchandise, or his factory, or the furniture in his home? There it is! The things which the machine produced are apparently more valuable and correspondingly better guarded than the machine itself.

Absurd, isn't it?

Better permanently capitalize the whole or a part of your brains at once, through a policy in the

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THE BEST TOILET LUXURY AS A DENTIFRICE IN THE WORLD.

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USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE.

Price, Twenty-Five Cents a Jar.

For Sale by all Druggists.

ITS NAME.—“My friend,” said the traveller with the skull-cap, putting his head out of the car window as the train stopped at a desolate-looking village, “what is the name of this dried-up, God-forsaken place?”

“That’s near enough,” responded the dejected citizen who was leaning against the little red shanty that served as the railway station. “Let it go at that.”—*Chicago Tribune.*

BREAKING IN.—“Why did you arrest this man?” asked the magistrate, sternly.

“For practice,” returned the new policeman. “I’m new in the force, and I wanted to learn how, your worship.”—*London Answers*.

THE FOOL’S PRAYER.

The royal feast was done. The king
Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried, “Sir fool,
Kneel now and make for us a prayer.”

The jester doffed his cap and bells
And stood the mocking court before.
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head and bent his knee
Upon the monarch’s silken stool.
His pleading voice arose, “O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

“’Tis not by guilt and onward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay!
’Tis by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away.

“These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heart-strings of a friend.

“The ill-timed truth we might have kept,—
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?
The word we have not sense to say,—
Who knows how grandly it had rung?

“Our faults no tenderness should ask;
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all;
But for our blunders, oh, in shame
Before the eyes of heaven we fall.

“Earth bears no balsam for mistakes.
Men crown the knave and scourge the tool
That did their will. But thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!”

The room was hushed. In silence rose
The king, and sought his gardens cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low,
“Be merciful to me, a fool!”

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

\$1,000 CASH

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225 GIFTS IN GOLD.

Not a Lottery, but a Contest of Science, Skill and Art.

1—	1st	PRIZE	\$100	in Gold
2—	2nd	PRIZES	\$50.00 each	100 in Gold
4—	3rd	PRIZES	25.00	100 in Gold
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8—	5th	PRIZES	12.50	100 in Gold
10—	6th	PRIZES	10.00	100 in Gold
20—	7th	PRIZES	5.00	100 in Gold
25—	8th	PRIZES	4.00	100 in Gold
50—	9th	PRIZES	2.00	100 in Gold
100—	10th	PRIZES	1.00	100 in Gold

225..... PRIZESamounting to.....\$1,000 in Gold

OUR OBJECT: 1. We want to awaken a universal appreciation of the great merits of CASCARETS. We also want to increase our business by teaching the people what diseases Cascarets will cure. If we can by this plan in a month's time, induce 10,000 people to become users and well-wishers of this wonderful laxative and liver regulator, which even now is selling at the rate of 5,000,000 boxes a year, it will pay us to give away \$1,000, instead of spending it for some other form of advertising.

2. Everybody knows what enormous sums of money we spend annually for advertising. We probably lose \$25,000 a year by not knowing just what a paper is worth as an advertising medium. If we can find out just how many see this advertisement and give it attention, it will be big money in our pockets. Your answer to this advertisement will help us find out, and we are willing to pay for the information.

WHAT YOU ARE TO DO: There are in the schedule below fourteen names of diseases and ailments cured by CASCARETS CANDY CATHARTIC. From each name letters have been omitted and their places supplied by stars. To fill in the blank spaces properly and get the names right will be a test of your learning. We want you to spell out as many names as you can, then send the list to us with 25 cents to pay for a box of CASCARETS. For correct lists we shall give cash prizes of from \$1 to \$100 in gold. The correct list gotten up in the most artistic and original style will be awarded the first prize, the next best, the second prize, and so on. Also, if your list contains ten or more correct names, you will receive a SPECIAL CONSOLATION PRIZE. By exercising care in preparing your list you ought to be able to secure part of the \$1,000 cash award, but under all circumstances you will be a winner. The distance you live makes no difference, as all are treated alike.

AWARDS WILL BE MADE PROMPTLY: This advertisement will not appear in this paper again, so prepare your list quickly and send it in without delay. Cut the advertisement out, so you will not neglect or forget it. Prizes will be honestly awarded and promptly sent. Here are the words to be spelled out. Be sure you give them in their right order:

1. CO*ST*A*I*N...The cause of nearly all other diseases cured by CASCARETS.
2. HE*D*C*E*A...A dull, throbbing pain, caused by bad stomach, cured by CASCARETS.
3. B*LI*US*E*S...A condition caused by torpid liver, cured by CASCARETS.
4. L*Y*L*V*R...Torpid condition of an important organ, relieved quickly by CASCARETS.
5. PI*PL*S...An eruption of the skin, removed by the purifying effect of CASCARETS.
6. BL*T*H*S...Brown spots on the skin, caused to disappear quickly by CASCARETS.
7. B*D*BL*D...Impure condition of the vital fluid. CASCARETS purify the system.

8. S*RR*ST*M*H...Fermentation of undigested food, instantly stopped by CASCARETS.
9. P*L*S...A painful irritation caused by constipation, cured only by CASCARETS.
10. F*ST*LA...An ulcer caused by bowel irregularities, given a chance to heal by CASCARETS.
11. I*D*G*T*ON...Improper assimilation of food, relieved by a CASCARET after meals.
12. DY*P*P*A...Chronic inactivity of the stomach requiring patient use of CASCARETS.
13. C*L*C...A griping pain, attacking children most frequently, and stopped by CASCARETS.
14. I*SO*N*A...Sleeplessness due to disease of the digestive canal, cured by CASCARETS.

IN SENDING YOUR LIST OF WORDS, say whether you want the prize money sent in gold coin or whether you prefer bank draft or money order. The cash awards offered are given without consideration as the box of Cascarets sent prepaid represents more than the value of the 25c you send with your list. The only thing we will ask is that you will exhibit your cash award, either in gold or in form of a check, as you choose, for a few days in your own druggist's show window. This entire offer is an honest one, made by a responsible firm, whose honorable reputation is known to every retail druggist throughout the land. Cascarets are the most perfect medicinal preparation ever discovered, and you will be delighted with them. They are the greatest boon for women and children and we want to make their merits known. Be sure to mention this paper in your letter, as otherwise your answer will not be considered! Mr. H. L. Kramer, Treas. and Gen. Mgr. of the Sterling Remedy Company, will give this contest his careful personal attention. As he is now at the famous Magna-Mud Cure and Lithia Water Baths of which he is principal owner, be sure to address H. L. KRAMER, Indiana Mineral Springs, Ind.

RESPONSIBILITY THE STERLING REMEDY CO.,
Makers of Cascarets Candy Cathartic, are favorably known to every publisher, banker, retail and wholesale druggist in this country, to whom we refer as to our honesty and financial ability to carry out to the letter every condition of this contest. If dissatisfied, we will refund your money. This is absolutely **GUARANTEED.**



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4. Among other new processes not previously described in a text-book are—(1) The modern barrel chlorination process, practised with great success in Dakota, where the Black Hills district is undergoing rapid development owing to its introduction. (2) New processes for separating gold from silver—viz., the new Gutzkow process, and the Electrolytic process; the cost of separation is reduced by them by one half.
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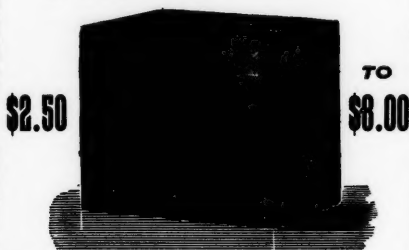
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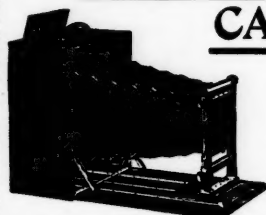
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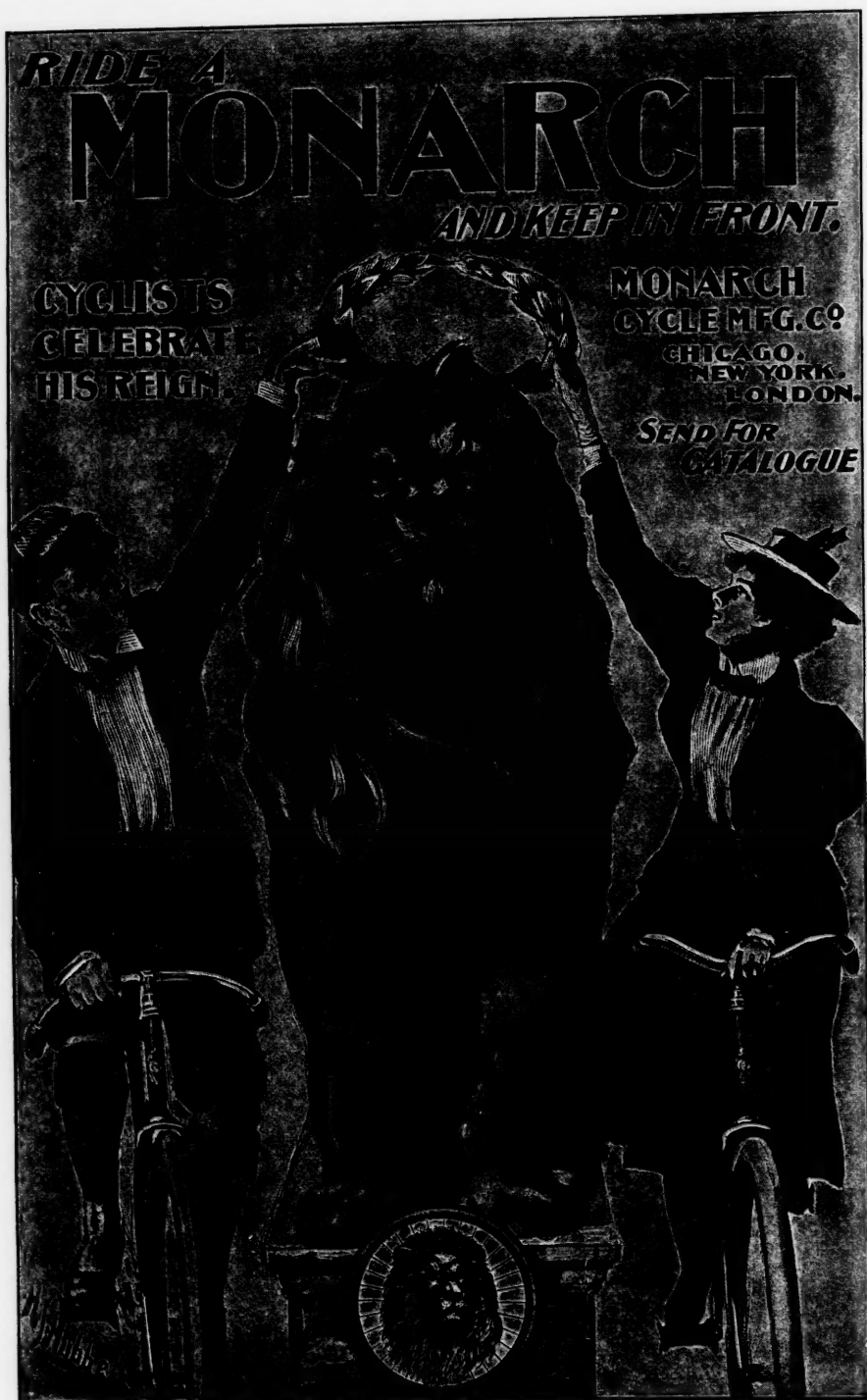
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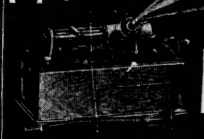
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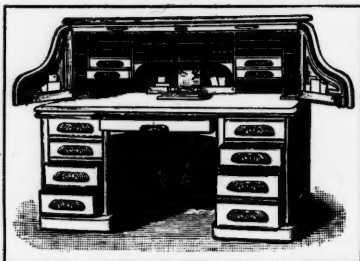
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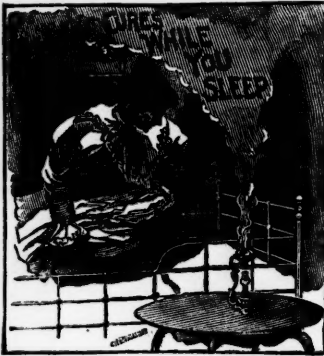
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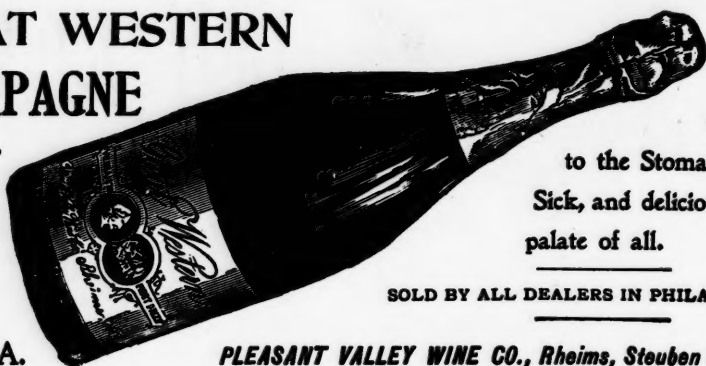
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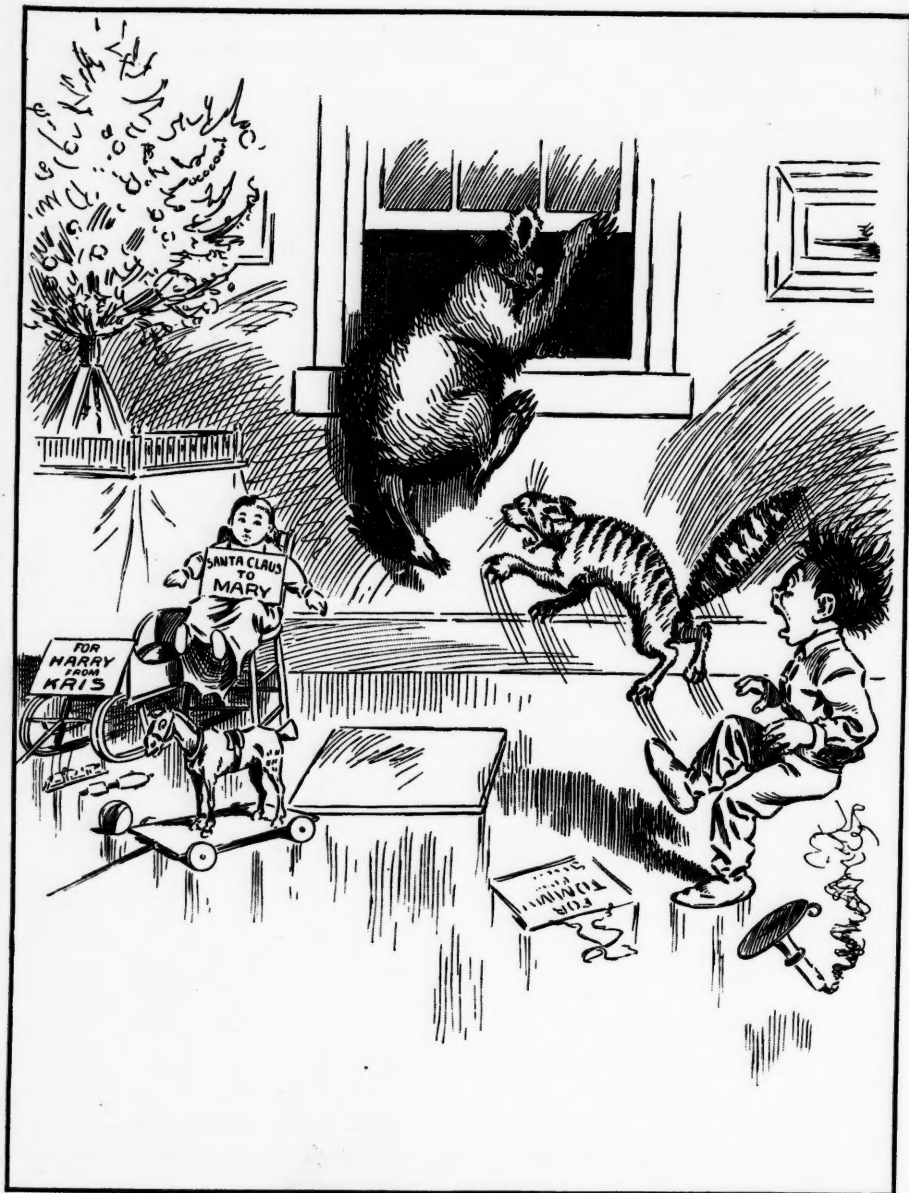
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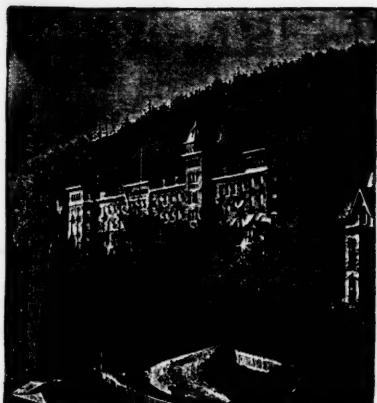
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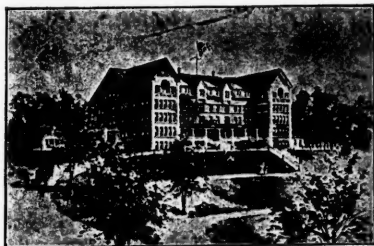
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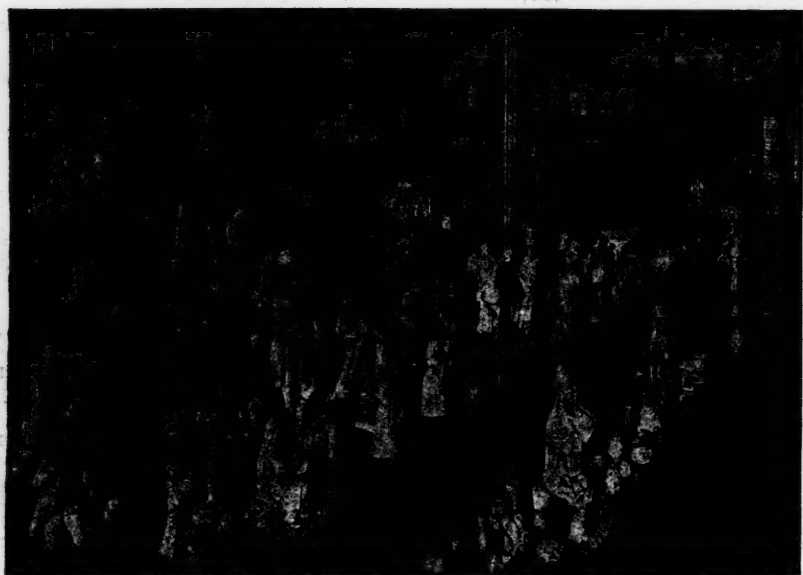
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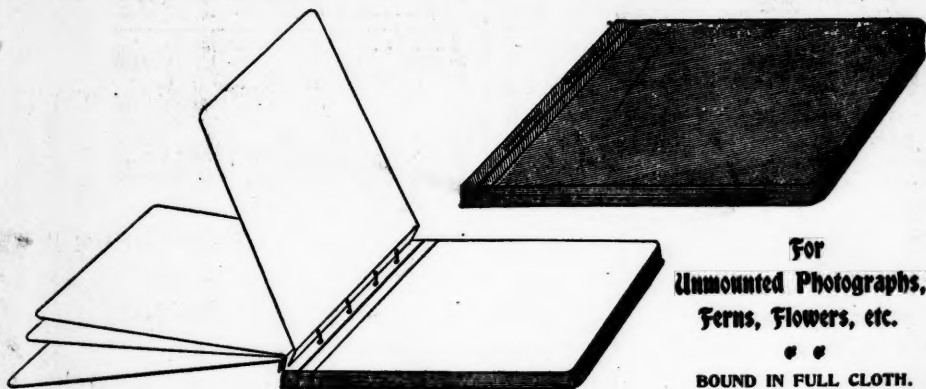
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